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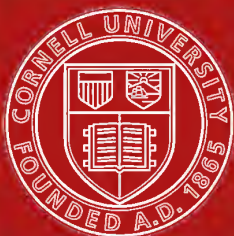


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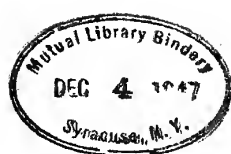
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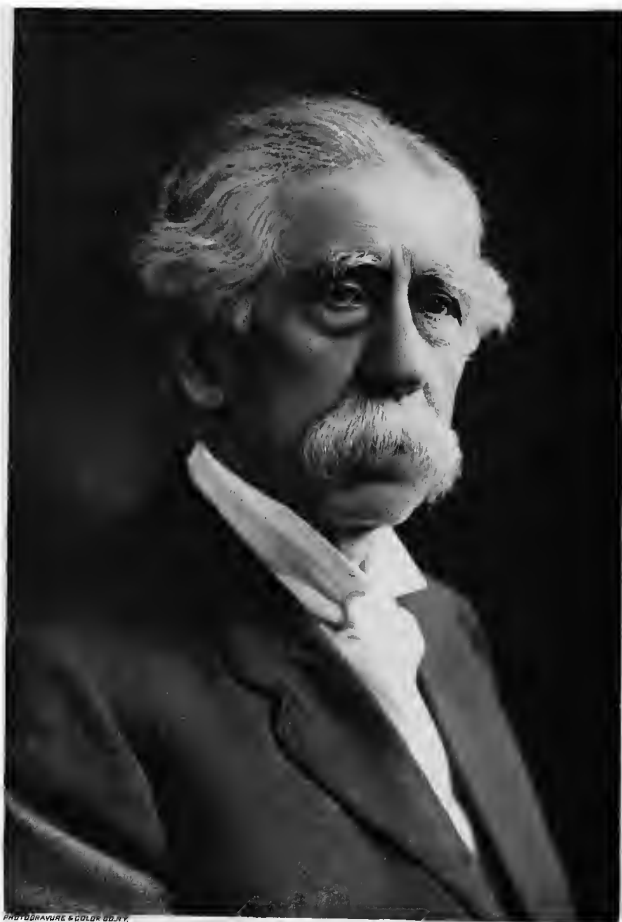


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Sam M. Goodwell

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

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MEN AND THINGS

ON LONG ISLAND

PART ONE

BY DANIEL M. TREDWELL

*Author of "A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana," "Monograph on
Privately Illustrated Books, A Plea for Bibliomania," Etc., Etc.*



CHARLES ANDREW DITMAS

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First edition of five hundred copies.

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Charles A. Litmas

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CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY—1838.



HIS work is in no sense intended as a consecutive History of Long Island. These relations attach rather to the individual than to the locality, and are simply a collection of personal experiences of the author, with an account of the customs and traditions which have passed out of use and out of general recollection, and are related here precisely in the sequence in which they transpired, or as they were revealed to the author, and which may or may not have historical value.

As stated further on and more fully, the events are selected from a personal diary kept in chronological order and extending over a period of nearly half a century, with comments and elaborations upon such events made, in some instances, many years later, as remembered by the author, and having some pertinent relations to the locality, with but little relation, maybe, to each other, and which in their detail seldom rise to the dignity of history.

The first English settlement within the bounds of Queens County was at Hempstead, in 1640. The English settlers in the towns of Queens County acknowledged Dutch supremacy. The first substantial movement toward immigration was November 14, 1644, when the grant of a patent was made to some Stamford colonists. This grant extended from Long Island Sound on the North to the South Sea (Atlantic Ocean), accompanied by the condition that one hundred families should be settled thereon within five years. From this period, many English settlers came from Connecticut. Some came from the East end of Long Island, a large number of whom, the better conditioned styling themselves planters, settled on the common lands of the interior, taking up large areas; the poorer classes

settled on the necks near the bay. The necks were fertile tracts of land covered with forests, in many instances, to the edge of the South Bay. They were hives of population and sent out annually hundreds of men of muscle to man our merchant ships and Navy. The struggle for life was more favored on the necks than the inside lands; the settler had the never failing supply from the waters of the bay while his lands were being cleared and made available for agriculture.

We grew up amid the familiar names of Seaman, Hewlett, Denton, Mott, Carman, Bedell, Coe, Snedeker, Searing, Jackson, Alison, Cornwell, Raynor, Hicks, Smith, Weeks, Pettit, Rushmore, Eldert, Langdon, Wright, Remsen, Townsend, Duryea, Baldwin, Johnson, Gildersleeve, Combes, Titus, Hendrickson. These were all familiar names to us when a boy. They are now represented in every calling and profession in the Union.

We are not limited to any special territory in these notes, but generally our range will be the South Side of Long Island, from Rockaway to East Hampton, and the Plain Edge on the North, including the territory under the Kieft purchase.

In retrospecting the happy period immediately preceding and during the early stages of this Journal, the habits of the people of our native place were simple beyond modern conceptions of simplicity. Although being but twenty-two miles from the great and fashionable metropolis, New York, then containing a population of less than two hundred thousand, it reflected none of its gay life or trappings upon our immediate community. Communication was had with New York every alternate day by stage, going one day and returning the next. There was also communication by packet. Fifteen or twenty of these staunch sailing vessels, furnished with accommodations for passengers, in limited numbers, were constantly plying between our port (Hempstead) and New York, Albany, New Brunswick, Newark and Brooklyn. A large portion of farm produce reached the New York market by water, and all

bulky goods and building material were transported in like manner.

The difficulty of communication and of getting about from place to place kept people isolated, undisturbed by contact and antagonisms from without and uninformed of one another. They grew apart, awry and intellectually splay-footed. Newspapers, according to the modern conception of newspapers, were unknown.

The distinction of classes was much less marked than at present. Domestic service was a friendly and intimate relation of equals. The soil smiled with plenty, the bays swarmed with fish and the coverts with game. But all this old civilization so dear to us has been most iniquitously supplanted by the tyrannous bustle of the up-to-date man. Sixty-eight trains pass and re-pass daily within a few hundred feet of the old homestead where we were born, and a journey in these early days to the City of New York, which consumed two days, is now performed in a less number of hours. The above are but few of the changes which have taken place in and about the old homestead during a period covered by these notes.

The simplicity and economy of the household in those days were of the most vigorous character. Breakfast was usually at six in the morning, always by candle light in winter, dinner at twelve, and supper at six. Evening visiting was a common social entertainment during the winter months, quilting parties and gatherings at which hickory nuts, apples, new cider, crullers and doughnuts were among the refreshments, and in some more pretentious gatherings dancing was not uncommon. But by far the most popular were the evening tea parties, when both old and young could participate.

The clothing worn in winter was made from the wool raised on the farm. These garments were emphatically the product of the farm, from the raw material to the made-up garments. The surplusage of the wool or cloth was sold, stockings were made from the same material. Of all the phases of the wool industry, from the raw material to its con-

summation, none were more fascinating than the spinning into yarn the wool rolls. We have watched the work for hours, when a child, of our grandmother, her comeliness and grace, "beyond the reach of art," as she moved up and down, back and forth, erect and dignified, beside the big wheel, which she kept whirling with one hand and held the wool roll in the other, and watched the spindle take up the yarn; these things spell-bound us, and eighty years have not effaced them from our memory. It transcends all the skill of the most accomplished professor in the art of gracefulness, and all perfectly natural. She was our Ariadne.

The flax from which summer clothing was made was also raised on the farm. It was pulled, the woody part rotted, crackled, hatched, spun, woven and made into garments on the premises. These methods were true of nearly all the clothing worn, bed sheets and table linen were made of the same material. The leather for shoes was made from the hide of the cattle slain in the fall for winter supply of food for the household. It was tanned at the village tannery and made into shoes by an itinerant shoemaker who lived with the family while engaged on the work. And hence (from the animals killed for food) came the candles for the winter supply of light manufactured by a very simple process and called dips.

There were many products of the farm which brought in a small revenue. All kinds of truck were raised for home consumption, the surplusage sold. The principal cereals raised for market were Oats and Corn for which there was always a demand at the stores, where they were taken in payment for goods. Cattle, sheep and hogs were fatted and sold to herds-men who purchased for cash, on the hoof, and drove them to New York for slaughter.

In our homestead the faithful old Tinder Box was the Lares and Penates as it was of every household on Long Island without which civilization could not have been maintained. (An account of the Tinder Box is given in this work.)

Coal (mineral) was unknown to the farmers as fuel. Warmth was obtained in winter in our homes from a wood fire maintained in a corner fireplace, four and a half feet high and ten feet wide, in front of which, or into which the family usually sat, and the greater the heat generated in front the more cold there was in the rear. To get an all round uniform warmth from the old fashioned fireplace was a thing unknown and impossible. When the Franklin was installed, which was simply a portable iron fireplace set out in the room, great comfort was introduced into the household and it was also a great saving of fuel. On its introduction the old fireplace went out of commission, was boarded up and became a convenient storage for wood and a deposit of filth from a colony of Chimney Swallows. The great merit in the Franklin was its substitution of an iron portable fireplace for the stationary one of stone, tile, or brick, the former of which generated heat all around.

Improvement after improvement followed in the Franklin until perfection was nearly attained. No special credit is due to any one individual, unless it be to Count Rumford who made a cook stove with an oven, then for the first time was learned how to bake and cook and be protected from the direct heat of the fire, which had formerly been done in front of the blazing fire of the hearth, or in a brick oven detached from the house.

From these early methods of our ancestors, from the old corner fireplace to the modern steam heat, from the old tallow candle to electricity, from the wheat shock in the field to a bag of Hecker's prepared flour were long and tedious processes of evolution. Machinery has also solved its great problem from the sickle and sythe to the reaping machine and from the old flail, which resounded on the barn floor all winter long, in separating the seed from the sheaf, is now accomplished in hours by the threshing machine where months were formerly involved. The next stage of development was from the house to the factory.

Wages were ridiculously low compared with modern times. Carpenters, painters and masons received six shillings per day and found, farm hands, laborers, ten dollars per month in winter and fifteen dollars in summer and board. A day's work was from sun to sun. Plain board at a farm house could be obtained at six shillings per week; women help in the house, six shillings per week.

There are some customs which seem deficient in that quality we call common sense, or precaution. That of conducting elections at the period of the opening of the following Journal was one. At the Spring meeting of the freeholders, or Spring elections, at the Village of Hempstead, most of the important laws were adopted by viva-voce vote, ayes and naves, or the up-lifting of hands; boundaries of territory and leases of land were determined and pay of officers was fixed in this manner, every voter having two hands fraud might have affected in the count. Nor less primitive were the general elections for county, state and national officers, primaries were then unknown. These elections were held three consecutive days at convenient localities in the town for voters. Think of it—on the close of the polls of the first day's ballot at Merrick a motion was made by one of the inspectors, there being three, "That Smith Abrams (an inspector) shall be made the custodian of the ballot boxes and their contents until the next meeting of this board at sun-rise to-morrow at the inn of Thomas Baldwin at Hicks Neck." Whereupon the slots of the ballot boxes were sealed by pasting a paper over the slot, and placed in the buggy of Smith Abrams to be taken to his home, faithfully guarded and delivered for the next day's polling. Developments since that period have made it necessary to be more circumspect in the disposition of ballot boxes. A class of patriots has developed out of the party element known by the patronymic name of "Ballot Box Stuffers."

Newspapers as such were luxuries enjoyed by few. A Village paper, *The Hempstead Inquirer*, first published May 6, 1830, and called *The Long Island Telegraph and Friend*

of Education; the name of which was changed to Hempstead Enquirer, November 11, 1831, and so continues to-day. Also The Long Island Farmer published at Jamaica. These papers, both weeklies, were left by the stage driver at our house once a week and were our weekly supply of literature and information from the outside world.

Another prized souvenir of household literature was the Farmer's Almanac, a file of which hung seasoning in the chimney corner. It was consulted concerning the rising and setting of the Sun and Moon and their various phases, a record of the tides, changes in the weather; it also contained a chronology of historical events from the Garden of Eden to the present time. Besides all the above it contained a fund of anecdote, valuable medical receipts, and was invaluable as a guide to plain family cooking, and much valuable statistics, and its prognostications on the weather met with no more ridicule than the present Weather Bureau at Washington.

One of our earliest literary experiences was with an Old Farm Diary in manuscript which had been about our house from our earliest recollection. It was an imperfect document of about sixty large foolscap pages, the beginning and ending pages were missing, the corners of the remaining pages were worn off from use, or disuse, the ink had faded to a dingy brown, but the penmanship was a masterpiece of excellence. Judging from the date entries on the surviving pages it probably covered a period from 1720 to 1744 and as far as our memory goes contained matter relating principally to the farm productions and their disposition, accounts of journeys in such behalf, with many useful hints of how to run a plantation and make it pay. It also contained accounts of journeys made to Sag Harbor and the Hamptons on horseback. These trips constituted a great traveler in our mind at the time and we read them over and over with the utmost delight. No value was set upon this old manuscript at our house, but from our earliest recollection we were pleased to hear it read by my sister and we treasured up much of its contents. It was evi-

dently written by one of our ancestors who had occupied the old homestead two or three generations before us. The names of slaves of whom my father had heard were mentioned in it, canvassing some of their good or bad qualities. The old slave quarters at our homestead survived to our day, and were located about four hundred feet in the rear of our dwelling. We remember them many years after they had ceased to be used as quarters for negroes, and when they were used as a shelter and stable for horses and cows. The old building had a thatch roof and the clapboards were of oak. It was burned in 1834. Slaves were manumitted in this state in 1827 by an amended act of 1811 which required that those of a certain age should be provided for during life with a home on the estate. We distinctly remember two of them who left home every spring, tramped all summer and invariably came home in winter to board. Slaves were never a profitable investment on Long Island. They were an aristocratic equipment to a plantation, but the cost of feeding and clothing more than offset their labor. One Long Island farmer said that, "the hogs had eaten all his corn and his slaves had eaten his hogs and all he had was niggers." In after years when we had become old enough to suspect that this old diary might contain many valuable facts of local and family history we sought for it about the old homestead, but it had disappeared, whence no one knew. However, the old manuscript, by which it will be known in these Reminiscences had made a lasting impression on our mind and our first unfledged literary efforts were made in imitation of it, and we made a resolution early in life to write a diary of the events of our life. In fulfillment of that resolution we had scarcely learned to write when we attempted to keep a record of events. Nothing however came from our earliest random method. No persistent efforts were made toward a regular journal until 1838. And this Journal commenced in 1838, was continued uninterruptedly for nearly fifty years.

Looking over this Journal and loose notes in 1884, we

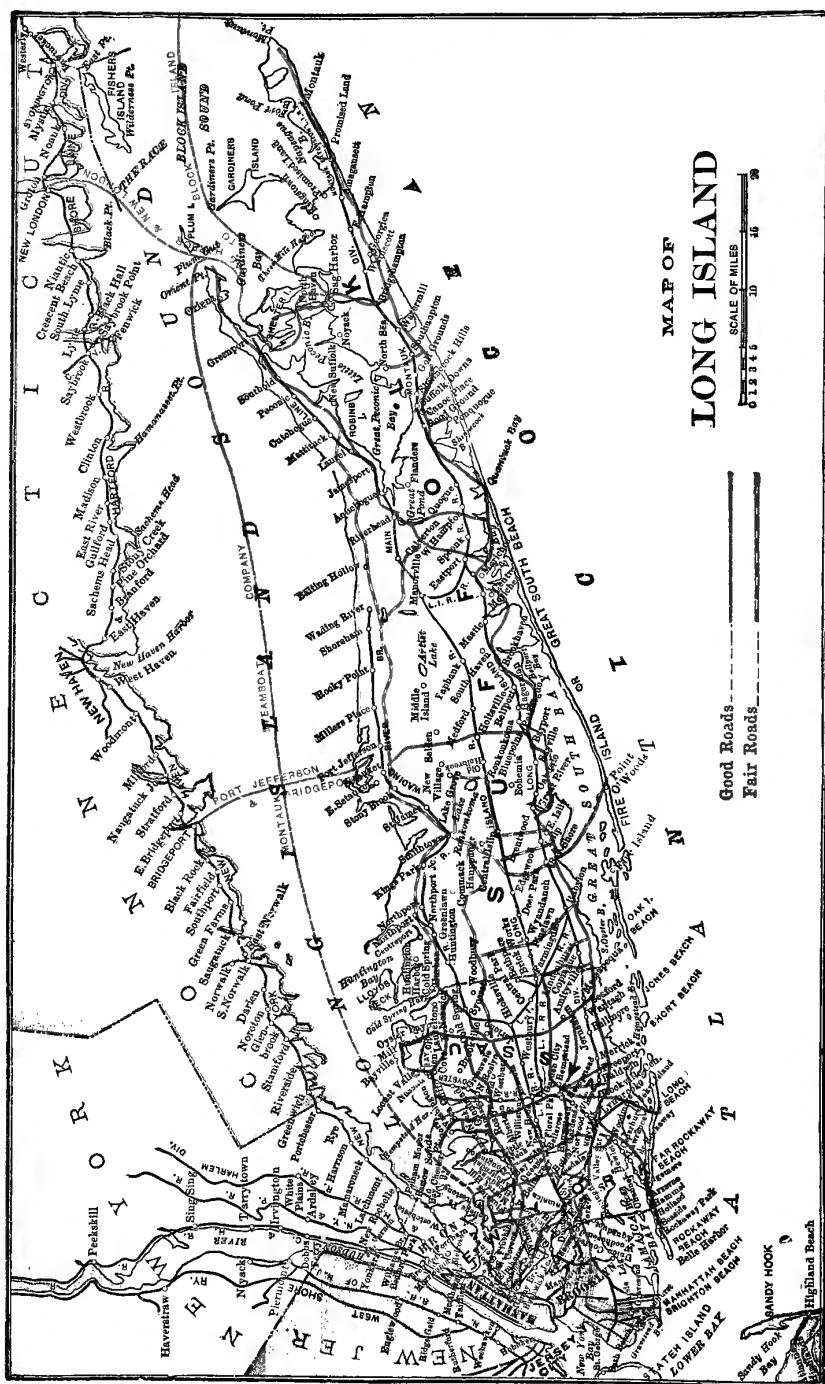
determined to destroy them in consequence of some unwise things in them, but on second thought it occurred to us that the time spent in a revision of them and a chronological arrangement would be time not wholly wasted in the estimation of many of our surviving relatives. We consequently undertook the task the result of which will be placed before the reader in these gossippy notes, preserving only such material having directly or indirectly some literary, scientific or historical significance to the subject matter indicated by the title hereto. We have felt a deep solicitude in the old Journal, and having a delicacy in preserving it in consequence of the above referred to entries and personal references never intended for other eyes than our own, and hope that its revision in its present form may meet with the approval of the readers of this Volume.

If the reader, born and reared amid all the conveniences and luxuries of modern life can conceive with any assurance the period when John Quincy Adams was President, or a state of society before anthracite coal—before kindling wood—before gas—before friction matches—when there was no canned fruit—no sewing machines—no typewriters—no telegraph—no expresses—no mail—no railroads—when eggs were fifteen for a shilling—chewing tobacco three pence a paper and whiskey three pence a glass, when there were no policemen—no tramps—no cigarettes—an age before the innovation of blotting paper or steel pens, and when everybody was happy and content, he may form a pretty fair conception of the surroundings under which the boy chronicler of these notes was born.

The idea of destroying these notes was the effect of reading a review of the Greville Memoirs in the Quarterly Review, London, of 1844. "Don't keep a Journal," says the Review, and the reasons given were convincing to us.

The Journal originally consisted of over one thousand foolscap pages which after a revision and emendation are now first published. No effort has been made to evade personal or family references in the matters quoted from the Journal.

The quotations are *verbatim* reproduction, (except in the occasional interpolation of a more expressive word or sentence) and are designated in this reproduction by the 10 point type of the printed text of this volume; the comments are in 11 point type.



MAP OF LONG ISLAND

SCALE OF MILES
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Good Roads ———
Fair Roads - - - -

CHAPTER II.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1838.—VISIT TO JUDGE RICHARD RIKER OF NEW YORK.—
PHENOMENA OF FALLING STARS, AUGUST 1, 1838.—TIMBER AND FUEL.

Thursday, July 5, 1838.



YESTERDAY morning, early, my father took a team and the big wagon and carried a load of men and boys, principally boys, to Jamaica as a Fourth of July jubilee and to hear an oration by Mr. Vanderhoff.

The ride to Jamaica was enjoyed by everyone. After the ceremonies were over we returned by way of Hempstead, stopping at the Plains just northwest from Hempstead to see an encampment of New York State Militia there for recreation and practice. They had been there for several days.

This was an extraordinary spectacle to us. We had never seen the like before. It seemed like real war, and we started out on a crusade of investigation; but to obtain the true inwardness of a military camp in commission is likely to be attended with difficulties, as the sequel will show. By persistence, however, we did find out that the encampment was of the Thirteenth Regiment, of Brooklyn, under Colonel Abel Smith, who had just been commissioned, and was encamped on the plains for target and other tactical practice, for recreation, and to create an individual social solidity in the personnel of the regiment. The Thirteenth was also entertaining some companies of New York State Militia from the upper part of the state, who were on a visit to the Thirteenth and were occupying a camp adjoining.

The two camps made a great show, with a very warlike aspect. We saw but little of the manoeuvring of the troops, but we had some military experience which was quite salutary. While we were trying to learn the names of the Brooklyn companies and other things, we had proceeded so far as to ascertain that one company was the "Brooklyn Light Guards" and another the "City Guards." At this point we found ourselves suddenly surrounded by half a dozen fierce looking fighting men, to whom we surrendered, and were taken in charge by two fellows in "soger close" and guns, who invited us to take a walk with them, and we were marched out of the camp.

As soon as recognized by our friends thus flanked by two soldiers, they gave cheer after cheer, all of which did not seem very funny to us. However, this was the grand accentuated event of the day. Father thought we had captured the militiamen, but when he learned the true state of affairs, declared that it was only through an act of the greatest clemency, under the military code, that we had not been shot.

Monday, July 16, 1838.

My Uncle Oliver Ellsworth, of New York City, with whom we were spending a few days of our vacation, had an engagement last evening at the house of Hon. Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, and invited us to accompany him. We gladly accepted the invitation. Judge Riker resides on Fulton Street, near Nassau; we do not remember the number. We were introduced to the Judge. He is very simple-mannered, is regarded as a clear-headed man and a dignified, honest magistrate. He had held the office of Recorder with honor a great many years, and he is immensely popular and has an unsullied official reputation. Now, while no disrespect apparently is intended to Judge Riker, the strange anomaly appears in the free and easy use of his name. He is always described as "Dickey Riker." Why this minimized slang, cant, or nickname should be so generally, or at all, applied to Judge Riker is to us an unsolved riddle. It is a travesty on reputation.

Recorder Riker is not captious or quarrelsome, and he is of great flexibility of manner, not disposed to acts which might impugn his good name or shock the most delicate public sensibility; and yet he bears scars inflicted in a most disreputable meeting with one Robert Swartwont at Hoboken. Who the aggressor was in this affair of honor we have never learned, but we are far from believing that Judge Riker provoked such a crisis.

The interview with my uncle was held in an adjoining room, which, being concluded, we left. Long shall we remember the interview with the courteous Magistrate "Dickey Riker."

Thursday, August 2, 1838.

Last evening our community was startled by a display which, although by no means a unique occurrence, was nevertheless a noteworthy spectacle. It was a phenomenon of falling stars, meteors. They were not in great profusion, but in sufficient numbers to excite the wonder of those who were fortunate enough to have witnessed them.

But the interest of our immediate neighborhood was greater than witnessing the mere descent of these glowing bodies through our atmosphere. One of them reached the earth and embodied itself in the meadow near the residence of Tredwell Smith, about half a mile from our house. Those who saw the descent say it came with a flash resembling a vivid flash of lightning and left a streak of light through the air.

Hearing of this, and being curious to see the celestial visitor, we, in company with Timothy Tredwell, equally curious, visited the meadow this morning, with the intention of capturing the stranger; but the meteor had already been removed. We saw the fresh-dug hole from which it had been taken and were told that the stone was in the possession of Epenetus Smith, who had removed it. Enquiries were then made of Epenetus Smith. He said that he had the stone locked up in his wagon house and that it was not a stone, but iron; that it was a

great curiosity and he expected to get a big price for it; but he did not offer to show it to us.

We never saw that stone, nor do we know positively that Epenetus Smith ever had it. We have his testimony that he had it; it was a matter of public notoriety that he had it, and, further, we have the strong circumstantial evidence of the fresh-dug hole on the day that we saw it. And we have the testimony of the farm hand who helped Epenetus Smith remove it. And we also have the word of the highly respectable old resident of Merrick, Elijah Smith, surveyor and school-master, that it was on exhibition two successive years at the agricultural show for Queens County. Truth is sometimes wonderfully evasive.

The visitations of meteoric storms are of so rare an occurrence that localities have become famous in consequence of having been fortuitously the scene of one of these visitations. In Great Britain, where a record has been kept, it gives accounts of only sixteen in two hundred and fifty years which have reached the earth in good condition; they are burned up in their descent.

Apropos of aerolites, meteoric showers, we remember distinctly the grandest of the kind said to have taken place within the memory of man. It was on the night of November 13, 1833. We were but a child at the time. A little flurry of snow had fallen during the day, giving a conspicuous whiteness to the landscape. The shower came on about eight o'clock in the evening and continued all night, an unintermitting cascade of fire, during which period hundreds of thousands of meteors must have fallen. They came from all parts of the heavens, and their paths crossed each other at all angles. How many reached the earth we shall never know. The sky was brilliantly tinted in reds and seemed in a blaze from horizon to horizon. The snow was red from reflection, and the atmosphere appeared thick with fire. It was a night of terror at our home, none but the female members of our family being at home in the early evening, and they really believed that the end of the world was at hand. My father came home about ten o'clock. He rebuked us for our fears by his real, or affected, indifference in the impending collapse of all terrestrial things. He talked as familiarly about falling stars as if he were one, and as of no very rare occurrence anyway; he had known many such in his time, and that no harm would come out of it. He pretended that it wasn't much of a shower anyhow. This as-

surance and his own frigid unconcern had the effect of reassuring the rest of the thoroughly frightened household, and a more cheerful spirit pervaded until bed time. The above, the greatest of all meteoric showers of which there is any record, was witnessed from our home at Hempstead South in 1833.

The record of this phenomenon in the Astronomical Department at Washington shows that the extent of territory in which it was observable was from Canada to the Northern boundary of South America, and a longitudinal tract three thousand miles in width.

From the earliest periods theories were entertained concerning the origin of meteors. Diogenes Laertius thought they came from the sun. Pliny laughs at the theory, but utterly fails to improve upon it. La Place thought that they came from the depths of space, and at other times he thought they had a lunar origin. The Greek philosophers had four hypotheses of their origin, "telluric," raised by hurricanes, a solar origin, or an origin in the regions of space.

There is a curious legend of the Algonkins, of which all the Long Island Indians were sub-tribes. This legend, which seems to have some pertinence here as showing that they were familiar with meteoric phenomena long before the advent of the white man among them.

They had been taught to never complain or speak ill of the elements. The severest storms of wind, snow, frost or hail were treated with the greatest respect. They would endure great heat or cold without complaining. To complain of the heat or glare of the sun would subject them to blindness. They never murmured at the clouds or stormy weather, lest they be shut up in caves in the mountains where no light can enter. The moon must be treated with the same consideration, for those who said aught against her were in danger of death by fiery rocks from that luminary.

Dr. Smith says that meteors are mostly iron and have come from some place where there was but little or no oxygen. Now, the moon has no atmosphere, no water and consequently

no oxygen. Many of these meteors are almost pure iron, as Epenetus Smith said his was. Sir Humphry Davy thinks the combustion is caused by the rapidity of descent, that they become incandescent and explode by the heat, and not by gases contained in them. In the long record of meteors only four persons are known to have been killed by their fall.

In the analysis of meteors it is very remarkable that no new chemical element has been detected in any yet discovered. We are familiar with their composition. The largest meteor ever known to have fallen to the earth was one discovered by Captain John Ross near Cape York, Greenland, in 1818. This meteor was by Arctic explorer R. E. Peary, U. S. N., brought to the United States and deposited in the vestibule of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, where it now remains. Its circumference is about eleven feet, its length four feet three inches, and about two and a half feet thick, its weight about 10,000 pounds, and it is ninety-two per cent. pure iron.

Since the above the Willamette Meteor, found in Willamette Valley, Oregon, was purchased by Mrs. William E. Dodge for \$20,000 and deposited in the same museum. It is ten feet three inches long, seven feet wide at the base and four feet thick, and weighs 31,000 pounds. It is ninety per cent. pure iron.

This museum now contains four great meteors. The British Museum contains several. One of the oldest known, historically, is in a temple at Mecca, Arabia. Its name is the "Right Hand God," and it was worshipped long before the time of Mahommed. Another which was the subject of worship was set up in the temple Cybele at Phrygia. This is supposed to have fallen from Jupiter. It was through the decree of this oracle, or of this cult, that Hannibal was obliged to turn back from his intended investment of Rome. It is supposed that the image which fell, (The Jupiter), mentioned in The Acts of the Apostles, was a meteor.

Wednesday, August 8, 1838.

John A. King, of Jamaica, called at our house to-day on some business with my father, which they evidently did not care to transact in our presence. This being evident to us, we retired without being requested, in good order.

They were together about one hour and a half, when we were called in to witness their signatures to a paper writing, which we did, and Mr. King gave us four shillings. Whether this was a reward for our politeness in retiring or legal fee to which we were entitled for our services, we do not know, nor did we stop to enquire, but accepted the compliment with thanks.

Monday, August 20, 1838.

On the first of June last we commenced remodeling our house, and since that time we have been enjoying the novel experience of living in the barn and wagon house, which have been temporarily fitted for occupancy, the horses having been dispossessed.

The younger members of the family enjoyed exceedingly the indigent method of life. Yesterday part of the family moved back into the house, made tenantable, but far from completed.

The carpenters contracting for this work, which was to be done by day's work and to be completed by the third of October, were Tredwell Smith and Abram Johnson. Their compensation is to be six shillings per day and board. A similar agreement was made with the painters and masons. All the hauling of lumber and brick was to be performed by my father.

Some wonderful revelations were made in dismantling the old house, which had been standing over one hundred years. The laths holding the plaster of the walls and ceilings were split laths made by hand, and were held in their places to the studs by wrought nails, also made by hand. Every timber in the old structure, even the rafters, was of oak and had been taken from the woods and squared by hand with an axe, and were as sound as when first put up. The shingles on the east and west gables and the rear were hand-made and an attempt had been made to effect the ornamental by rounding the lower ends of some of them. These shingles were fastened to their places by wrought nails, hammered out by a blacksmith one at a time, and not one of them had been driven to its place until a hole had been drilled for it with a gimlet. The amount of labor and patience required to shingle a house of this kind in this manner would appall any modern mechanic. The shingle gables of the old house were used in the reconstruction. At the time the old house was built, and down to the time of reconstruction, there were no ready-made shingles. They were all made by hand from the lumber cut in uniform lengths; there were no tongued and grooved boards and planks; the planing machine had not yet been invented; no ready-made doors or window sash, no ready-made wainscoting, no trim, no mould-

ings; all these things, at a vast amount of labor, were manufactured or worked out by hand from the raw material by the mechanic. And a house could be built cheaper then, in 1838, than now, and better.

Tuesday, September 4, 1838.

The marshing season commenced this year on the fourth day of September. We had heretofore regarded marshing as a picnic season, but, being admonished that our time could be more profitably spent at school, and being conscious of the fact ourselves, we acquiesced without crushing effect or disappointment. An option, however, was granted for Saturday.

P. S.—Saturday turned out to be a very stormy day, and our picnic a total failure.

Saturday, September 8, 1838.

It has been a custom for many years for owners of large tracts of woodland to sell off portions in the fall for firewood during the winter to those who have no such tracts of reserve woodlands. This unique custom, it is said, is the outgrowth of an earlier one in which the wood was given away to anyone who would remove it from the ground. This was at a period when cleared lands were more desirable than woodlands, the wood being an incumbrance. Nearly all the country was covered with timber then. As years rolled on and woodlands decreased, and cleared lands and population increased, the timber began to have a commercial value, and a charge was made for the wood removed. This custom grew, and the sale of standing wood for fuel became a traffic as the supply decreased, and now (1838), to prevent the utter denudation of forests and woodlands laws are being enacted for their preservation, protection being necessary.

Yesterday we attended the sale by vendue of wood lots of Thomas Carman, of Raynortown. This woods at Coe's Neck had been already surveyed and staked out into plots and numbered, the stakes enclosing plots of standing timber of different values, and were now to be disposed of to the highest bidder.

There were about eighty persons present in the woods at the sale, some buyers, some spectators, and some choppers. Those who intended to buy had, generally, made their selections before the sale. Purchasers had different objects in view in purchasing. Those who wanted firewood only selected plots containing the most hickory and oak; some bought plots largely represented in chestnut for splitting into rails for fencing, or making posts; boat builders selected plots that would cut up the most, and to the best advantage, timber for boat building. There were, sometimes, strongly contested bidding on extraordinarily desirable plots. Occasionally an old, gnarled oak would be worth more than enough to the purchaser to pay for the whole plot, and rails to the farmer were always an important item.

The terms of the sale, as announced, were ten per cent. down, and the balance before an axe is put in the plot; all trees of five inches diameter or under not included in the sale, and are to be left standing; and all timber remaining on the premises after the first day of March, 1839, shall be forfeited. All the well-to-do farmers of our section owned a reservation of woodland, which they held for an emergency, or perchance, a fuel famine, which for cause sometimes became imminent. It is considered that a well dispositioned farm should have at least twenty-five per cent. of woodland in reserve, and so farmers generally rely upon these fall sales and lay in their firewood from purchases made under them, and preserve their own holdings for an emergency.

Wood tracts are dwindling away on Long Island, and the time when they will fail utterly is regarded not only as probable, but as absolutely certain, and in the near future; the end is already in sight. And even for the immediate present the problem of firewood for those who hold no reserve of woodland, and of small means, is regarded one of serious import, and getting worse as woods grow scarcer. Whole forests are going up chimneys annually.

And again, the fuel question is one of the most foremost of all charities in the country districts. With the poor, who cannot provision themselves for a long and tedious winter, that of fuel was not of less importance than that of food. And we know of individuals who have interested themselves with a self-devotion on bitter cold, stormy nights in winter by personally visiting some of their poor neighbors to ascertain if they were beyond want, or had sufficient firewood to keep themselves and families from suffering; and, without ostentation, we know that the private wood piles and pork barrels have contributed time and again to the relief of the cold and hungry, and not through agencies or organized charity bureaus, but by the spontaneous goodness of their humane hearts.

The wasting away of our forests was an ominous menace to the human race in our latitudes. It was estimated that the next generation would see the final consumption of our forests. And until the discovery and general use of coal as a fuel, this view was pretty generally entertained. Coal was first used for domestic purposes by Judge Jesse Pell of Wilkes-Barre in 1808, and so slow was its progress that it was not in general use in 1845, but it solved the problem, and we are no longer dependent exclusively upon our woodland products for this great essential of life. But even now there are timid people who speculate upon the coal exhaustion as being within human probability. But if there is any reliance to be placed upon

science, geology and mathematics, there is anthracite enough in the bowels of our earth to supply us, at the rate of present consumption for domestic, mechanical and manufacturing purposes, to put off the day of that tribulation at least 60,000 years, at which period, it is more than probable, all our obligations to humanity will have lapsed.

CHAPTER III.

BRICK.—NEIGHBORING TOWNS.—SCHOOL AT HEMPSTEAD.—THE TINDER BOX.

Wednesday, October 10, 1838.



E made the trip yesterday to Manet Hill for brick with which to construct a well. Well brick, that is, brick made specially for wells, or curb brick, were not common in stock with ordinary dealers or brickyards. But the Montforts at their kiln at Manet Hill kept them in stock.

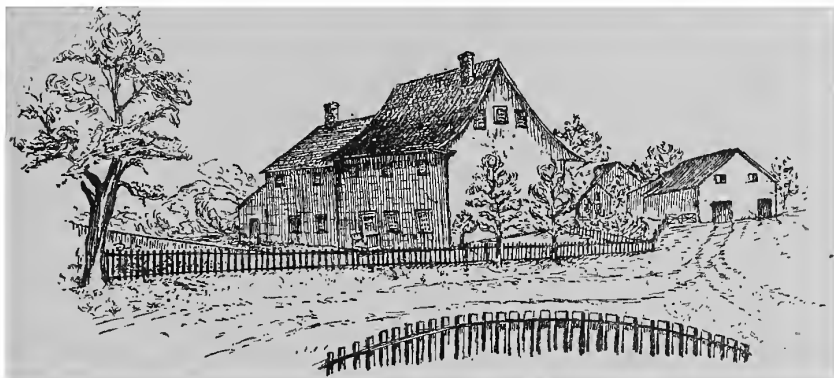
We left home about half past four A. M. with two teams. Manet or Manetto Hill is of little or no historical significance, being simply a brick manufactory. It is, however, a radiating point of Indian traditions. It was the fabled home of the great Spirit Sachem, or Manetou of the Algonkin tribes of Long Island, and it was here that some of his marvelous feats were performed.

Manet Hill is located about midway between Long Island Sound on the North and the Atlantic Ocean on the South, in the town of Oyster Bay, just East from Hicksville.

Our journey was along the South Road to Merrick, and thence Northerly along the Whale Neck Road (in early times an Indian trail only) to the Plain Edge, or Bethpage Turnpike, thence to Westbury along a road, the continuation of the Whale Neck Road. The journey to this point was uninteresting and without incident. The weather, however, was delightful. There were some well-to-do farmers along the Plain Edge with luxurious surroundings; otherwise the country was poor, with but little show of thrift. We went to Westbury to call upon a relative of our family, after which we drove directly to Hicksville.

Westbury is a quaint old place, the principal attractions of which are the evidences everywhere of its antiquity and traces of the memorable past. The residences are scattered about at random along a country road, which made itself; the dwellings are very old and still bear the old octagonal cedar shingle dating back to the revolutionary and colonial days. Some of these old houses are still in good preservation and if cleaned up and put in repair, would be good for another hundred years. There are two Friends' meetings houses here. It was here that Elias Hicks, the great Quaker preacher and reformer, was born. He preached a creed which bears his name. He removed to Jericho, where he continued to live until his death in 1830. It was here also that Rachel Hicks was born (born Seaman) in the old Seaman homestead in 1789, and resided until her marriage with Abraham Hicks of Rockaway. The old Seaman homestead is still standing. Rachel was a relative of Elias,

and like her renowned kinsman, became a great preacher and reformer, but not along the same lines. She was a most rigid orthodox Christian. He was avowedly unchristian, declaring that the scriptures had been a great curse to mankind and had been the cause of more evil than good in the world. Hence arose the schism and the two meeting houses at Westbury.



Elias Hicks.
Residence
Jericho.

Rachel Hicks died at the age of ninety, having traveled and preached in nearly all the states of the American Union. She is venerated here. Many of her followers, however, are slipping away from their simplicity of speech and dress and engaging in the affairs of the world like other folks.

Hicksville is a place hard to describe, there being nothing here to describe. It was named from Elias Hicks and has been liberally laid out, but sparsely peopled. There is a hotel and a car house of the Long Island Railroad, with four or five inconsiderable residences and many mere shanties. The principal population appears to be dogs. There were hundreds of them; they run wild, recognizing no master, and were under your feet everywhere. So numerous and so great a nuisance have they become that crusades have been instituted for their destruction. There is no future in sight for Hicksville; its prospective streets are grown up with grass.

From Hicksville our route lay eastward about two miles to Manet Hill, where we arrived about 10.30 o'clock. We purchased the brick, loaded our two wagons, fed our horses, ate our lunch, which we had brought with us, and left at about one o'clock.

We took another route on our way home, *viz.*, through Bethpage and Jerusalem (omitting Farmingdale), both of which are rambling villages grown up regardless of order, one in Oyster Bay and the other in Hempstead, and both on the East end of the Great Plains. Bethpage is a small village of farmers with a population of about two hundred inhabitants, principally Quakers, with a tidy meeting house. It is a clean, comfortable looking place. This is all the description it will stand; its history would be voluminous.

Jerusalem was settled by Captain John Seaman, of Danish origin. He had six sons and six daughters. They came from Stamford in 1666, although John Seaman's deed for 6,000 acres at Jerusalem bears the date 1657. It was witnessed by Wantagh, Sachem. There are now thousands of the descendants of Captain John Seaman in the United States, and they fill honorable positions. They are senators, congressmen, lawyers, judges, doctors and generals, and they are still in evidence in Jerusalem; every other family is a Seaman. During the Revolution it is said that the Seaman family, when the place was looted by one of the contending armies, had the silver saved by one of their slaves throwing it into the swill-barrel. Tradition says that a village community of Indians were settled in the immediate neighborhood when the white man arrived and claimed tribal jurisdiction over all the territory from Old Westbury to Jerusalem South. They were supposed to be the



Rockaways. The deeds to the Seamans and other early white settlers were executed by the Rockaways, Massapeguas and the Montauks through their Sachems. As the lands on the North and South rim of

the island became cleared and brought under cultivation by the whites, the Indians generally retreated to the woods of the interior, where they could follow their thriftless methods of life without friction from the whites, and without having the customs of civilization forced upon them.

These village Indians sustained themselves by the simplest kind of agriculture. They cultivated a small patch of Indian corn and squashes, and by clamming and fishing in the waters of the South Bay or in the Hempstead Harbor on the North, and by hunting in the forests by which they were surrounded, in this manner they managed to exist. They had a well defined trail leading from Jerusalem to the South Bay and another to Hempstead Harbor.

Straight well-graded and well-kept roads have succeeded the old trails, designated by marked trees. The status of these blazed highways is attested in nearly all the old deeds describing or locating real property on the island. Trails and paths were the logical, as streams and rivers were the natural, boundaries between owners. Another Indian factor, wampum, appears in real estate transactions at Jerusalem. It frequently composed a part, or the entire consideration between the whites.

The ancient Indian village mentioned was stockaded and the stream at the place ran through it. It is probable that the stockade enclosed a piece of ground now owned and occupied by S. Seaman near the Friends' meeting house, but on the other side of the road. A similar stockade was constructed by the Indians at Fort Neck for their protection, and the Dutch at Flatbush enclosed the Steinbokkery, and the English at Hempstead erected similar defences.

The return route from Manet Hill was more interesting than the one we went over. After leaving Jerusalem, which has no prominently defined village center or boundaries, it being a straggling cluster of dwellings of thrifty agriculturalists, storekeepers and an occasional industry, numbering in population not over three hundred, mostly Quakers. At this point is a crossroad. We left the Jerusalem Road and turned Southwesterly through a continuous settlement, or continuation of Jerusalem, to Merrick, and ended the day in arriving at home about eight o'clock. In a straight line Manet Hill is about fourteen miles from our house, but following the tortuous roads increased the distance traveled to about sixteen miles.

Tuesday, October 18, 1838.

Notices had been posted in several conspicuous places in School District No. 10, Town of Hempstead, calling for a special meeting of the freeholders of the district at the schoolhouse on the 16th of October, 1838, at early candle light. The purpose of the meeting being to authorize Christian Snedecker, Abraham Miller and Elbert Tredwell, Trustees, to repair schoolhouse and to contract for fuel for the coming winter. We obtained permission to attend the meeting. The schoolhouse is an

exceedingly old structure, located at Bethel on the road leading from Hick's Neck to the village of Hempstead. The old house has been standing between seventy-five and one hundred years and is shockingly out of repair; at best, it is an old barrack. The structure is about fifty feet by twenty, of wood, clapboards of oak. Light is admitted to the interior through seven square windows distributed along the three sides of the building, with solid board shutters hung on hand made, wrought iron hinges without fastenings, except the logs of wood which stand against them, serving the double purpose of keeping them open or shut, as circumstances required, may claim that dignity.

The interior of the Bethel schoolhouse consists of an entry and one schoolroom, sealed entirely with plain boards, no superfluity of paint or plaster intruded to mar its absolute rusticity. The great oaken beams axed square are exposed overhead. The desk at which the pupils sit is constructed of common pine boards and extends continuously around three sides of the interior, the surface of which is nearly covered with the rudely cut initials of three generations of ambitious students. The master's desk is on a slight elevation in the Northwest corner of the room. On reaching the schoolhouse, no one had yet arrived, but the freeholders soon began to gather around the outside of the house. Finally the clerk of the district and the school trustees arrived. On entering the schoolhouse, it was discovered that there was no light and no provisions had been made for making it. Light on such occasions was usually furnished by someone living contiguous bringing a lantern, or tinder box, but here seemed to be an absence of both. In this dilemma someone in the audience in derision called out, "Strike a Light" (having reference to the tinder box method). Now, although friction matches had been invented more than three years previously, they were not in general use in School District No. 10. Israel Frost, however, the storekeeper at Milburn Corners, to the astonishment of many of the assembled freeholders, produced a light by means of the marvelous friction match (a thing so different from the present friction match as not to be recognized by the present generation as such), from which nine tallow candles supported against the board ceiling of the room, with corrugated tin reflectors, were lighted, and the meeting was called to order by Elbert Tredwell, chairman of the board of trustees, and they at once proceeded to business. The meeting had been called for the purpose of empowering the trustees to expend an amount of money in repairing the schoolhouse and in procuring fuel for the coming winter. After many resolutions and amendments, which seemed to us to have little to do with the real issue, it was resolved that the trustees spend an amount not exceeding fifty dollars in repairing the schoolhouse. And for fuel the contract was awarded to Jacob Smith (of William) for thirty-two dollars, the wood to be seasoned hickory and to be delivered at the schoolhouse in four-foot lengths. The meeting adjourned. A desultory conversation was, however, carried on for an hour or more, principally

concerning the building of a new schoolhouse in a more convenient and more central locality in the district.

The question of a new schoolhouse had always been a fruitful one for discussion and dispute; it had been agitated thirty years before this meeting. (And forty years later it was consummated.) The people of Hempstead took a great interest in the matters of schools during the town's early history. The first schools established on Long Island were at Hempstead, and as early as 1675. This claim is disputed by Newtown, but after an investigation we award the honor to Hempstead.

It has been said that there were small results from these early schools. To answer this objection we have only to note the contrast between the children brought up in school communities and those who are not. If no other result, a marked thriftiness and better manners are characteristics of those neighborhoods which are supplied with schools. This is true of all time.

Our earliest recollection of this honored seat of learning, the Bethel schoolhouse, was in 1832, at which period and to the present



1838, it was used six days of the week for school purposes, for Methodist prayer meetings on Friday nights, and occasionally religious services on Sunday. We remember on one occasion old Jimmy Horton, the great Methodist revivalist, preached there on Sunday to an audience brought together from ten miles about the schoolhouse, which did not hold one-sixth of those assembled.

At the period above referred to William Fowler was the

master. He had succeeded Master Ellison. Master Fowler came in answer to an advertisement for a teacher. He was popular, but he had at least one failing. At times he took too much "fire water," and caused school to be closed, sometimes two or three days. He was succeeded by Jesse Pettit, a teacher who rendered faithful service for many years in this school. He subsequently became a proselyte to Mormonism and moved with his entire family to the city of the Saints in Nauvoo. His successor was John McGee, an Irishman, and a man of more than average ability. He taught there many years. He married Maria, daughter of Samuel Miller, and settled at Christian Hook. These teachers were not men of great learning or pretentiousness, but they were qualified for the work they had before them.

The conversation of the freeholders turned finally to friction matches, an exhibition of which had been witnessed by many of them for the first time this evening; but with that audience friction matches had no defenders. It was quite the unanimous opinion that they were an expensive and dangerous luxury, only for the rich, and could not be made to serve the poor man to advantage, nor could they ever come into general use. The bayman could not use them because they would not endure dampness, or continued stormy weather. It would be impossible for this invention ever to supply the place of the time-honored and trusty old tinder box, which was much more convenient, perfectly safe, and costs nothing. One remarked that these matches, like all other new-fangled things, were against the poor man, were against the Bible—an invention of the Devil (Lucifer). And by this little knot of freeholders of School District No. 10 of the Town of Hempstead, lucifer matches were doomed to failure.

The foregoing is a *verbatim* copy from the Journal, written more than sixty years ago (now 1900). The conservative old tinder box civilization has passed out and the friction match is monarch. It is sold one thousand (enough to fire a city) for five cents. It has been made waterproof and will endure in any climate; while the tinder box is now stored away with the rubbish of the garret or is kept on exhibition among the antiquities or muniments of the past. No discovery since the landing of Columbus has been more potent in the civilization of Long Island than that of the friction match. "Strike

a Light," is typical of a whole civilization, from the barbarian to the nobleman, for the attainment of which monks have fasted, anchorites have prayed, but which science alone achieved. That Prometheus climbed the heavens and with Minerva stole fire from Jupiter and bestowed it upon man, appeared in the ingenuous minds of our ancestors concerning the origin of fire, but the myth has long since ceased to satisfy us. Neither ancient history, nor the legendary, or traditionary accounts of the existing savage races throw any light upon the question of the origin or discovery of fire. The narratives contained in the oldest records are obviously mythical, like the fable of Prometheus, which of itself is but a version of the older Vedic myth of the God Agni, who, having taken fire from a casket, gave it to the first man, Manu, through Pro-mantha, which, in the old Vedic language, means to accomplish by means of friction. Of the same character are all the myths of savage races of the origin of fire, having been brought by some wonderful bird, or animal, or God, and presented to man.

The discovery of fire and the art of reproducing fire and light must be regarded as among the greatest achievements of the human intellect. The uses of fire lie at the foundation of every human industry, and it seems that the epoch of man's advancement dates from the discovery of fire, and that without it he could not have arisen much above the condition of the brute.

The reception of this little thing is a type of the reception of every invention, and the prejudice it had to subdue was typical of true progress.

In 1835 there were serious dissensions in the New York Tammany. A meeting of Tammany delegates had been called at the hall for eight o'clock. Tammany at this time was divided into two factions, Regulars and Independents. At the hour appointed the Independents began to gather. They found the doors of the hall locked and a meeting proceeding inside. The Regulars had gained access in advance and had

proceeded with the business—a trick by no means new to the Tammany code. No deliberation was taken to determine what course to pursue. The doors of the hall were forced and the Independents entered, to find that the Regulars had transacted all the business for the evening and were just preparing to adjourn. A rough and tumble fight ensued, in which the Regulars were forcibly ejected from the hall and their minutes destroyed. But before retiring, the Regulars had managed to shut off the gas, thus leaving the victorious Independents in total darkness. Then came the cry, "Strike a Light." But some Independent, contemplating a contingency of this kind, came prepared with candles and the newly invented friction matches, which enabled him instantly to "Strike a Light," which he did, and the regular meeting was organized under the call and proceeded with the business. The Regulars, however, took their revenge by nicknaming their opponents "Loco Focos," by which opprobrious epithet they are known to this day.

The origin of the expression "Strike a Light" is undoubtedly very ancient, going back probably to the discovery of the earlist methods of producing fire. Our Philological Society of Washington, under Colonel Garrick Mallery, took up this subject, and on a thorough scientific investigation found out and reported that although the expression was very ancient, yet it could not be assigned to a period as early as the cosmos, for the Creator did not in the beginning "Strike a Light," but said: "Let there be Light." However, Virgil, in the *Æneid*, refers to the tinder box method for obtaining fire. This establishes very great antiquity for the tinder box, and we have also the text of Cicero in "*Treatise De Natura*": "*Lapidum conflictata atque tritu slice igneum videmus.*" All this goes far in fixing the use of the tinder box in classical times.

We remember the old tinder box with great distinctness as an indispensable appurtenance of the household in our youth. No house could be sustained without it, and so complete and sudden was the revolution retiring it that it is entirely unknown

to the present generation, save traditionally. No greater boon was conferred upon the housekeeper than the invention of the lucifer match. The conservative country people were tardy in adopting it. Although fairly introduced and in common use in the city in 1835, it was not in general use on Long Island in 1838. The reason was probably the expense, and then some accidents had happened through its use, and, again, it was not deemed waterproof.

Some of these old tinder boxes (household gods) were of elaborate construction and ornamentation. There were hundreds of forms, usually from four to six inches in diameter, and some of simple construction, many of which are now preserved in our museums, to which we must resort for a study of them. The material of which they were made was tin or brass. We remember the tinder box as holding the highest rank among household equipments on Long Island. There were no other means by which we could obtain light or fire. "Strike a Light!"

The tinder box familiar to us was neither tin nor brass, but consisted of the crooked, tapering horn of the ox, or some other of the bovine tribe. It was about ten inches long, hollow, and the larger end, which was open, was about three and a half inches in diameter. This was a cumbersome and awkward fixture and it seems strange that, considering the universal use in previous times of wood friction to produce fire, that there were so few improvements on this primitive method and tools. These improvements are compressed into two inventions, *viz.*, the bow and drill and the pump-drill, which are not to be ranked as machines, but rather as machine tools. A machine which combines the parts of the ordinary two-stick fire drill was seen in use on the Nile above the second cataract in 1868. This was a survival of the old friction method; they had not yet reached the tinder box age.

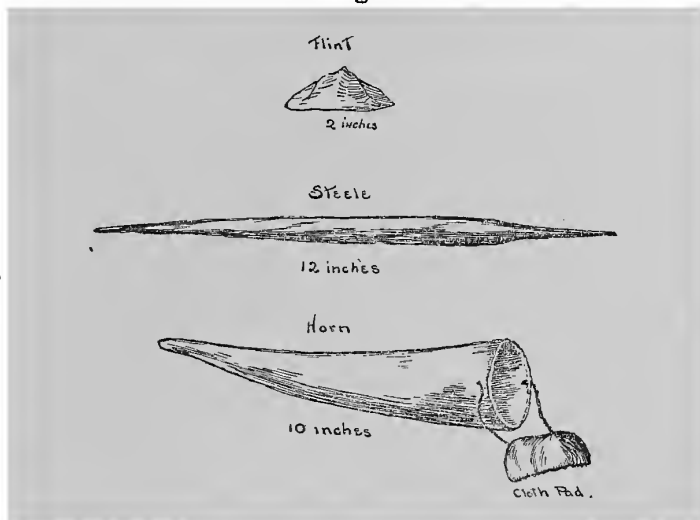
The appurtenances, or equipments complete, of the Long Island tinder box were, first, the horn, then the tinder. The latter consisted of charred, or calcined, or carbonized rags,

which were placed in the horn and kept stopped when not in actual use by a ball of rags or some other soft material, so that the horn could be closed air tight. A flint and steel were also a part of the equipment. The flint was the same as that used by the common old-fashioned flintlock gun of the period. These flints were for sale at all the country stores (in fact, a complete outfit could be obtained at any country store). The steel was about three-fourths of an inch wide, one-quarter of an inch thick, and about a foot long. All the above constituted the plain working outfit. There were some outfits which made pretentions to artistic structure, but none probably excelled for convenience the horn equipment.

There was but one method for obtaining fire, and that was by the ever faithful tinder box; and there were but two processes by which fire could be preserved from day to day. One was to bury a mass of live hickory coals in ashes over night, or burn a night lamp or rush taper. The former was frequently resorted to. The latter was a luxurious method and could not be indulged in by the poor farmer or fisherman, to whom the only alternate was the friendly tinder box and the friendly mendicant shaving match.

Down to about the year 1833 the tinder box was to be found as a matter of course in the kitchen of every house in the land. It had been in use for ages and had undergone little or no variation. Yet its disappearance was extraordinarily sudden and complete after the introduction of the friction match. Less than a generation later, almost within a decade, the tinder box had become little more than a vague tradition of the past, and examples are to be found now only in the cabinets of the antiquary. Few other instances of the disappearance so suddenly of a domestic contrivance so ancient can be cited. To attempt to trace the origin of the tinder box is futile. The very name comes to us from the early ages, for the obsolete English root verb *to tind*, or *to tindle*, meaning originally to kindle, or to set on fire, comes from the old Anglo-Saxon, with *tyndan* having the same signification. But the tinder box is vastly

more ancient than Saxon times. Long before iron was known in the smelted form, nodules of iron pyrites, such as were often found in chalk, were used with a piece of flint and some kind of tinder to produce fire. Evidences of such have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings and in British Barrows.



The tinder box varied infinitely in shape and size and material, though identical in its purpose. In bedrooms and dressing rooms they were of superior material and structure, brass, copper, tin, and sometimes silver. The steel was of myriad forms and shapes to suit the fancy of the factor. The horn tinder box was for common, everyday use. It was handy, but one of more elaborate structure decorated the kitchen mantel piece. In our house it was made of tin, with a socket for a candle on the lid, and was about five inches in diameter. There were some made of wood, with a compartment to hold the steel, flint, brimstone matches and candle.

The Dutch tinder boxes, those brought from home, were all wood, and some were ornately and elaborately carved, real works of art. There were many of these among the

Dutch settlers. The imported English article was always metal, and all with some pretensions to ornamentation. One of silver, belonging to the Searing family of Hempstead, we saw in the possession of Dr. Lewis Searing. It belonged to the plate of the Searing family. The structure was plain, bur-nished and without ornamentation. The Searing tinder box was exhibited at a show of antiques at Hempstead in 1866 or 1867.

The expression, "Strike a Light," as uttered at the school meeting, brought up no other vision but of the tinder box. Without going into detail, the tinder method of striking a light is the earliest known to us, save that of our still more remote savage ancestors by the friction of two pieces of dry wood. Ethnological science has made this method too well known for further illustration. The Eskimo obtained light by striking pieces of quartz and iron pyrites together, directing the spark to fall upon moss dried and prepared for the purpose. This was also striking a light. Among many of the half-civilized races, where the tinder box, or a similar contrivance, is used for obtaining fire, as in Siberia, the name in their language is synonymous with "Strike a Light."

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORIC WHITE OAK TREE.—CAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER L'ARMISTAD.—INDIAN SHELL HEAPS.—INDIANS OF LONG ISLAND.

Friday, March 1, 1839.



SEVERE winter has closed, superceded by a no less disagreeable and inclement spring, for the weather is still cold and piercing, but the power of the sun has a dissolving effect upon the frost-bound earth, and a few more days we may hope to see stronger evidences of spring. Volumes have been written upon "Gentle Spring," "Etherial Mildness," etc., with but an hypothetical existence outside of the poet's realm.

Wednesday, March 6, 1839.

Reports were received here a few days ago that a great freshet prevailed at Hempstead Village. The roads here have been absolutely impassable in consequence of mud for any wheeled vehicle, and communication is nearly cut off.

Subsequently, by special messenger, member of our family, the reports of the flood at Hempstead have been confirmed. It was known that great quantities of snow had accumulated on the Hempstead Plains during the last winter, which had been unusually severe, and the ground was frozen to a great depth. The heavy rains which have prevailed recently flooded the plains back of the village. The waters flowed down the two brooks which run through the village, swelling them to an enormous size. These streams form a union just Southwest of the village and supply the motor power for a series of grist mills. The snow, ice and every other thing that could aid in forming a blockade collected in the swamp at the union of the streams, near the residence of Gid Nicols, and completely choked up the stream, throwing the accumulated waters back upon the village. The water rose to a height of five feet in the dry-goods store of Mr. Weeks, corner of Front and Main streets, and was of equal depth in the shoe store of Mr. Burtis, and in Mr. Crossman's hat store. It was six feet deep on the turnpike. The entire length of Front street was three or four feet under water. Snedeker's lumber yard was all afloat; timely warning saved their horses. Lester Bedell, who lived on the other stream, West of the main village, left his house when the water had risen to one foot on his parlor floor.

When the water broke through the blockade it rushed down with great fury and carried away all the mill dams on the stream, except

Mordecai Smith's, which was saved by opening the flood-gates and emptying the pond before the flood reached it. The damage in Hempstead is said to be considerable, aggregating many thousands of dollars. All the dwellings, shops and stables on the low ground along the streams were flooded and some were carried away. The residence of Isaac Eldred, farmer, northeast of the village, with his farm houses and barns, occupied an island in a lake miles in extent. Floods have prevailed this season all over the country. Some in New Jersey were disastrous.

Wednesday, July 10, 1839.

Benjamin F. Thompson's History of Long Island, containing an Account of the Discovery and Settlement, with other important and interesting matters, etc., was this day delivered at our house. It purports to be a complete history of the Island to the present time and was published by E. French, 146 Nassau Street, New York. This is the first book ever published purporting to give a succinct history of Long Island. We anticipate much pleasure in reading this book. Mr. Thompson was many years in the compilation of it, and being himself a Long Islander, he took great pride in his work. He labored for correct information and spared no pains in obtaining it, in the collection of which he was greatly facilitated by his familiar relations with the prominent citizens of the island.

Saturday, August 3, 1839.

A very severe thunderstorm came up suddenly this afternoon and lingered a long time at the South of us. It appeared to be very severe on the Ocean just outside the beach, and caused a very heavy tide, and may have done much damage at sea. Its effect was not very great on the land, but was fitful. It was an unusual storm, in consequence of which we have taken cognizance of it.

Sunday, August 4, 1839.

During the thunderstorm yesterday the land-mark and historic old white oak standing at the brow of the hill east of our house was blown over. What a history that old Quercus could tell were it endowed with memory and speech, and how insignificant our Reminiscence! It is an immense tree, the largest by great odds on our farm, and probably the largest in the town. Its butt was four and a half feet in diameter. It was a gigantic tree when the first white man set foot on this farm and had endured hundreds of equally violent storms, and it succumbed not from an apparent weakness above ground, but in its foundation. We were familiar with every limb and branch of this old veteran. There was not a bough that we had not explored hundreds of times. We had climbed to its very summit, from which could be obtained a full view of the Atlantic Ocean. This tree was not only noted for its great age; it was a handsome tree. True, its limbs were

crooked, angular and knobby, but they spread out to a uniform length and its outlines were symmetrical. It had given shade and shelter to thousands of creatures. We have seen it absolutely covered by a tumultuous mob of black birds, holding a carnival, and all talking at the same moment. We have seen its branches ready to break under the weight of wild pigeons, every available standing place being occupied. It was a rendezvous for robins, cedar-birds and crows.

The wealth of happiness flowing from this old tree will never be admeasured. It was an ornithological museum of moving forms, an hundred volumes of inedited natural history. It was an object lesson every day in the year. The old tree, maybe, was the survivor of a forest of its peers, but stood alone during our time, my father's and grandfather's.

My grandfather preserved a flint arrow head found under a projecting root in his youth. This spot may have been the scene of an original conflict before the innovation of the palefaces. Among the old stories, or traditions, which are mostly experiences only, of this historic tree, there are preserved no tragedies or comedies. There is an old tradition that the Algonkin had a sort of veneration for the old tree in consequence of it being the haunt of the sacred owl of his theology, and that while people of our day (ourselves included) have a kind of feeling described as creepy when on a quiet evening the startling, penetrating e-ough—e-ough—e-ough of the screech owl bursts from the old tree, which the Indians translated into a warning of evil. We know better, but we cannot help feeling, like the old negro, "that suthim was goin' to hap'n." It is said that during the Revolutionary war two loyalists, or tories, whose names it would not be courtesy to mention, out of regard to surviving relations, escaped arrest and probably hanging by storing themselves away in the knobby branches of the old oak until the pursuit was over, while others who had taken to the swamp for safety were captured and treated with great severity. The field in which the tree stood had never been under cultivation; consequently all the scars upon the surface earth might be said to remain. There was a well worn path from the foot of the tree over the brow of the hill, a distance of about three hundred feet, to the ruins of an ancient spring at the edge of the swamp. This spring and path were never used by the white man.

No Indian relics were found (save the arrowhead of my grandfather) on or near the premises. There were, however, evidences of fire on the side of the hill from remains of embers, coals, ashes and discolored pebbles and gravel. The fireplace, if such it were, was about ten feet wide, cut into the side hill; the excavated earth had been graded in front, forming a crude hearth. This would seem to indicate that the fire place was in the interior of an enclosure or dwelling, and had been used for heating. However, that form of structure is not conformable to Indian Custom.

The storm which destroyed the old oak was not purely local, was attended with lightning and thunder and began with a little hail, but no rain. The wind did not seem to be exceedingly violent, and none of the neighboring trees bore evidence of the storm. On examination of the fallen tree there had been an effect which might have resulted from a spiral or whirlwind. The fate of this familiar and favorite object of our life is sealed.

In life the old tree stood out a tower of strength. Bleak and defiant on the brow of the hill, it was the most prominent object on approaching the place from any direction. It had survived the greed and avarice of man. It had endured the fury of three centuries of winter blasts. It had escaped the lightning shafts of a thousand thunderstorms, to be uprooted and prostrated by a half developed hurricane, which an hundred greater had failed to disturb. So much of the old monarch as will make proper timber for boat building my uncle, Daniel Smith, will purchase, thus prolonging its usefulness another half century; the remainder will be consigned to the wood pile.

"Requiescat in pace."

Tuesday, August 13, 1839.

A great fire is raging in the pines near Farmingdale. The wind has come in from the Northeast and we are nearly suffocated with the smoke. Should we get rain, which is very probable, it will put an end to the burning, it is to be hoped. This is the second great forest fire this year in the Long Island woods in the neighborhood of Central Islip and Farmingdale. When this wooded territory is once burned over it is forever after useless as a wood or fuel producer. These forests have yielded hundreds of thousands cords of wood, but since the introduction of coal as a fuel the consumption has not been so great. It is now being used for kindling and for charcoal.

—————, *September*, ——— 1839.

In the early part of September, 1839, great excitement was created on Long Island, which spread over the entire country, in consequence of party feeling engendered, and the unsettled state of the country regarding the matter involved, and with forced party issues. The cause of the agitation was the capture, inside of Montauk Point, by Lieutenant Geding, in command of the United States Brig Washington, of a large schooner named l'Armistad with a cargo of African negroes intended for slavery. It seems that the l'Armistad had sailed from Havana, Cuba, for the Port of Principe with a large number of negroes intended to be sold as slaves.

On an investigation, later, it turned out that during the passage from Havana the negroes had arisen upon the officers of the l'Armistad, all of whom they murdered, and took posses-

sion of the schooner, sparing only the white crew, and two persons who were represented as passengers, of whom one was a seafaring man and had been in command of a vessel, and was qualified to navigate. He was placed in charge by the negroes and commanded to take the *l'Armistad* back to Africa. But he deceived them, brought the vessel into American waters and ran her in at Montauk, where the capture took place. After the capture, which took place without resistance, Lieutenant Geding took his prize over to New London, Connecticut (August 29, 1839), it being the nearest United States port, and delivered her over to the authorities. The negroes were at once put under arrest and locked up on a charge of piracy. The monstrous injustice of this act and the helpless condition of the negroes set the country on fire and the indictment for piracy called out thousands of sympathizers, and some breaches of the peace. A public meeting was held at Brooklyn at which S. S. Joselyn, Joshua Leavett and Lewis Tappan were appointed a committee to raise funds to defend the rights of the negroes. After a great struggle in the State courts their case was taken to Washington and Judge Story of the United States Supreme Court entered a decree releasing the negroes, and granting an order justifying the uprising. But the issues arising were pregnant with party bitterness among the born agitators, which did not subside at once.

During the pendency of the investigations and trial partisans arose among the political parties ready to embrace any opportunity to foment trouble. The two passengers were also arrested and thrown into prison. Complications grew, and the whole country was in a foment. All the old questions of Free Soil, Abolition, etc., were threshed over. The negroes were free, and probably the only guilty parties, the officers of the *l'Armistad*, were dead. The liberation of the negroes and their restoration to Liberia resulted in the foundation of the Mendi Mission, still a living institution.

But the matter was not over; the complications threatened to rupture amicable relations with Spain and the United States.

Spain put in a claim for indemnity with a somewhat belligerent attitude, the false attitude of which demand was shown in the voluminous diplomatic correspondence of Daniel Webster with the government of Spain on this subject. There were questions raised in this controversy between the two sections of this country on the subject of this capture which were never settled until the first gun was fired on Fort Sumpter in the conflict between the North and South.

Wednesday, September 11, 1839.

This day was spent in searching and digging for Indian curiosities in the old shell heap in the swamp lot. Owing to the heavy rains which have prevailed for several days past, it was deemed a propitious time to hunt for Indian relics on the surface in open fields and sand hills, in which localities they were not infrequently washed out. The rains not only unearthed many relics; they rendered more conspicuous those lying on the surface.

We were rewarded with a few knives, arrow heads, as Mr. Potter (Pierrepont Potter), the teacher, calls them, all imperfect specimens; that is, having been used and more or less broken, but being probably more valuable to the collector for all that.

On our farm and near our residence was an ancient Indian shell heap. It was on the north bank of a small stream which ran through the farm and was probably at one time the head of tide-water. Evidences of an earth causeway from the stream over the bog to the shell heap and more solid ground still exists and testify to long-continued use.

At the period of the entries in this journal these relics of ancient shell heaps over various parts of the country were just beginning to attract the attention of the antiquary and scientist. We shall here (this being the work of later years) attempt to throw some light upon the relics which so much interested us when a boy, and which interest became much greater as we advanced into manhood.

There was nothing remarkable about the shell heap spoken of to distinguish it from thousands of others all over the world except that it was inland (they usually occur on the margins of bays, lakes and rivers), and being inland, indicated

that it was the site of an Indian settlement, or near a village. When the Indians were interrogated by the early white settlers about these remains they said they were very old and were there when they came. They were undoubtedly the accumulations of many generations, and showed stratification, or seemed to have been deposited in layers. This may be accounted for on the theory that the Indians did not continuously remain here, and that during their absence, sometimes for years, maybe, in consequence of tribe hostilities, the deposits became covered with soil, upon which, on their return, were again deposited a layer of shells. That the authors of the shell heaps were a migratory people, or carried on a traffic with distant tribes, seems plausible from the fact that copper axes of rude structure were not uncommon among the finds on this part of the island. These axes evidently came from the Lake Superior district, inhabited in early times by the Algonkin, to whom the Long Island Indians were blood relations. There are four such copper axes in the Long Island Historical Society Museum, found just east of Rockville Centre, in a group of twenty surrounding another copper axe, two feet below the surface. They seem to be associated with some superstition. Three of such, or similar axes, were found at Rockville Centre and two at East Rockaway, their sizes being respectively 6 by 3½ and 7 by 4 inches, and were also deposited in said museum.

Chisels, axes, and mauls were also found on Long Island, the material of which came from a long distance in the interior. There have been spear heads found on Long Island, for which there was no known service. They were a foot long and three inches wide and were probably brought here by Indians from a distance, and may possibly have been medicine spears, such as were common with the Oregon Indians of the Pacific Coast.

It is evident that the tribes of the interior regarded this part of the coast, with its numerous land-locked bays and water thoroughfares, as an ideal location for their summer

encampments, added to the temperate climate and the inexhaustible supply of fish and clams, the abundance of fruit and every variety of aquatic wild fowl, as well as the larger game, with which the forests abounded, made Long Island a desirable camping ground for the Indian. Many came from the North and West, from beyond the Alleghanies, and the positive testimony of my great-grandfather is that down to his day Indians occupied locations on the farm every summer and engaged in clamming and fishing, but retired in the winter. He said report showed that in 1701 the Indians had already diminished in Hempstead and other parts of Long Island; the only locations where they held their own were on the south side at the necks convenient to the bay.

It has elicited much surprise that so productive a country and so bountifully stocked with food animals as Long Island was, supported so small a population of human beings as were found here at the time of the discovery, but it probably had all that it would sustain of savage or half-civilized races. In fact, there are good reasons for believing that the aboriginal population was never much, if any, greater than when the white man first landed. We can readily perceive how a race in possession only of instruments of the stone age, and who were preyed upon by enemies which threatened and enfeebled them, must necessarily make slow progress in population, or in the arts of civilized life.

There was, however, a gradual elevation among them, but it was along their lines and not those of the white man. These people drew their subsistence almost entirely from the spontaneous productions of the earth, seas and forests, and when these sources were drawn upon above their natural producing capacity a dearth in such products inevitably followed, and a consequent falling off in the supplies of the population; but after a readjustment had taken place and an equilibrium restored, that is, the supply equal to the demand, the result was again harmonious.

But so soon as the white man appeared permanently, with

his devices for subduing nature and for the capture and destruction of animal life, the equilibrium was again destroyed. He made heavier demands upon nature, which nature could not supply, and diminution began under his improved methods of agriculture, the forests melted away, and the haunts and means of subsistence of animal and game life to disappear.

This was equally true of the waters. The Indian had never captured beyond the increase and the greatest amount of animal life was maintained. Soon after the appearance of the white man, whales ceased to visit our coast. Seals, or sea dogs, once existing in great numbers in the South Bay, were annihilated, and the fishes began to become scarce, and many varieties entirely disappeared, and from that time to the present the civilized population increased and improved means for destruction were invented; in just such ratio did the food supply of the sea decrease. So, we believe that the maximum population, drawing its support from unaided nature, had been reached before the advent of civilization, and which just maintained an equilibrium between demand and supply. This routine is not by fixed and constant laws, but undulating. An extremely dry season affects herbivorous animals; a long and severe winter destroys whole tribes of wild game, and similar causes may affect aquatic products, and years may be required to restore the former conditions, maybe never.

There is nothing in the method or culture of the shell remains on Long Island upon which to hypothecate that any other race than the American Indian, such as survived to our day, had ever occupied this territory, that is, no race of superior attainments in the arts of civilized life.

The implements found here, arrow and spear heads, axes, mortars and sinkers, were found everywhere along the South side. Rude ovens, fireplaces, cinders and charred shells, bone needles, or awls, for making their bark boats and garments, the arrow and spear heads bore no evidence of any other race or higher civilization.

Again reverting to the shell deposits on the farm, they

were not in mass, that is, not in one heap, but in several, as convenience dictated. They, the Indians, having no design or order in their arrangement or distribution. When they first arrested our attention, they had been much scattered and covered a piece of ground equal to an acre.

Friday, September 20, 1839.

Went out to the bay yesterday with my father. This is a favorite recreation of his and many entries of similar excursions might be made in this journal, at the risk, however, of being tedious. On the way out we pass many Indian shell heaps bleached as white as snow, which they much resemble at a distance. Some of them on the banks of the creek extend from fifteen to thirty feet upon the bank and under the water, in many instances entirely across the creek. These shell heaps, long ere this, had excited our curiosity and we had proposed all manner of questions concerning their authors. These questions my father did not and could not satisfactorily answer, and we were consequently unsatisfied, and hence there was a constantly recurring inquiry. My father is greatly interested in these shell heaps, their contents and their authors, and especially the one on our farm; and he was pleased to observe the interest manifested by us. He had preserved with great care all arrow heads, stone axes, bones of animals, and, in fact, everything found which might indicate the handiwork of man. He knew these shells to be the remains of Indians who had inhabited this and the surrounding country and who were now fast becoming extinct, and he therefore neglected no opportunity of preserving any relic which might possibly throw light upon their origin, or history. He did not accept all the current and common theories concerning them. He made a broad distinction in the causes which resulted in the remains, such as were found on the farm, and those of the more extensive mounds nearer the ocean, and more directly on the shore adjoining the fishing ground of which we have spoken. The former, that is, on the farm, were, he claimed, the remains of clams opened for food for family use and should be classed as refuse heaps (Kitchen Middens), while the latter were the remains of, or chips of, wampum manufactories. His conclusions were reached from careful observation and exploration of the heaps. A large percentage of the shells on the farm had never been broken, while on the other mounds a search failed to reveal any whole shells. And, again, among the shells found on the farm, conspicuous were the skimmer clam shell (*mastra solidissima*). From the latter shells found in their kitchen refuse heaps it is evident that the Indian had no such prejudices as the white man of Long Island regarding this mollusc, by whom it was considered inedible. None of these shells were found on wampum heaps. The shells of this clam were used by the Indians in working and hilling their corn, and subsequently by the whites as skimmers in

taking the cream from the top of the milk; hence the name of skimmer shell. There were also found fragments of the winkle (*fulgar carica*). Broken specimens of the hinge of the scollop (*pecten irradians*) were also found in quantities sufficient to lead us to believe that this luxurious mollusc formed no inconsiderable portion of their food.

In the manufacture of wampum, only a small portion of the shell of the hard clam (*venus mercenari*) was used, to obtain which every shell must be broken, this being unnecessary in the case of those opened for food or preserving for family or clan use. There was a prevailing tradition among the old people of the neighborhood that this shell heap on our farm was the remains of a great tribal feast, or pow-wow, at which a gigantic clam bake was served to thousands of braves who were guests of the Algonkins, the participants being Leni Lenapes, Pequots, Iroquois, Delawares, Creeks and the Narragansetts, and at which feast the presiding half-deity Manetto of middle Long Island was the central figure. That such, or similar, feast was held there may be true, but that one feast resulted in so vast a deposit of shells cannot be true; there were shells enough on this field for forty such feasts. It may have been the locality for an annual, bi-annual, or tri-annual feasts of confederate tribes, and some color is given to this theory from the fact of the stratification of shells, or alternate layers of shells and soil, as if there had been a lapse of time between the depositions. Be that as it may, we know all that we shall ever know on this subject; the ground has been so thoroughly threshed over for new facts that nothing remains to be discovered.

In many respects the country in this immediate vicinity appears to have been one of great consequence to the aborigines, of which the number and extensive shell deposits lying within a circuit of two or three miles, the vast number of arrow heads and other implements of savage industry which have enriched archæological museums from this locality, is abundantly confirmatory.

There is an extensive deposit of these broken shells at a place called the Hummocks on the south side of Long Beach Run, west from New Inlet. These remains extend over an irregular piece of ground probably one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and on the water side slope down into the water with perfect regularity at an angle of about 45° to the depth of thirty feet below the surface. Many stone sinkers were found here.

There is another extensive heap on Swift Creek, about one and a half miles east of the latter and northeast from Jones Inlet, and near the famous resort for sporting men known as John C's.

There are other remarkable remains at Squaw Island, about one and a half miles east of the last named in the bay at Oyster Bay, and opposite to Fort Neck, a beautiful and fertile tract of land jutting out into the South Bay. It was on this piece of ground, Fort Neck, that the most noted battle of Long Island between the Indians and whites

took place. The Massapeguas, Merikoes and Patchogues had erected a stronghold at this place, determined here to make their last grand resistance against their warlike neighbors. In 1653 a man of unenviable fame, Captain John Underhill, made an unprovoked attack upon this stronghold. Before hostilities commenced the Indians removed their women and children to Squaw Island, which is presumably the island above mentioned. The battle was the fiercest and most stubbornly contested ever had on Long Island between the Indians and the whites, and ended in the total defeat and cruel and inhuman slaughter of the Indians. It is said that three hundred perished in this battle, and the burial place of the great chiefs is still marked by a mound enclosing an acre of ground.

John Underhill was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1596. He came with John Winthrop and his 900 emigrants to Boston in 1630. His wife, Helena, was a member of Old South Church in 1633. She was the mother of John Underhill, 2d, baptized 1642. He died at Southold, L. I., in 1658.

But the most extensive shell deposits are at Milburn on Tredwell's or Hick's Neck Creek, down which we sailed today. There are several on each side of the creek. One large ridge on the upland west of the creek is from three to ten feet high and is said to be composed entirely of shell deposits. This ridge is a series of shell mounds, the most extensive probably in this country, far excelling those of Saint John's River, Florida. It is not unlikely, says Benjamin F. Thompson, in his *History of Long Island*, that all the largest shell heaps on Long Island are the remains of wampum manufactories. Next, in bulk and importance, to those of Hick's Neck above named, probably the most extensive wampum manufactory in the United States was at Bergen Island, King's County.

The remains at Hick's Neck Creek are also of great antiquity, judging from the trees now growing upon their surface. The Indians who had become extinct only within the memory of persons yet living ascribed these mounds to a former race. This ridge or series of mounds is at Bedell's Landing on the west side of Hick's Neck (Milburn) Creek at a point where the creek turns easterly. There is another on the East side of the creek about two hundred yards distant on a piece of meadow now belonging to Jacobus Golden, where the creek turns suddenly southward, and still another one at Miller's Landing a few hundred yards southwest of the latter, where the creek turns southeasterly and debouches into the bay. All of these are interesting and important remains. Sinkers, spear heads and other implements have been found in all of them.

We made an opening into the ridge at Bedell's Landing, and found the shells pervading to the depth of six feet, and we had not then reached

the bottom. In fact, the currents at the bend of the creek had undermined and exposed a section of the ridge at this point and the shells appeared to be ten feet deep. The wagon road from Bedell's to Lott's Landing, a distance of about eight hundred feet, is on the top of a ridge and is composed almost entirely of shells and black earth, the result of decomposed animal matter.

All the shells found in these mounds, so far as our research extended, and the condition of the shells would warrant, belong to the order quohog. Excavations made along the ridge for the purpose, among other things, of removing the shells for fertilizers, yielded unsatisfactory results of the remains of man, only a few arrow heads (National History Department, Long Island Historical Society).

Notwithstanding the strong evidence of the great antiquity of these shell mounds and the universal acceptance of them as the remains of wampum manufactories, we cannot quiet doubts arising in our mind that the Indians ever engaged in any system of organized labor; they seemed to be incapable of the mental and physical concentration.

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIANS OF LONG ISLAND.

Sunday, September 28, 1839 (Continued).



HE shell heap on our farm, as has been stated, was at the head of canoe navigation on the stream which is a branch of the Hick's Neck (Milburn or Lott's) Creek, and about three miles from the bay, or clamming ground, and was probably the center of a village community.

My grandfather said that in his day many Indians and half-breeds (some are still living there) had become fairly respectable farmers and had conformed to a great extent with the English mode of life. There are families of half-civilized natives who lived in the neighborhood the year round in communities consisting of twenty to thirty who seemed to have survived to better conditions. They were a peaceable, quiet people, would not beg, but would steal when pinched by hunger. They occupied little patches of ground which they tilled and which some of them owned; others were squatters. They fished and picked berries in summer, and trapped in winter, made baskets and made the nets of fishermen.

The great staple earth products of the Indians were maize and beans, from which we have succotash, also samp-porridge, pure Algonkin words. They were also great berry eaters and during the summer the huckleberries, grapes and particularly the wild cherry, contributed largely to their subsistence, although there was an abundance of game. The domiciled Indians laid in stores of nuts, the hickory, chestnut and acorns, the latter of which they made into a kind of flour paste and baked it.

In reverting to the communities spoken of by my grandfather, it illustrates the clannishness of the Indian, a state of society out of which he had only half evolved, although he had

reached the status of a village dweller. If a village community occupied the spot near the shell heap on the farm in times prior to the innovation of the whites, and the consensus of opinion is that they did, then such residences must have consisted of long houses, known in the Algonkin as *hodensots* (long houses), and occupied by from four to six families each, some of the dwellings being eighty or ninety feet long. This was the method of the Algonkin in the structure of their dwellings. A cluster of such structures constituted a village with a permanent population. While little doubt remains that even in these early times there was a great influx of native population to this part of Long Island in the summer, yet the permanent population was considerable. The emigrating population lived in wigwams and tents of transitory structure. The permanent village population, although barbarians, had reached that stage toward civilization distinguished as tillers of the ground; they had a government, paid taxes or tribute to support the power which protected them.

On the arrival of the English, this tribute was paid in wampum to the Pequots and Algonkins of Massachusetts. *The Annals of Hempstead*, by Onderdonk; *The Antiquities of Hempstead*, by Onderdonk; *Thompson's History of Long Island*, and *Furman's Notes* are works to be consulted by the inquisitive in matters concerning Long Island in colonial and pre-colonial times.

We find the Algonkin represented as dwelling in great numbers on the necks of the south side of Long Island. He appeared to be the earliest human occupant and as natural a product of the soil as the wild beasts of the forests, with whom he contended on equal terms "the right to be." He had none of the luxuries of life, from our point of view, but he was contented, indolent, improvident and happy. His wants were few and simple, all of which were supplied by the spontaneity of nature; his greatest anxiety was for his next dinner.

The Indian of Hempstead prior to the advent of the English settlers was not a savage; he had advanced a long

way beyond savagery. He dwelt in communities; he had an unwritten code; he was an agriculturist; he had a currency; his sachems derived their power from the people, popular will. But notwithstanding all this, he could not hold against the white man's civilization, and his decline dates from his first contact with the white man.

Let it be understood that the Indian, prior to the advent of the white man, was quite a different thing from the degenerate being of the period of our ancestors. The processes historically of his decline are fragmentary and incomplete, and to fill the hiatus, his historian has resorted largely to speculation. Here for nearly two hundred years, or up to the period of the dissolution of the last pure Algonkin, two forces were at work, and processes operating in the presence of each other—one an inferior civilization going out, and another, a superior coming in, or supplanting the former. They did not in any marked degree merge or mix. There was no distinct class created, a result of mixture, as the mulatto, the combination of the white and negro. The Indian as a rule could not reach the plane of the white man's civilization and he continued Indian to the last.

Of the stages along the line of ascent or descent we now know nothing; we have the result—annihilation. The detailed processes which marked the downfall and extinction of the Indian are not of history. All the records we have of the Algonkin at Hempstead South, all that is left from which we are to gather his sad history, and upon which to affirm even his existence, are here and there an earth mound and shell heap of doubtful chronology, a few flint arrowheads and now and then legislation by state and town enactments with evident intentions to save him from his impending fate, but all in vain. Physiologically, here and there in the present generation his characteristics survive in the high cheek bones, straight black hair, almond eyes, dark, sallow complexion, a general unthriftiness, and an indifference to the higher methods of civilization. From the public documents and from private

testimony it would seem that the early settlers in the Town of Hempstead made every effort to treat fairly with the Indian. There is abundant evidence in our possession that my grandfather and great-grandfather had much sympathy for the Indian. All of which, of course, was from the white man's point of view, *viz.*, to raise the former to the status of the white man, and prevent the latter from sinking to the status of the savage. The former was difficult to accomplish, the latter difficult to prevent. The Indian was required to substitute for his habits of life those of the white man, and with a large portion, and especially the influential class of whites, every effort was used to make this result as easy as possible for the Indian without compromising the white man or his civilization. There is abundant evidence that there were many white men ready to lapse into savagery.

The following excerpts of laws concerning the Indian passed in 1664 and at various times subsequently at the general assemblies, or town meetings, at Hempstead, L. I., are given to show the consideration of the people for the Indian in his helplessness, and also to protect him against the rapacity of designing men and to elevate him, to all of which he seemed so indifferent. No history written at the present day could give more truthfully the true relations between the Indian and the white man than these random extracts from the Laws of the Freeholders of the Town. The following are extracts only of these laws:

"No purchase of lands from the Indians after the first day of March, 1664, shall be esteemed a good title without leave first being had and obtained from the Governor, and after leave so attained the purchaser shall bring the Sachem and right owner of such lands before the Governor to acknowledge satisfaction in the payments received for the said lands, whereupon they shall have a grant from the Governor, and the purchase so made and prosecuted is to be entered upon record in the office, and from that time to be valid to all intents and purposes."

“All injuries done to the Indians of what nature whatever shall, upon the complaint and proofs thereof in any court, have speedy redress gratis, against any Christian in as full and ample manner (with reasonable allowance for damage) as if the same had been between Christian and Christian.”

“No person shall sell or give or barter, directly or indirectly, any Gun or Guns, Powder, Bullet, Shot, Lead, nor any Vessel of Burthen or Row Boats, Canoes only excepted, without License first had and obtained from the Governor’s hand and Seal, to any Indian whatsoever, nor to any person inhabiting out of this Government, nor shall mend or repair any Gun belonging to any Indian, nor shall sell any armour or weapons, upon penalty of ten pounds for every Gun, Armour, Vessel or Boat so sold, given or bartered, five pounds for every pound of powder, forty shillings for every pound of shot or lead, and proportionally for any greater or less quantity.”

“No person shall, from and after the first day of September, 1665, directly or indirectly, trade with the Indians for any sort of furs without license first had from the Government, which license is to be renewed every year at the Governor’s pleasure remained if he shall find just Exceptions.”

“No person whatsoever from henceforth shall Sell, Truck, Barter, give or deliver any Strong Drink or Liquors to any Indian, directly or indirectly, whatsoever known by the name of Rum, Strong Waters, Wine, Brandy, Spirits, or any other Strong Liquors under any other name whatsoever, under the penalty of forty shillings for one pint and so proportionably for greater or lesser quantities so Sould, Bartered or delivered, as aforesaid. One third part of this penalty to be to the informer. Provided always that it is and shall be lawful by way of reliefs and chanty to any Indian in case of sudden extremity, sickness, faintness or weariness, to sell or give to such Indian or Indians the quantity of two drames

“and no more of any such Strong Liquors as are afore-mentioned. Provided also that the Governor by License may Authorize any person to sell any or all such Strong Liquors to Indians upon Security taken from the person Licensed for his or their good behavior.”

“In all Places within this Government the English and all others shall keep their cattle from destroying the Indian’s Corne in any ground where they have right to plant, and if any of their Corne be destroyed for want of fencing, the Town shall make satisfaction and shall have power amongst themselves to lay the charge when the Occasion of the Damage did arise. Providing that the Indian shall make proofs the cattle of such Town of — farms or Person did the Damage. And for the Indian’s encouragement towards the fencing in their Corne fields such Towns, farms or Persons where cattle may annoy them that they shall direct, assist and help them in felling of trees, striving and sharpening Railes and holling of Posts, allowing one Englishman to three or more Indians, and shall also draw the fencing into place for them and allow one man a day or two towards the setting up of the same. And either sell or lend them tooles to finish it, provided that such Indian shall fence their Corne fields or ground at their own expense. And if any Indian shall refuse to fence their Corne grounds (being tendered help as aforesaid) in the presence and hearing of sufficient evidence, they shall keep off all cattle or loose their damage.”

“And if any harme be done at any time by the Indians unto the English to their cattle, the governor or his deputy with two of the counsel, or any court of sessions or assize, may order satisfaction according to law and justice.”

From the very nature of things the Indian could not survive a contest on lines parallel with the white man. He was not fitted to survive such an ordeal.

In the struggle of civilized life a stored-up energy, or something laid up for a rainy day, in treasures, capital or other available assets, may bridge the possessor over a period

of dearth, or exempt him from the possibilities of sudden and immediate want. The individual may lose his employment, his health and even his friends, but he may be sustained by the storage of force, at least to span or cover a period of the reign of violence.

The Indian civilization made but a weak provision, or none at all, for such contingency, not enough to ensure him his next meal. He consequently deteriorated rapidly in the struggle with the provident white man, and a few years reduced him below the refuse of white society.

By the destruction of his hunting grounds the Indian was deprived of his means of support under his system and enforced upon him the customs of a civilization which he despised. He therefore lapsed instantly into mendicancy; he had not the flexibility of character to adapt himself to the new environment, the provident methods of the white man, and having no reservoir of stored-up energy, nothing laid up to draw upon during the interim, or emergency—the inevitable resulted.

In the government of the tribes each tribe held sway over a territory with fixed boundaries, distinguished by a stream or trail; sometimes stones were set up marking tribe boundaries. When at peace no tribe would encroach upon the territory of another with any but friendly intentions. They would not pursue animals over the boundary. Out of these well-defined customs and laws of the Indians grew a vast amount of trouble when the white man became possessed of the territory of the tribe. We showed no respect for the Indian custom. There is no doubt much trouble could have been avoided had the whites recognized native rights as the native saw them. The Indian could not enforce his rights; he submitted to force. The quotations from laws on a former page show a magnanimous effort to assist the Indian,—but it is all White Man.

One of my grandfathers (a public man) made a state-

ment in a private communication concerning the Merikos Indian in the early day of his degeneracy, in 1692:

"He is always," said he, "under your feet when you have no occasion for him, and never to be found when wanted. He tills little patches of ground, but we have to plough them for him and lend him a hoe to work them, and then he will go to sleep and let the squaw do it. The South Side Indians are too worthless to live, but not bad enough to be hanged."

"One day when the thermometer was down to zero," said my grandfather, "an Indian squatter on my place applied for an armful of wood to keep him from freezing. I pointed," said my grandfather, "to a tree and told him to cut it down and use it for firewood. The Indian said he had no axe. I lent him an axe, and he went to his hut, rolled himself up in his blanket and laid down, choosing rather to freeze than work."

"The Indian youth," said my grandfather, "although of full blood if brought up in white neighborhoods, is an improvement on the old evil. Indian boys are not disliked by white boys, in fact, they are rather favorites, and white boys were more frequently found defending the Indian boy than one of their own blood. They frequently married into white families; very few whites married squaws. These facts are attested by our ancestors."

You could not satisfy an Indian by fair and generous treatment because he did not know what generous treatment was, from his point of view; we looked at it so differently. An Indian captured in war expected torture and he thought you a fool, and lost all respect for you, if you released him. This is a rule to which there are many noble exceptions of record.

When the Indian exchanged large tracts of land for two or three old flintlock muskets, two pounds of powder and shot to match, an old broad-axe and two gallons of rum, a monstrously unfair exchange, but he went away rejoicing at the cupidity of the white man. Bargains of this kind, however, had to be readjusted sometimes.

In the *Journal of a Voyage to New York in 1660* by Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter, edited and translated by Hon. Henry C. Murphy, there is a careful description of a house of the Nyack Indians of Long Island. This was a typical residence of the tribe from Maine to Georgia, and which corresponds probably very closely with those of other parts of the Island, and especially with Merikos.

"We went from hence," said he (Dankers), "to her habitation, where we found the whole troop together, consisting of seven or eight families and twenty to twenty-five persons, we should think. The house was low and long, about sixty feet long and fourteen or fifteen feet wide. The bottom was earth, the sides and roof were made of reeds and the bark of the chestnut tree, and were sometimes covered with mats. The posts or columns were trunks of trees set firmly in the ground and all fastened together. The top or ridge of the roof was open about half a foot from one end to the other in order to let the smoke escape in the place of a chimney; this could be closed. On the sides or walls of the house the roof was so low that you could hardly stand under it. The entrances or doors at both ends were small and low so that they had to stoop down and squeeze themselves through. The doors were made of plaited reeds with flat bark. In the whole building there was no stone, lime or iron. They build their fires in the middle of the room on a platform of the floor. Each family has its own apartment with separate fire. All those who live in one house are generally of one stock or clan or descent. The interior of the house was comparted at intervals of six or ten feet, leaving each chamber entirely open, like a stall upon the passageway which passed through the center of the house from end to end.

"In these dwelling or wigwams some provisions had been made for the future; they contained a storeroom for nuts, corn and other provisions. There was a plentiful supply of furs upon which they slept at night, or which were hung up as a lining to their houses to make them warm.

“The Indians were found in possession of many of the
“useful arts. They possessed the art of striking fire, of mak-
“ing fish nets, of making the bow and arrow with the sinew-
“string, of curing and tanning skins, of making wearing ap-
“parel, moccasins, of making rope and nets from filaments
“of bark, of finger weaving of woof and warp, of canoe mak-
“ing of skins, birch bark and dug-outs, building lodges, shap-
“ing stone mauls, hammers and chisels, of making fish spears
“and bone hooks, and music flute and drum.”

The Long Island Indians possessed a form of government and clearly defined social and home institutions which seemed to regulate their domestic affairs. But it must be remembered this was the Indian before the white man came; that with the first contact with the white man degeneracy and decay began, and there is a vast difference in the Long Island Indian in his native state and the Indian as we know him.

As to their religion, we believe the high religious sense which it is said existed among them is a pure fiction of the historian; it had no status. At revival meetings held at the south side at Hick's Neck we observed that among the people of the Neck those most susceptible of religious emotion were those who were suspected of being of Indian descent, and that they, with few exceptions, lapsed into their former indifference when the pressure was removed. As far as they reached, if it can be said that they reached in religious ethics at all, was a distinction between a good Indian and a bad Indian. A good Indian was one true to his friends, who served his tribe faithfully, supported his family and had killed many enemies. The reverse constituted a bad Indian. No future reward or promise of future reward entered into the religion or ethics of the good Indian. The moral idea of goodness in an Algonkin was faithfulness to his chief and a successful warrior.

One of the greatest superstitions of the Indians of this part of Long Island was their veneration for the Owl and the Hawk, their totems, and they must be conciliated.

If the great White Owl should alight near the village, of

an evening, and hoot loudly, it would be regarded as an omen of displeasure and the Sachem would at once assemble a council of head-men and determine upon a proper propitiatory offering. He must be placated by blood or wampum.

But the Owl, while held in such high esteem by the Algonkins, was held in great abhorrence by most other nations. As early as the age of the Mahabhratta and Ramayanna it was an evil genius with the Hindoos; it was an ill omen to the Romans; the Latin poets show great prejudice to it; Virgil calls it an omen of mortality; Lucan stigmatizes it; Pliny calls it a funeral bird, and Shakespeare calls it the ominous and fearful bird of death. The Owl takes high rank with all the races of low civilization or barbarous peoples, all of whom regard it as a symbol of great wisdom, while the more civilized peoples have deserted the owl and accepted the goose, who is confessedly an animal of great stupidity.

When the Indian mixed and intermixed with the negro they appear to have become extinct, but evidence of Indian blood and characteristics are still distinctly traceable among the white inhabitants of the Necks. What we mean by characteristics is complexion, straight hair, high cheek bones, and general unthriftiness. When these are combined in the individual it is pretty certain that Indian blood prevails. We can enumerate twenty respectable families who four generations ago one side ran into pure Indian.

The aboriginal American of Long Island, or the American Indian, before his contact with the white man in his native state, has been ill understood and grossly misrepresented. He had been pictured a naked savage, cruel, treacherous and revengeful, without government or laws; whereas instead of living in an unorganized state where each man is a law unto himself, these people lived under an organized government, rude indeed, but essentially advanced above the conditions attained by the savage in other parts of the world. Their social system was very ingenious and complex, being based largely upon kinship ties, and was well fitted for the state they had at-

tained. They had made some considerable advance in political confederations for defense and to wage war against a common enemy.

The great outrages said to have been committed by the Long Island Indians were almost to a case in retaliation for some real or imaginary outrages said to have been committed upon them by the whites.

The Indians of the south shore of Hempstead were never really hostile to the white settlers. True, they sometimes felt aggrieved when punished by the courts for small offenses, but their complaining was never rebellious and did not disturb the white settlers in this part of the town. Especially were the resident Indians of the Hooks thorough friends of the English and fairly good faith and conduct were maintained by both in their dealings.

It was the neighboring Indians who made the trouble in trying to stir up insubordination. The Canarsie, Maspeth, Flushing and the Indians on the north side were the principal aggressors and they were as hostile to our resident Indians as to the whites. On no part of Long Island were the Indians more fairly treated than here, and there are rare instances of gross unfairness.

The Indian would not steal unless pinched by hunger, at which crisis he had no conception of it being wrong to help himself out of anybody's crib or smoke-house when hungry, and, according to Indian ethics, it was no wrong. He would help himself to poultry, sheep and pig and any kind of vegetables upon which he could lay his hands, for which offense, under our laws, it was necessary to punish him, but he always felt that he was wronged when punished and complained bitterly of the injustice, but he was never known to complain of being cheated out of his hunting grounds (which was a more grievous wrong) unless put up to it by some white man.

The Long Island tribes, when they first attracted the attention of the European, had long passed the savage state and were apparently a happy, contented people. Each tribe had its

own Sachem, raised by the tribe and invested by them with office, and his realm was marked by well-defined geographical limits. They were agriculturists and village dwellers, and they were all members of a confederacy. Not only was this an alliance for benefits and mutual protection, but one founded upon consanguinity, bond of kin.

Their Sachems could declare war, make peace, enter into treaties with foreign tribes, receive embassies, etc. They met around the council fire and smoked the pipe of peace in settlement of disputes, or dug up the hatchet in declaration of war.

All the civilized races on earth known to us have passed through these grades on their upward march to civilization, except the Polynesians, and theirs is a degeneracy. The average status of the American Indian under his native half-civilized code was much higher than the white man under his higher civilization, that is to say, he lived nearer to his ideal than the white man did to his. This fact is borne out by the investigations and testimony of learned ethnological scholars who have pursued all the intricacies of aboriginal character, that from his own standpoint, and that standpoint was competent to sustain a state of society without anarchy, that individual rights were as much respected as they were under our own by us. The Indian believed in his superiority, and he had a consciousness that he was no less honorable, no less honest, no less brave, no less moral than the white man, and much more truthful; for all of this the white man's testimony is in.

It matters not what the code of laws which sustains the social and political conditions of a community, or tribe, or nation, so long as such laws sustain them it is entitled to respect. Hospitality to the stranger was upheld by public sentiment with the Indian. If a stranger entered an Algonkin house, food was immediately set before him (remember that in the savage state food was the great concern of life), to refuse which was an affront. If not hungry he must taste and praise its excellence. This custom was maintained by public sentiment among all the Long Island tribes.

At the time of the discovery of America these social institutions possessed a vitality difficult for the white man to comprehend in a race of savages. But the Algonkins were not a race of naked savages; on the contrary, they dressed well in winter and were great dandies in dress. The Long Island Indian was a picturesque character in his native costume, which was far from unbecoming to him, while the white man's clothing was as unbecoming to the Indian as the white man's civilization.

Ownership of land, the soil, the fee, or right to convey, was unknown and incomprehensible to the Indian of Long Island, but he could under his law reduce unoccupied lands to possession by cultivation, the right of which was respected and would pass by inheritance. The Indian was never brought to comprehend what advantage could possibly accrue from ownership in land (the fee) since it could not be eaten or carried away, and from his knowledge and method of reasoning it was just as good for hunting purposes under one owner as another. And retrospectively the bitter litigation we have had contingent upon these relations of ownership to transitory game which is attested in our voluminous reports, proves that we were further from a settlement of this question of personal rights than the Indian. His rights had been determined by an unwritten code which by years of application had become the law of the land, better defined than the written statutes of our commonwealth. As to his rights in game, or its pursuit he was unlimited, and its possession constituted perfect ownership, over which there could be no dispute. The bear, the deer, the salmon, the duck and all other wild game no man held ownership in until captured; ownership was not determined by territorial limitations of metes and bounds, and so long as the game remained free upon the wing it was its own owner, and subject to the same laws of surprise and capture as he, the Indian, was. The Indian maintained that his right to fish, hunt and clam was co-equal with the squirrel to the nuts on the trees, or the beasts of prey to their victims of the chase.

We have heretofore referred to the dress of the Indian as a subject of no little ridicule by the white man, but no Beau Brummel was ever more circumspect in the style and make of his garments, or the quality of feathers, quality and quantity of paint and grease with which he decorated himself, than an Algonkin brave when dressed for war, or for the conquest of some coquettish squaw of a neighboring tribe. The purpose of the white man and the Indian in decorating their persons was identical, but their methods differed vastly; but from the point of view of each both were equally ridiculous. We find the same desire for distinction in individuals by their dress existing in all races, and the same desire to dress richly on the part of those possessing wealth or station, for it must be understood that wealth and station had their degrees among the rude Algonkins as among cultured Europeans.

In winter the Long Island Indian dressed in cured skins made soft and pliable and sometimes ornamented with paint and beads made from shells. They sometimes wore a mantle of fur decorated with feathers. They went bareheaded, their hair trimmed fantastically and thoroughly stiffened with grease and paint. They wore leggins of dressed deer skins and boots of leather. To this, in winter, was added a mantle of fur. The women wore one or two leather skirts, otherwise they dressed as the men. In summer they wore little clothing; children went naked.

We are not going into the intricacies of political or social life of the Indian to show how, or why, things were done, but simply to demonstrate that they were done.

The Algonkins maintained a state of society and a government under which they were happy, prosperous and multiplied, without prisons, jails, Bastilles or Bridewells.

But it is said that their methods for the enforcement of law were summary, brutal and cruel. They did not think so, but believed them eminently equitable and just. There was but little detail in Indian justice. No one believes that a pre-Columbian Long Islander would have hesitated a mo-

ment if permitted to select between immediate death and one year in a penitentiary. The true Indian scorned a life which entailed degradation when an honorable death was the alternate.

It was only after the Indian had taken degrees in our civilization that life became sweet to him under any conditions. Taking this question in the abstract, leaving out all details and definitions, the Indian treated crime as a disease of community and his methods were to eliminate it. Consequently all crime was punishable with death; then the cause was removed. We compromise with it, try to cure it, and adopt a graduated scale of punishment according to what we consider to be the enormity of the offense (that is, as it ultimately affects society), but the cause remains.

Now, if naked results are being sought, regardless of all other considerations, the Indian was undoubtedly right. We cannot shield ourselves under the plea of inhumanity of the Indian method, for in that respect between his and ours the difference is one only of degree. A death penalty is inhuman; so is one year in the penitentiary. Many a grand larceny has affected a community for ill more than some murders.

This reasoning is an apology for the Indian under his iron-clad environment, not a plea for the adoption of the Indian method; that, whether good or bad, would be absolutely impossible under our environment, so that all sentimentality is wasted in considering the subject. We cannot fence in reservations to preserve an antiquated civilization; progress cannot be stayed for humanity's sake on the plea of sympathy; nature is remorseless, unrelenting and aims at nothing but to glorify the future. The Indian must fill the bill, or perish.

But had other methods been pursued with the Indian, more humane and less natural, had our ancestors utterly extinguished, instead of fanning, that remaining spark of Puritanism brought from Europe, had they sought for merit and worth in manners not their own, in the social and political

system of a people who lived under so little government—so little law—so little crime, without anarchy—without jails, as the Long Island Indian, had they adjusted their civilization to an Indian code of morals, results might have been different. Had our ancestors taken more interest in this people and their institutions and temporized with them, results might have been more beneficial to white man and Indian.

It is well known, however, that all efforts to civilize the Indian from the white man's standard have thus far aggregated in failure, and in all the instances where the Indian has accepted, or adopted, our habits, customs and mode of living, he had lost all the characteristics for which he was admired in his wild state. The white man's vices were placed before him in a more attractive form than his virtues. The Indian lived, fed, clothed and housed himself from those materials which came readiest to hand and which were obtained with the least exertion on his part. This want of ambition, or ability to contend on new lines familiar to the white man, led to his decay and final extinction, or absorption, and nothing could save him, as thousands of communities of civilized white men have perished under a reversal of conditions.

The Indian men are hunters and warriors; when old, counsellors, for all their government is by counsel of the sages. There is no force; there are no prisons, or officers, to compel obedience or inflict punishment. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. The employments of the men and women are accounted natural and honorable.

The full-blooded Indian, even when he has fully adopted our customs and mode of life, seldom becomes a valuable or desirable member of society. There are noble exceptions. The half-breeds were very much better than the full-bloods. There are many respectable families of Coe's Neck and Hick's Neck and vicinity who can boast aboriginal blood.

In our youth an old Indian, probably of the Merikos

tribe, dwelt on my father's farm. He was a squatter. His dwelling was a miserable device for a house; it had but one room and a wretched garret. It was located in a clump of dense cedar trees. The only evidence of civilization about the place was a large pear tree in front of the hut, which came there by accident. In this miserable place he lived with his wife, a white woman, less ambitious, if possible, than himself. To her credit, however, it may be said that she would work. She did washing and cleaning for the neighborhood. This old Indian belonged to a past generation; he wore fringed leggins and a coon-skin cap. He was known by the name of Tom; he had never had any other name, and he did not really require it. He was utterly indifferent about it himself; he had never been baptized, could not write, had never owned any real estate, paid no taxes, so altogether, another name would have been wasted on him, as no monument was erected to his memory.

There was plenty of good land surrounding Tom's hut which he could have had to cultivate for the asking, rent free, but he preferred his miserable hand-to-mouth method of living to that of respectably earning it. There was no such thing as thrift in the Indian code, and no such sentiment as earning a living in his philosophy. Thrift was the exception, for wherever the Indian blood prevailed unthriftiness prevailed.

They improved generation after generation as the blood became diluted, but it was constant in proportion to its purity, and would crop out at intervals amongst the most thrifty. There were, however, noble exceptions to this general rule. There were thrifty, respectable families of nearly pure Indian blood.

Tom was not a drunkard, but he indulged in more than was good for him of firewater. Now, with all that has been said of Tom, he was an honorable man, a sympathetic, kind man, always ready to do a favor, and when done as a favor would scorn compensation; in fact, possessed qualities which would have been ornamental to many men in higher stations.

Tom was of royal blood, being, as he claimed, a relation of the Sachem Wantagh of the Merikos, and thus lived and died this prince of the royal house of Wantagh.

Tom had a son who had followed the bay from childhood during the summer, and he went to school in winter at the district school at Raynortown, where he reached the attainments of reading and writing. His Christian name was James and he went by the name of Jim Tom. He grew up perfectly familiar with boats and boating in the bay, and finally became the captain of a packet sloop belonging to my uncle running from here to New Brunswick. He was a trusty man and rendered valuable service to my uncle, in whose service he remained many years. He married a white woman from Patchogue and moved to New Brunswick, New Jersey, where he reared quite a family by the name of Tom, some of whom we have been informed attained to positions of prominence and respectability and acquired considerable means. Our knowledge of James Tom ceased when he moved away. We can, therefore, say nothing positive about the advancement of the family, but there is no doubt about it, James Tom was a great improvement on his father. We remember James Tom very well; he was a typical half-breed, with strong Indian characteristics. He was indolent, but he had some white pride in him, which would sometimes assert itself and he could not reconcile himself to his father's savage mode of life. Unlike his father, he did not indulge in drink.

"The Long Island Indians in their present degraded condition," says Benjamin Tredwell in a letter to the Governor of Connecticut in 1747, "wear but little clothing, and that of the coarsest and commonest kind. Their dwellings are of no general structure, anything that can afford them shelter. This, however, like most other customs, is not true of all of the resident Indians. Some of them who reside in or near communities of the English permanently on little pieces of ground, which they own and cultivate, occupy neat little cottages, and

an air of thrift and cleanliness surrounds them." All of this, however, is in great contrast with the average Indian.

Thursday, September 26, 1839.

All the aboriginal inhabitant Indians and their descendants of the south side of Long Island were familiar with the sea and skilled in the management of boats. John Winthrop testifies that there were canoes on the waters of Long Island that could carry eighty persons. My grandfather said, and it is borne out by tradition, that a great many of these Indians occupied in summer the west side of Milburn Creek, south of Lott's and Bedell's Landing, and that there also was a permanent settlement there and that the great shell mounds at these places were the result of extensive wampum manufactories before the innovation of the white man (1658). The most extensive shell heaps in the country are to be found in this neighborhood and but little doubt remains that a great deal of wampum was manufactured on the south side of Long Island. A tribute of sixty fathoms was once imposed upon this people.

Wampum was introduced into New England in 1641, and in 1673 it had become the circulating medium everywhere east of the Mississippi. The superior quality of that manufactured on the south side of Long Island and between Rockaway and Patchogue was so marked as to be noted in Winthrop's Journal. The purple was twice the value of the white wampum. In 1641 a city ordinance of the Director General Keift deplores the depreciation of this primitive currency. "A great deal of bad seawant, nasty, rough things imported from other places, was in circulation, while the good, splendid seawant was out of sight, or exported, which must cause the ruin of the country."

Wampum was made on Long Island for exportation as late as 1830. There were many inferior kinds. In later times the manufacture was taken up by speculators, who made it by machinery. This soon occasioned its depreciation and it passed out of general use, but will ever remain a curiosity and a memorial of the aborigines.

Whatever may be the result of future investigations, it is pretty conclusively established that the head center for the production of wampum was Long Island, and probably the Algonkin was the originator, the name being in the Algonkin

language, *viz.*, Wampumpeag; the Dutch called it seawant. The literature of wampum would fill a volume.

The great body of historical evidence goes to show that currency in shells was in use among the Atlantic coast tribes when first encountered by the white man. Thomas Morton says: "The Indians of New England back in 1630 had a kind of shell in strings which they used instead of money. It was of different values and of different colors. But it had other uses than money. The wampum belts are the most interesting wampum productions, and the importance they held in great and ceremonial assemblies is extremely interesting."

There seems, as before stated, but little doubt that Long Island was the principal locality from which the shells were gathered of which wampum was made, and that the vast shell heaps which we have referred to were the refuse of the wampum industry. It is impossible from any known records or traditions to demonstrate an approximate antiquity for the use of wampum among the Algonkin tribes. It is not probable, however, that a custom so unique and so general could have grown up within the historic period, nor is it probable that a practice foreign to the genius of a tradition-loving race could have become so well established and so dear to their hearts in a few generations, and yet it has no tradition.

The Mayas of Central America were ages in developing the phonetic system of their pseud alphabet. The Mexicans had an ancient system of picture writing. The Peruvians and the Chinese had a system of knotted cords known as quipos (with the Peruvians), and the Algonkins had their wampum, all of which were more or less imperfect and distinct methods of recording events, or of rendering them permanent.

The distinction to be made between string wampum and wampum belts is that a belt is composed of a number of strings. Both the string and belt wampum were used for personal decoration of male and female. The belt wampum was also used to assist the memory and in recording events, and both

were also used as money, with a fairly well established value as compared with other standards.

All of this is demonstrated, for we find it named hundreds of times as consideration in whole or in part in the purchase of real estate, and in other transactions between the English, Dutch and Indian.

There were many things which the Indians in their primitive state might have used to represent values, and we can only account for the use of beads on the theory of their intrinsic value. John Jacob Astor is said to have carried tons of wampum west with him for traffic with the natives of the Pacific Coast (Furman's Antiquities).

From all that is known upon this subject the inference is that up to, or nearly up to, my great-grandfather's time, or about one hundred and eighty years ago, those shell heaps were still in process of formation, which may in some respects throw doubts upon the great antiquity claimed for them; but in exploring them one is struck with the evidence of great age of the lower strata of the shells and the vast period of time which must have elapsed between the first or bottom stratum and the last deposit.

It has been held and believed by many observing residents of the place that a large Indian village or settlement once existed at or near this location of the shell heap on our farm. This was my father's notion, hypothecated upon the fact that here was a tract of ground consisting of many acres which had been deforested in very early times; the existence of so many spots of burnt earth which he thought might have been fireplaces; then the finding of charred wood, and the generally prevailing tradition that the natives had a large settlement at or near this spot; but we know of no graves or burial places, so necessary an accessory to a compact community; no bones or skeletons were found in the immediate vicinity. More recently, in 1869, we explored the mound and from it and other sources obtained a few unimportant relics, all of which have been deposited in public institutions.

The material generally of the spear and arrowheads was of flint and quartz (pebbles), such as occur at various localities on Long Island, as at Flatbush, Glen Cove, Westbury, Bay Ridge and Montauk Point, in the Glacial Drift. Some of them have been made of quartz-rock, such as is found in sites on Manhattan Island; the axes and hammers were made of various kinds of sandstone. At the period of these finds ethnology was just becoming a classified science in this country, and geology was beginning to assume a recognized position in physical science.

On digging near the center of the mound the deeper we went the more decayed and friable became the shells. Small pieces of bone, not identified, were also found, with, however, no evidence of the handiwork of man appearing, and at the depth of two and a half feet the shells ceased altogether. They rested upon a hard gravel resembling that in other parts of the field, except that the gravel was black, being stained by the decayed animal matter. We confirmed the statement of my father that none of the shells had been designedly broken and that it was, consequently, not a wampum manufactory. The mound showed stratification, or intervening layers of soil. This no doubt came from not using the same spot consecutive years. So firm and compact were the shells that the digging with a spade was extremely difficult.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GEOLOGY OF LONG ISLAND.—SHEEP PARTING.—ANCIENT LAWS IN REGARD TO SHEEP HERDING.

Thursday, September 29, 1839.

IF it be true, as stated by Dr. Gale in his Geological Lecture (in 1838) on the Ice Age, of the vast effect of the glacial epoch—epoch of ice—upon the topography of the earth, and especially upon the contour and altitude of Long Island, then it would be well for us to familiarize ourself with the subject, because it seems to us that the theory of Dr. Gale, if applied to territory upon which we are engaged, might throw a vast amount of light upon some heretofore unexplained effects, the cause of which to the present is a profound mystery. In due time we shall look into the new science of glacial action and apply it to our little territory of Long Island; there is apparently so much good sound common sense in Dr. Gale's reasoning upon the new ice theory, and that to the glacial activity may be charged many of the incongruities of the surface of Long Island.

The glacial theory solves many problems mysterious to us when a boy. The brook which ran through the farm, upon the banks of which was located the shell heaps heretofore referred to, had evidently once been a stream of considerable volume, for since our childhood it has much shrunk, the far greater portion of its ancient bed being absolutely dry. We have traced the stream to its ancient source, the base of the hills traversing the length of Long Island, and which are the terminal moraine of the glacial age. The course and ancient bed of the stream can be traced with as great certainty as if the water was still flowing through its channel. The erosion by the current having been very great had worn the earth away to a depth of ten feet and had left gently sloping banks composed entirely of glacial drift on either side. There are also bottom lands evidently once covered by water, the accumulations of vegetable matter on these bottoms record the natural history of the territory

through which the stream ran. There is no essential difference in the character of the work of erosion done by this little stream, except in magnitude, and the great Mississippi. All the characteristics which mark the lake basins and ice dams of the great lakes of the Northwest we find, in miniature, and all the features which mark the Algonkin beach of Lake Huron are here.

Near the shell heap or at the point heretofore designated as head of canoe navigation, and three or four hundred feet distant up the stream to the eastward, the stream passes between two considerable elevations about two hundred feet apart. These hills in early times were connected and continuous across the stream and formed what is known as a glacial dam; a lake about a mile long was formed above the dam; its shore lines are still distinctly traceable. For some cause this dam gave way and emptied the lake, and the material which formed the dam was carried down with the flood and deposited, and can be positively identified, about three hundred yards down the stream.

The drying up of this and other streams on Long Island presents to us a vast field for research and speculation. It would seem that the drying of these streams was caused by a gradual rising of the land, but there is abundant evidence that around the margins of Long Island, especially the south shore, the land is sinking. These lands were anciently covered with forests, all of which have long since disappeared, mostly through the instrumentality of man, some by the encroachment of the sea, the remains of the last named forest can now, in many places, be seen under the overflowing waters.

That such movements are taking place on our earth has been demonstrated by Lyell. And Professor Hitchcock has shown that subsidence is taking place on Long Island, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod, in his geology of Massachusetts.

The drying up of the stream may have resulted from one of two causes, the clearing away of the forests and land

cultivation, or upheaval of the land. The latter of which does not seem to be soluble upon this immediate territory, we mean the question of subsidence, or upheaval, we must *consequently* try issues elsewhere.

Since the last mentioned period, the glacial, the old Atlantic has persistently contested her sovereignty over the territory of Long Island; slowly but surely she is winning it back, and the time will come when she will again command to the base of the hills where she reigned 280,000 years ago.

In geological time this period is not far remote. As an evidence of the truth of what we have just said, we have only to observe the insinuating progress of the south beach upon the bays and marshes skirting the southerly rim of the upland of Long Island. It is not an uncommon thing to find a mass of marsh out in the very breakers half a mile from any other marsh land, which has, so to speak, passed under the ridge of beach hills and is now breaking up on the ocean side. These changes which have and are now taking place on the Hempstead Beach, near or in the vicinity of what was formerly known as New Inlet, have been enormous. All the openings or inlets through the beach are gradually working their way westward, while the general tendency of the beach or strand is inland, and in some places it moves quite rapidly, and hills now cover marsh lands from which men now living have harvested hay.

New Inlet, where the channel was formerly sixty feet deep, is now entirely closed, and sand dunes, thirty feet high, occupy the site. A thousand acres of flats once spread out in front of White Hill, on the south side of the east channel or run. These flats were formerly famous soft-shell clamming grounds. Many barrels of clams were taken from there at every low water. The flats were covered at high water, and they, with the hills bordering upon the ocean on the south, are now entirely washed away and a considerable depth of water exists there.

Our first recollection of New Inlet (so called because

it had newly broken through the sand hills) was when it was in direct continuation of Swift Creek. It has worked westward to the White Hills and then it still continued westward until opposite Sea Dog Creek (so named from the sea dogs taken there in early times). The current of the flood tides from the ocean was very rapid and it dredged this creek out to a great depth, and also widened it, and Sea Dog Creek became the principal outlet to the ocean, as Swift Creek, about one mile easterly, and White Hill or Long Creek had formerly been. These localities were also famous fishing centers, the deep water making them the resort of many varieties of fish. Sea Dog Creek was famous for kingfish and weakfish. Swift Creek was noted for sheepshead, striped bass, blackfish, black-bass and porgies; many other varieties were taken in these and other localities. Long Creek had many fine fishing grounds. Scow Creek was noted for its flounders. Probably no locality on the Atlantic coast of the United States was stocked so abundantly and with such variety of molluscs, crustaceans, vertebrates and invertebrates of the sea as this immediate portion of the Great South Bay of Hempstead, Long Island.

The portion of Long Island under consideration possessed a large aboriginal population, on the basis of savage populations scientifically estimated, *i. e.*, means of subsistence.

The necessities of life were here produced in abundance and there was no region where subsistence was more easily procured. In all such localities the largest development of population would naturally be found.

The hunt or chase is an uncertain and precarious means of maintenance, and for many reasons the supply is sometimes cut off; the food supply for game may be scarce, in which event it seeks other fields. Concerning the supply of fish, molluscs and crustaceans, however, it is quite different; the bay and ocean nursery is always profuse and unlimited.

The herding of the barbarian in early times on the necks of land jutting into the bay had its counterpart in the rush

of the white emigrant for these localities; they immediately invaded these territories. Rockaway, Hick's Neck, Coe's Neck, Raynor's Neck, and all along the south side to the Hamptons were filled up long before a foot of the interior or territory between what is now the south road and Hempstead, or Middle Island, was occupied by settlers. The obvious reason was the same which concentrated the Indian population there, the ease with which the means of subsistence could be obtained from the bay during the tedious period of clearing up the forests and bringing the soil to a condition to remunerate their labor, and the country supported a vastly greater population of civilized men than savages. Their improved methods of agriculture, use of firearms and the metals, gave civilized man a vast advantage over the savage.

Returning to the old diary, the entries followed pretty regularly from the last entry down to the present, consisting, however, mostly in reference to books we had read, with extracts and comments preserved to aid the memory. The storehouse of books from which we drew were limited almost exclusively to "Harper's Family Library," kept in the district library at Raynortown, Willet Charlick being the librarian. Mr. Charlick was indefatigable, and we may enter a tribute to his memory, in his efforts in getting books and placing them in the hands of the young people of the district to create a love for reading.

Friday, October 20, 1839.

The historical literature of Long Island has a narrow range, limited to a few books only. Silas Wood's *Sketch of the First Settlements Upon Long Island*, and Benjamin F. Thompson's *History of Long Island, An Account of the Discovery and Settlement, etc., to the Present Time*, is the list of books at our command upon the subject. The former was published in 1828 and the latter has just been issued, 1839.

These two works cover important fields in the history of Long Island, but are vastly wanting in that interesting and gossippy detail which is the charm of local history and which is to be gathered only when there is a profuse literature to draw from in oral legend or printed records. These works, considering the limited amount of material to which their authors had access, are marvels of reliable information.

We have also some historical sermons and orations useful in their way, but too special to be available to the historian. We also have *Furman's Notes*, published in 1824, but they relate chiefly to Kings County and Brooklyn. The above works have begotten a thirst in us for more of the details of Long Island history, to obtain which involves laborious research amongst the town and county records and appeals to private papers and documents and to the unwritten traditions and legends with the experiences of the oldest citizens.

All these sources must be exhausted, and Thompson in his pioneer work has given satisfaction and laid out the field for his more elaborate successor.

Tuesday, October 15, 1839.

Went with father this day to the sheep parting to bring home our sheep that had been turned out on the plains last spring.

The Hempstead Plains is one of the most marked features of Long Island. This tract of territory, being sixteen miles in length and containing sixty-four square miles, has a prairie-like appearance, and it is the common pasturage ground for the town of Hempstead. By a strange misconception the soil was deemed by the early settlers too poor for cultivation, and yet the secretary grass grew in some places to the height of four feet. In 1670 Daniel Denton says: "There is neither stick nor stone, and it produces very fine grass, which makes excellent good fodder for winter, but it is more especially valuable for pasturage."

Sheep raising was followed from the earliest settlement of the town of Hempstead. The sheep were branded or marked and pastured in common upon the Great Plains. This common pasturage was carefully guarded, as shown by an act of June 17, 1726:

"To prevent the setting on fire or burning the old grass on Hempstead Plains, done by certain persons for the gratification of their own wanton temper and humors, an act was passed and a committee appointed to take charge of this matter and with power to arrest all persons whom they suspected of mischief. Captain John Tredwell, Mr. James Jackson, Mr. William Cornwell, Nathaniel Seaman, Benjamin Seaman, Obadiah Valentine, Thomas Williams, Peter Titus, Henry Willis, John Pratt, Caleb Carman, Nathaniel Townsend, John Tredwell, Jeremiah Robbins, Thomas Powell, Samuel Jackson, Thomas Seaman and John Mott were appointed such committee to enforce the law against transgressors."

The sheep parting was a very simple institution on its first introduction in this country. But on Long Island, in consequence of the great interest taken in stock, it became a great public doing.*

* Att a general Town meeting, 3d day of April, 1733. It was by unanimous Voate agreed and determined by the freeholders of ye Sd Township that all sheep belonging to them shall run at larg on the plaines without molestation and have free access to all the commons, and that if any parson or parsons Shall at any time drive the said sheep so as to fold or to pen, or Shall by wais

Sheep were not introduced in the town as early as cattle. In 1643 there were not over sixteen sheep in the whole colony of New York. They were fed on the great plains under the care of a shepherd, whose directions were not to let them go over half a mile in the woods for fear of being lost, or destroyed by wolves. No one was allowed to take away any, even his own sheep, from the common flock, or kill it but in the presence of two witnesses.

Every owner had an earmark for his sheep, which was recorded in the town books. These marks were bought and sold; ingenuity was exhausted in devising new ones. There were sheep stealers who have been known to alter these marks. In the fall the sheep were pounded by the pounders into pens agreed upon at the town meeting. In 1710 the pens were at Isaac Smith's, at Herrick's, at another time at Success, perhaps by reason of the convenience of having water at hand. After the sheep had been pastured on the plains during the summer, on an appointed day in October or November, the owners met for the parting.

On April 1, 1845, the town meeting appointed the last Monday in October for sheep parting. The sheep tenders severally arose early on that day and commenced driving in the sheep from the outskirts of the plains to a large central pen, then each owner selected his own by the ear mark and

Intice them into their fields or inclosures, that the parson so offending shall be prosecuted or sued for every such offence before any Justice of the peace by the parsons hereafter named in the behalf of the said Town, and out of the money arising from the damages, given by the said Justice on these suits or prosecutions the parsons who sue or prosecute in the behalf of the Town for such trespasses or damages shall be paid for their trouble and Charges in prosecuting the same, and it is further voated that Peter Titus, Thomas Williams, John Jackson, Junior, John Smith, rock Senior of the north side, John Dosenboro of forsters meadow and Isaac Jarman shall be the overs to take care of the Sheep, to prosecut for said trespass or offences, and they are desired to be very diligent in the discharg of their trust, and it is also voated and agreed that no rams be turned out or suffered to run at large on the said plains or Commons from the first day of August next untill the first day of October next. The services rendered by any citizen in keeping coarse wool rams from the flocks on the plaines will be paid by Col. Tredwell, who has money in his hands for that purpose.

This voat to be in force for the year ensuing and no longer.
Liber D, page 453, Town Records.

put them in their individual pens. This process was continued until all the sheep were taken out; but if some yet remained without a claimant on the last day they were sold at outcry to the highest bidder and the proceeds went toward paying expenses.

The sheep parting in the fall is of historical interest. It was the great holiday of the times. Here rogues, thieves and bullies congregated, creditors came in quest of debtors, dealers and traders of all kinds advertised their wares, horses were swapped and scrub races had; betting, gambling, drinking and fighting were in the order of the day's entertainment. To counteract these numerous evils, the town enacted a law that there should be no tavern or selling of liquor at the pens.

There seems to be no good reason why so many people should congregate at the Sheep Parting, except, like sheep, one goes because another goes. It took place on the open Hempstead plains a little southwest from Westbury. Permanent pens had been erected upon the ground in which to confine the sheep while they were being reclaimed, otherwise there was not a structure, shed, tree or particle of shelter of any kind upon the territory proper on which this omniverous fair was held except the temporary booths and tents erected by tradesmen and showmen.

There was a vast number of people gathered at this bleak and uninviting spot, summing up into the thousands. To natives of Queens County who had resided long from home, sheep parting and camp meeting were occasions to meet and greet old acquaintances, reunions—not that they had either sheep or religious purposes to serve, but a fairly excusable object, the social. Everybody went to sheep parting and camp meeting. But with a large percentage, sheep parting was simply made the occasion for a great frolic of the masculine persuasion. The number of those who came for the ostensible purpose of the fair, or sheep parting, was comparatively small, and they generally transacted their business and went home; the fun followed. All the princes in small gambling were there, from Sam Wait and Nick Searing, with their sweat-cloths, to New York thimble riggers and experts at three card monte, and a limited number of representatives from the light-fingered fraternity.

In eatables and drinkables the commissariat was ample for any contingency. Patty Ann Wright was there with cake, gingerbread and vivand beer; oysters, watermelons by the wagon load. There was hot

corn, a traffic monopolized by the darkey, and served with scrupulous neatness.

Among the amusements there was a troop of lofty tumblers, clowns, harlequins and pantaloons, whose wit and flexible bodies were marvelous exhibits.

But the most attractive, best patronized and most creditable sporting feature of the fair was the dancing, foot-racing, leaping and wrestling matches. These sports were carried on with order and decency by persons who were lovers of athletics. This was by far the most manly and respectable feature of the show. Officers of the law maintained order.

The fat woman, who weighed four hundred pounds, more or less, and the skeleton man, who weighed only sixty pounds, less or more,—the former in a tent, the latter in a covered wagon. The purveyors of the two last itinerant marvels of human phenomena stood at the doors of their respective institutions proclaiming in Thrasonic voices the merits of their *products*. All for one shilling. The above by no means exhausts the bill of fare.

It being now near the fall election, the politicians also made sheep parting the occasion for putting their goods on the market, and ventilate their righteous purposes of reform and expose the rascality of the other side. (A matter susceptible of easy proof.) A little outside of the main show ground, or aside from the sheep pens and on another part of the field, a stand had been erected by the Whigs on which was displayed a large poster, "Opposed to Selling the Marshes and Plains." Year after year propositions had been made, plans submitted and voted upon at town meetings, and committees appointed for dividing the common lands of the town, all of which, for reasons, failed in fruition, but it was nevertheless made a campaign issue when its agitation was likely to affect the popular vote. Not more than two hundred feet distant from the stand was another platform erected by the Democrats. At these two stands were holding forth respectively William McNeil and Bernardus Hendrickson and other local spoilsmen upon the great national questions of the day, and the merits of their party candidates for the November election.

Some go to sheep parting for business, some for social intercourse, more for fun. The programme of entertainment is so extempore, varied and impulsive that one who goes for coarse fun can hardly fail of finding some agreeable comedy or comic tragedy. The ostensible purpose of sheep parting, originally participated in only by farmers, was to collect their sheep, which had been corralled by the keepers, and drive them home to house them for the winter, and fully and particularly set forth in the acts of the General Assembly of the people.*

* At a Town Meeting held in Hempstead, the first Tuesday in April, 1768, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas it has been the practice for many persons in this Towne to Drive ye Sheep feeding on Hempstead plains up into private yards in many parts of

Stock raising, and especially sheep for their wool and mutton, was followed by the people of the town of Hempstead from the earliest settlement and has been continued up to the present, but the census shows a decline in the number of sheep raised for the past few years. Great care has always been observed in the management of the common lands, the plains and the marshes, so important a factor in stock raising. The earliest record we have of stock tenders was in 1658, when William Jacocks and Edward Raynor were appointed by the General Assembly of Townsmen to look after the cattle and sheep on the plains and preserve them from thieves and wolves. And we believe these offices have been filled at the town meetings or General Assembly to the present. One of the great enemies of the farmer to sheep raising was the wolf; eternal vigilance alone prevented whole herds being destroyed by them. My grandfather said it was his impression that there were but few wolves on Long Island prior to the introduction of the sheep industry. The wolf's sense of smell is very acute and he will smell a sheepfold miles away. They come over in the winter on the ice of the East River or Sound in great numbers and the following season great havoc was made among the sheep, although great efforts were made to destroy them. A bounty of twenty shillings* a head was given to every one destroyed, but they seemed to fill their decimated ranks every winter and there was little or no diminution to their numbers or depredations. Renewed efforts, however, on the part of the town officers soon had its effect and they began to decline. The wolf became very bold and ravenous when pressed by hunger, and numbers are the instances in which he invaded the farmyards in winter and carried away

the Town in order to Separate and pick out their own perticular Sheep from day to day Sometime before the day fixed for a general parting, whereby the flock is so Scattered that people are put to Much Greater Deficuly in Collecting them together than if they were let run to the day of General parting, to prevent which for the futer the Major part of the freeholders assembled at this Town Meeting do Make the under Mentioned Orders, that is to Say that ye general parting of the Sheep Shall be held in the fall of the year on the first Monday in November Yearly, and that after the parting is over in the Spring of the Year No person Shall Drive up Any Sheep in Order to pick out their Own until that day, and then in no other place but at the public Yards in the Town Spott of Hempstead, under the penalty of Twenty Shillings for Each offence, and the persons hereafter Named, or Either of them, are Chosen to Sue for the Said fines and when Recovered to pay it into the hands of the Church Wardens for the use of the poor.

To Wit: Benjamin Cheesman, Isaac Hendrickson, Ben Gildersleve, Jos. Hall, Carmon Rushmore, Justice Jackson and Peter Titus.

At the Same time, Timothy Clowes and Silvanus Beadle was chosen to Sell Such Stray Sheep as no Owners Appear to Claim at the time of parting.

* It is ordered and concluded upon at a general towne meeting held on the 19th day of May, 1663, That any inhabitant of this Towne that shall kill any woolfe or wolffes within three weeks' time from the day above written and within four miles of the Towne, hee shall have twenty five shillings paid him in Corne for every woolfe he killeth; But after the said three weeks' time be expired they are to have but fifteen shillings a woolfe in Corne.

young sheep. These attacks, however, became less frequent and finally ceased altogether. But during their reign many hundreds of sheep were destroyed by them and they sometimes attacked young cattle.

Sheep parting, as they say nowadays, is ancient history, a back number. It is, however, replete with incident and method of our ancestors, highly illustrative of their lives and times. To the interested reader not reared under the shadow of the old custom, an explanation may be required not included in the foregoing transcript from the journal written over sixty years ago.

First: It is a survival of an old Friesland custom or enactment. When the townspeople had grazing rights in common to the unappropriated land or common lands, we find in their old law provisions for a cow-herd or calf-keeper, whose duties were precisely those of the keepers appointed at the Hempstead town meeting. This old Norse custom or law was found by our American ancestors to contain useful provisions for their model.

But the office of cow-herd was never so important a trust in American as with our Norse ancestors, whose herds and flocks constituted their almost entire possessions. *Consequently* its provisions were less rigorously observed and enforced here than in its homestead; but it had degenerated along the whole line of descent until at the present time (1900) all we have to show for one of the most significant customs of our Norse ancestors is the modern pound keepers. As an institution of the town of Hempstead the keeper dates from colonial days or the earliest English settlement.

It is well known that the Hempstead Plains was, prior to the purchase of Alexander T. Stewart, common lands of the town. It was territory reserved by the original, or in the original grants or patents, to the inhabitants of the town for pasturage of cattle and sheep, and in the early days of the colony thousands of cattle and sheep were pastured there. The further privilege was granted to every freeholder of cutting grass on said plains. The commissioners of high-

ways were required to keep open the means of access to the public watering places, and for the purpose of looking after the interest of freeholders who patronized the public lands; officers were elected at the annual town meetings or town assemblys. A great portion of the acts passed related to sheep, cattle and the common lands.

But the sheep. Farmers engaged in sheep raising and wishing to avail themselves of the public privilege of turning their cattle and sheep upon the public lands were required to adopt a device to the end of proving their ownership in the event of any dispute at the sheep parting. As before stated, this mark was cut in the ear of the animal.

There was a period when wool raising in the southern portion of the town of Hempstead was among the industries of the day. Every farmer or planter had his drove of sheep, and to some extent his drove of sheep was an index to his capacity or extent of his plantation. So marked had this industry become that a capitalist by the name of William Clowes built a woollen factory at Milburn, on the site of the old grist mill. A great many hands were employed in this factory, men and women. Here the wool for the country about was carded, spun, woven and fulled into cloth for consumption. We remember the old factory; it did not pay and was discontinued and the grist mill reinstated by Daniel Terry, a millwright. The wool factory, which was a large building, was moved or turned around and made to face the south road and converted into a hotel and so remains today.

The wool industry and sheep parting on Long Island are things entirely of the past. Yet from the little Long Island beginnings the wool industry of the United States has become the greatest in the world.

Wool growing has been at various times and by various acts fostered and protected by Congress until it has grown in the southwest to gigantic proportions. The wool factories of the United States are now working into fabrics five hundred million pounds of wool annually, and nearly three-

quarters of the raw material is raised in the United States and the whole of it is retained in the country for home consumption. Wool raising at the present time is made a special business by those who do nothing else, and the industry, as we remember it of Long Island carried on by farmers having from ten to a hundred sheep on the Hempstead Plains, has grown on the plains of Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming, Oregon and California, to more than forty millions sheep at the present, and the carding, dyeing, weaving and fulling formerly performed on the farm are now done by the finest and most complicated machinery in the world. The Hempstead Plains would not furnish standing room for all the sheep in the United States today.

Our history of sheep does not go back to a great antiquity, considered geologically.

"No unequivocal fossils of the sheep have yet been found in the bone-caves, the drift or the more tranquil, stratified, newer pliocene deposits so associated with the fossil bones of oxen, wild boars, wolves, foxes, etc., as to indicate the coevality of the sheep with these species, or in such an altered state as to indicate them to have been of equal antiquity."

Scientists have directed their attention particularly to this point in collecting evidence for a history of fossil mammals. No fossil core horns of the sheep have yet been anywhere discovered, and so far as this negative evidence goes we may infer that the sheep is not geologically more ancient than man. That it is not a native of Europe, but has been introduced by the tribes who carried hither the germs of civilization in their migrations westward from Asia.

Tuesday, November 19, 1839.

Since the election the weather has been very unsettled. It has rained or snowed, and sometimes both, nearly every day. The roads are very sloppy; we consequently have been unable to visit home for nearly two weeks. Should we have freezing weather, which is promised, will go home next Friday or Saturday, to be present on mother's birthday. Uncle Oliver and Nathaniel Ellsworth are expected to be present.

CHAPTER VII.

NATURAL HISTORY OF LONG ISLAND.—PROFESSOR J. P. GIRAUD, JR.—LONG ISLAND
ICHTHYOLOGY.

Friday, March 6, 1840.



COMET of great magnitude and density, with a tail of enormous extent, made its first appearance in the northern heavens on the 20th of February last, according to the newspapers, and on the same authority, was approaching the earth at the rate of 1,200,000 miles an hour, and they have ever since been treating their readers to a dessert of horrors—appalling disasters—from this harbinger of evil, providing always that the long-tailed stranger running lawless through the sky should come in collision with our dear old mother earth, as some unskillful and bungling astronomer has predicted it will.—(In which event it would bring grief to the comet.) Great alarm and thousands of prayers (which can do no harm) are being offered to avert so dreadful a calamity. The ignorance of the aforementioned astronomer of the theories of Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, La Place or Newton is phenomenal.

Aside from the mere scare there is nothing to apprehend from such a collision of the subtle foreigner, which may be a sister orb in our own stellar commonwealth, and whose orbit, instead of lawless, may be in rigid conformity to law and orbicular allegiance to our central sun. Who knows?

Whatever the constituent of comets, we have the best assurance in the world that it is not one of their functions to disturb the equilibrium of solid matter. (Read the result of Herschell's Long Years in Watching the Heavens.)

But all our platitudes have faded into thin nebula, for it has turned out to be no comet at all. The northern heavens for the past fortnight have been shrouded in a vapory nimbus, more favorable to sensational newspaper speculations than to correct astronomical observation. Hence, these unwarranted rumors. One flash of the clear sky and true science reported that no derelict of the sky had invaded the planitoid universe of the boreal heavens. And the dreaded comet turned out to be only a flushed supply of harmless zodiacal light (phosphorescence or gas). Aurora borealis, entirely impotent of harm. We can never be quite certain of anything told us, even though we see it in the papers.

1839 — 40.

J. P. Giraud, Jr., a naturalist, occupies the carpenter and wheelwright shop of George Smith at Raynortown for the purpose of collect-

ing natural history specimens, and especially birds of Long Island. Many of his specimens are already mounted, and this old shop possesses peculiar attractions to us, and we are a frequent visitor and have personally supplied many of the bird and other natural history specimens which now adorn the collection of Professor Giraud, for which the professor paid liberal prices to the grubber. He was very kind, and discoursed freely on natural history subjects.

This labor of Professor Giraud resulted in one of the most exhaustive popular works on this subject ever published in this country, "Birds of Long Island," containing three hundred and ninety-seven pages and describing five hundred and sixty varieties of birds.

This professor was fully equipped for his work. He was a member of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, corresponding member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, etc., and his plain little book, which appeared in 1844 from the press of Wiley & Putnam, is a monument to his industry and talent.

In his preface to that work he says: "In preparing a list of the birds of Long Island, I have studiously avoided introducing any species that I have not met with, or received from the very best authority an intimation of its occurrence in our locality."

The occurrence on Long Island of many species that are rarely or never observed in other parts of the middle districts, will doubtless appear somewhat remarkable to those who are unacquainted with the locality. But when they examine the map and find that this lengthy and comparatively narrow island extends some distance into the ocean nearly at right angles to the mainland of the continent, containing within its boundaries numerous bays, inlets, shoals and bars abounding in all the various kinds of food peculiar to every species of marine bird, it will not seem surprising that these species, which are more abundant on the higher as well as the temperate latitudes, should, in their wanderings, visit these hospitable shores.

Not only is our section the resort for nearly every species

of water bird found within the limits of the United States, but out of less than five hundred birds now ascertained to belong to North America, two hundred have been frequenters of this famous little island. In fact, no portion of our country of the same extent is richer in resources for the student of natural history or more inviting to the sportsman than this garden of the middle districts.

The Great South Bay, occupying a distance of seventy miles of uninterrupted inland navigation, with its sea-washed shores, abounding in numerous species of shellfish and other fish, doubtless contains treasures yet unknown to the ichthyologist or conchologist. Here is also a field for the zoologist, botanist, geologist and ethnologist. Professor Jacob P. Giraud died at Poughkeepsie; his ornithological collection was presented to Vassar College of that place.

Tuesday, March 10, 1840.

Today Uncle Daniel Smith launched a sloop, built by himself during the past year. The launching was attended by quite a crowd of neighbors. The sloop is designed for coasting and traffic and was christened "Plough Boy," being the fifteenth sea-going craft launched from this yard.

In tracing its career, the old "Plough Boy" is still (1904) doing service as an oyster boat. The events and vicissitudes in the life of the old coaster account materially to its great longevity and vitality. Having been once in collision with a Hamilton Avenue ferryboat, being badly broken up and sunk, on another occasion pretty thoroughly burned out. On each of the above and on various other minor occasions the old Boy has been renovated and restored to an extent that little now physically remains save the name, the keel and the model, of the original "Plough Boy," nearly every original timber having been substituted by new.

It is strange, considering its "strenuous life," that the old "Plough Boy" should have escaped dissolution through the popular calamity of shipwreck. But it is not too late yet, providing the old weathered veteran is doomed to an end of

violence; if such, let it be a graceful and dignified shipwreck while in vigorous life. At all events, let us hope that it may be saved the mortifying fate of being dismantled and abandoned, a prey to the teredo, in the corner of some infrequented creek or estuary of the South Bay, an outcast, an impediment to navigation, there to swale with the ebb and flow of the sluggish tide, with hatchways grown up with salt sedge, until final entombment in the accumulating mud and filth of the neighboring sewer. Better turn turtle or derelict in mid-ocean, or perish on some ignoble sand spit, battling the elements, than such a fate—die game.

Saturday, April 4, 1840.

From our earliest childhood we have beheld with marvelous admiration the phenomenon of the migration of a flock of wild geese. There are but few Long Islanders who are not familiar with the mysterious annual pilgrimage of the wild goose northward in the spring and his return in the fall.

A flock of fifty of these bulky, awkward winged bipeds in procession, following each other in strict Indian file in an absolutely straight line, with a captain on the right side, about a quarter of a mile overhead, sweeping noiselessly along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is an interesting spectacle. It is an exhibition of great determination of purpose and a stateliness of movement which commands attention, and even admiration. They appear to be engaged in a great and important mission and all other business has been laid aside until its fulfillment.

On the appearance of a flock of geese, first indicated by an occasional "Honk" of the captain gander, the farmer will suspend work, poise himself on his hoe, scan the horizon until he has located it, and will not resume labor until it has passed out of sight. The man on the road will stop, the carpenter will lay down his hammer, and from the school child to the gray-haired sage, all find a momentary interest in witnessing this extraordinary flight of the wild goose. Yet there is nothing so very peculiar in the sight, or movement of a flock of geese. They travel in a straight line for their destination, and at a great speed, and appear to be wonderfully in earnest in carrying out their purpose. But they are a desperately dissatisfied race; the places they make their homes are alternately too hot and too cold. Consequently a large portion of their time is spent in getting ready (packing up) and moving twice a year.

And many gentlemen and ladies of our northern states who possess the means and can command the leisure—and who do—escape the rigors of our Arctic winters in migrating with a train of family ser-

vants, baggage and trunks to Florida (Ponce de Leon), or some other tropical paradise, have many traits in common with a goose.

On the flight of the goose we hypothecate an early spring, or late winter, but the goose knows no more about the weather than our Brooklyn Heights philosopher, Merriam. For two days past the flight of wild geese has been the most extraordinary ever known in this part of the country, so great as to provoke comment. This fact is attested by the oldest people of the place, and if a cause for this were needed, the following may prove satisfactory:

The wild goose in migrating to his summer habitation, as he does every spring, from his native jungle of the Gulf States to higher latitudes, sometimes tarries on the way, either to obtain rest, or food, or both. The weather for the past four or five days has been cool and large bodies of these birds halted and have been feeding in and about the Chesapeake Bay and other bays on the coast. The weather being agreeable to them, they remained, and with the fresh arrivals of each day they became a great multitude. When the weather suddenly changed to a higher temperature, they resumed their pilgrimage for the same reason and pretty nearly at the same time. This southern exit extraordinary accounts for the great flight which has continued for two days. We saw today ten flocks of geese in sight at the same moment.

The wild goose has great powers of flight and flies very high, just beyond the reach of shot guns. Great numbers have been known to rendezvous in the Great South Hempstead Bay in former times, and when not disturbed by hunters, have remained several days while feeding was good and the weather not too warm. They are very timid, easily frightened, and the discharge of a shot gun would startle every goose within its hearing. It is in consequence of the cautiousness that so few are taken during their sojourn in our waters. The wild goose is very social with his kind and when flying keeps up at pretty regular intervals a honking, with a view of opening communication with his kind below.

But it was our intention to record the account of shooting a goose this morning, but we have wandered off on a wild goose chase, entirely ignoring our original purpose. We went out with our gun this morning fortunately, not for the purpose of shooting geese, but for the small game. In noting the great number of wild geese flying, our eyes fortuitously fell upon two birds entirely distinct from the migrating geese flying directly towards us at a rate of at least eighty miles an hour. They were only about thirty or forty yards high and were coming in a bee line. There was no time for reflection or reasoning upon what were best to do. There was barely time to do it. Quicker than thought our gun was at our shoulder, elevated about forty-five degrees with such precarious aim (or no aim at all) as one takes on such occasions, and fired. One of the birds fell. We are unable to say whether it

was the front or hind bird, but he struck the ground dead about three hundred feet beyond us. This bird was a goose, but of a variety entirely unknown to us. A post-mortem, however, held on the body by some of the oldest and astutest sporting neighbors pronounced it a white goose (*Anser hyperboreus*) of a variety much smaller than the *Canadensis* wild goose and very rare in this country, but common in Norway.

This is our story of shooting a goose which is a case of purely accidental killing.

In the literature of the ancient world the domestic goose occupies an important place. He was the sacred bird of many peoples, and yet he was almost universally recognized as the symbol of stupidity. He was despised by the Gauls and Franks; ancestrally hated by the Italians; was the sacred bird of the Egyptians, Ceylonese, Burmese and Chinese; was worshipped by the Romans, who were very grateful to the goose, and awarded to him an annual festival at the Capitol, for the maintainance of which a large sum was appropriated. Mother Goose stories prevail in nearly all the nationalities of the earth.

The common wild goose of America, *Anser Canadensis*, spends his winters in the gulfs, bays and estuaries of the Gulf of Mexico, from the Rio Grande to Florida, and the entire sea-coast, as well as the inlands, of Florida. He leaves these quarters in March and early April and journeys northward, not in a solid body, but in detachments. The period of his departure is regulated very much by the season. When warm weather comes on he takes wing. He is not fond of extreme cold, and his summers are spent on the coast of Maine, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Magdalene Islands, and the Labrador coast; the latter absolutely swarm with them. He sometimes visits the interior territory of the Hudson Bay Company in great numbers as far west as Manitoba. He remains north during the summer or breeding season, and starts southward in October. And in the early days, before the innovation of civilized man and gunpowder, the southern shore of Long Island was a great breeding place of the wild goose. The ducks, such as brant, mallards, canvasbacks and teal, are later

in starting for their summer home than the goose, but many of them arrive earlier; the goose loafs on the way.

Since this entry, which has been one of digressions, it may not be uninteresting to wander into the philological realm for a moment. Here we find abundant interesting matter concerning the name of the goose. The goose is known all over the world and his history goes back into the dimmest antiquity. In the Malay or Kawi tongue of the Malay Archipelago, the sacred language of Bali, and from which we believe all other names of the goose were derived, it being the most ancient language, he is known by the name of *gangsā*; in the Bali or Pali, closely allied to the Kawi, *hanza*; in the old Aryan, *hansa*; in Ceylon, *henza*; in Egypt, *Abu-hanza*, or sacred goose, the name being of Malay origin; by the Romans, *anser*; in the Portuguese, *ganso*; by the Spaniards, *ansar*; by the Germans, *gans*; and by the English, *gander*.

These names by which the goose is known among the different nations show its descent and probable origin. Our goose is now up to the philologist for ethnological treatment.

Notwithstanding all the high encomiums bestowed upon the goose by the ancients, the good people of the Town of Hempstead voted him a nuisance, and legalized his assassination.

“Town Meeting, May 5, 1682.

“Att the foregoing townd Meeting it was concluded by the Ma Jer Vote that No Teame Geese should have liberty to goo on the commons. In the townd after the fift of November Next insuing and that it shall be lawful for any Person to shute any they shall find on the commons aforementioned after the time. Prefixed.”

The above was re-enacted yearly.

Monday, April 20, 1840.

This day a native, Dave Leinad, accomplished the greatest fishing feat ever accomplished on Long Island, *i.e.*, the capture of a pure American brook trout weighing four pounds, nine ounces. His entire catch for the day was four trout. The aggregate weight was eleven

pounds, four ounces. They were taken with a rod and line from the stream, or creek, below the mill pond at Milburn. This marvelous fish above named was the largest brook trout that we have ever seen—probably the largest ever taken in these waters. It created quite a sensation in the neighborhood when it became known. Many persons were incredulous, but so many people saw the fish weighed that it is folly to raise the question.

The above is copied from an entry in the diary made at the time. Upon this entry and our personal recollection rests the good faith of the story of the big trout. As, however, it is not possible at this late day to produce any further verification, let us accept, or reject, it upon what we have.

It would, however, be a pleasing task to map out to the reader, or to retrospect in words, the famous old trout stream which has produced so many marvels. This stream lies entirely within the Town of Hempstead and was born of the glacial age. When, as a boy, we first knew it, it was surrounded by a heavy forest, of which it is now dismantled, and also much changed by cultivation and the obliterating hand of time.

The volume of water in this stream at the time when we first knew it was certainly twice as great as at present.

We knew the little stream (for such it was, compared to the great trout streams of Maine), every foot of it, and loved it from its source to the ocean, a distance of about fifteen miles in its devious course as it existed in our youth.

We have traversed it in spring when the sweet aroma of the budding dog-wood, the music of birds and the censorious croaking of frogs were side diversions. We have traversed it in the heat of summer and have lingered in its cool recesses, shut out from the heat and glimmer of the sun by a dense overhanging foliage of bramble and vine. We have traversed its shrunken waters in the stillness of autumn, in the glory of Indian Summer, of brown October, amid the rustle of falling leaves, and found it even then full of grace and beauty, although in the somber mantle of decay and death.

Like all other streams on the south side of Long Island,

it had its origin in archaic times in the glacial hills which skirt the northern edge of the Island. From this starting point it has greatly receded. Within the memory of man, however, its source was a small pond occupying a deep hollow in the bed of the ancient glacial stream in the middle of the great plains. At the period referred to it was fed, or supplied, from springs and was empty during extremely dry seasons, while now it is filled only in extremely wet ones.

From this point the infant stream pursued a southwesterly course in a depression worn by the ancient glacial current, until it reached a point about one mile east from the Village of Hempstead; thence its course was almost, or directly, south, with but little crookedness, through a dense and heavily timbered forest, about two miles to Turtle Hook, where it crossed the Merrick Turnpike, and about one mile further south it crossed the swamp road leading from the Main South Road at Coe's Neck to Hempstead. The stream here was of surpassing beauty, about sixty feet wide, the current swift and over a clean, pebbly bottom, and at ordinary times not over five inches deep; thousands of trout crossed these shallows daily. Still pursuing its course southerly, skirting moderately high ground on the west, and through a continuous swamp of heavy timber, noted for the great beauty and variety of its flora and fauna, its forest odors and bird notes, for there is scarcely a bird known to the ornithology of upland birds of the State of New York representatives of which could not be found in these woods,—about three miles to the Milburn pond, the stream sometimes flowing between banks scarcely five feet apart and at others over a bed fifty feet wide.

It was an ideal trout brook, one upon which poets might dwell with enthusiasm and word-play:

“I chatter over stoney ways,
“In little sharps and trebles,
“I bubble into eddying bays,
“And babble on the pebbles.”

—*Tennyson.*

At the end of the last named three miles it flowed into an artificial lake or pond created in the early history of the town for the purpose of making a power for a grist mill located at Milburn, then called "The Corners." The grant for this pond was to John Pine.

To this point the stream was a continuous spawning bed for trout and the pond itself, full of cold springs, was a prolific breeding place.

Flowing through this lake nearly a mile, the waters of the stream escape at the south end over a waste gate into the creek below. This pond or lake in our boyhood days was the temporary abode of great quantities of web-footed game. We distinctly call to mind many varieties of ducks, and particularly the hell diver (grebe), the latter of which we have cause to remember with much mortification for the many abortive efforts to slay them with an old-fashioned firearm. They were too nimble for a flint-lock.

The grebe is destructive to the young trout, as is also the duck, and the kingfisher destroys thousands; probably not more than three per cent. of the trout hatched naturally escape all the varied enemies encountered and attain maturity.

Mr. Dunbar, an old man who lived in the woods near the head of this pond, told us that there were two gigantic pepperidge trees in the swamp not far from his home in early times, on which eagles built their nests for many successive years, and that they fed their young entirely from the brook, taking as many as twenty trout a day to their young. We wonderfully suspect that Mr. Dunbar's eagles were simply fish hawks, which, like the eagle, is a noble bird, and belongs to the Falconidæ. This bird was from twenty inches to two feet in length with a vast spread of wing, reaching when fully extended over five feet. Pliny called it the "Sea Eagle."

The fish hawk is strongly built and is of great flight, has powerful talons for seizing and holding its prey, upon which it depends entirely for food. It flies slowly over the water at a height of from ten to twenty yards; when it sees a fish it

drops itself down and seizes its game in its talons. No naturalist or fisherman ever understood how the fish hawk managed to get a living fishing with its limited appliances, nor could he were it not for the absolute stupidity of its game. He cannot swim, cannot dive, and he cannot take his game in his bill; he is only calculated to take fish from just such shallows as those described in our stream. Still he does sometimes take them in open waters.

The pose of the fish hawk when sitting is dignified and haughty, and all its movements are graceful. It is migratory and arrives in our latitude in the early part of March, and leaves for its more northern home and breeding place about the first of May. This bird was much sought after by the Indians; its quills and tail feathers were used by them to plume their arrows and to ornament their calumet and adorn their garments.

A few rods north from the head of the pond, near the residence of Mr. Dunbar, and on the west of the stream, nearly opposite the residence of Samuel Miller, on the Hick's Neck road to Hempstead, in the middle of this swamp, there was within our recollection (1840) a piece of cleared upland of about two acres. It at one period had divided the stream, when it (the stream) was much larger. From its novel situation and surroundings and traditions it was a fascinating spot to us. We visited it frequently and were enamored of its natural beauty and solitude. It was surrounded by a wild and almost impenetrable tangle of swamp on three sides; on the other was the stream. The ground still bore evidence of former cultivation. This island, for such it was, was detached completely from the mainland by a dangerous morass on the west, the former bed of the stream. In this morass Thorne Bedell, a simple fellow, an old resident who lived within two hundred yards of the spot, became entangled one dark night and perished. This was late in the 30's.

Tradition says that in early times this island was owned and occupied by two Indian families who lived by cultivating

the ground, trapping game, gathering nuts and berries and following the bay. They were regarded as industrious and respectable. During this period a feud existed between the Indians of this vicinity and the Rockaway and Canarsie tribes. Out of revenge for some real or imaginary outrage committed upon the Rockaways or Canarsies by the Merikos, a company of the former stealthily gained access to the island in the night, murdered the two families of Indians, men, women and children, and burned their houses. This was regarded as a most wanton and diabolical outrage, and the whites of the neighborhood took up the matter with a determination of punishing the perpetrators, and for that purpose organized a small party of volunteers, armed themselves and marched to Rockaway and Canarsie to arrest the culprits, but failed to find them, the tribes denying all participation in the crime. The volunteers, disclaiming Indian methods of visiting vengeance upon the whole tribe, returned without accomplishing anything, but the outrage rankled in the bosoms of the people for a long time, and Rockaway and Canarsie Indians were afraid to enter the territory of the Merikos unless in sufficient numbers to defend themselves in case of an attack. An account of this tragedy was current in the neighborhood when we were a boy, but we are unable to give even an approximate date of the massacre, except the date of the Governor's permit, allowing pay to those who might volunteer to go against the Indians.*

At the time of our familiarity with the island the ground was pretty generally covered with dwarf huckleberry shrubs (Soponaria), but there was extant evidence of former cultivation, and the location of houses and remains of caches, the

* From liber A, page 114 of the town records of the Town of Hempstead we copy the following:

The 3d of Oc't 1659.

Upon a message sent by ye Governor by Capt. Newton & Leut'nt Steelwell it was granted that all Vollandiers that were desirous to goe under pay ag'st ye Indians mighte have their liberty to goe out of this place.

Teste

JOHN JAMES.

[s. s.]

Indian method of preserving their potatoes and other vegetables during the winter. And the great number of shells about the ground was an evidence that the occupants lived largely upon molluscs from the bay.

The pond or lake heretofore referred to was about one thousand feet wide and flooded a portion of the original Tredwell estate.† After passing the waste gate on our way to the ocean the stream and surroundings assumed an entirely different character. The swamp and forest disappear, and its course was then through meadow and marsh land beset with reeds, mallow, calamus and cat-tails (typha), about two miles as the crow flies to the Hempstead Bay, but instead of being

†From *The South Side Observer*. 1885.

A NOTABLE LAWSUIT.

The Court of Appeals has just decided a case of much interest to this vicinity. As nearly as can be ascertained we give the history of the case.

In the year 1683 one John Tredwell was the owner of a large tract of land lying at and about Milburn in this town. It contained about 2,000 acres a part of which still remains in the Tredwell family to this day. Through this property runs a stream of water which has caused the litigation. In 1686 the people of the township granted to one John Pine the privilege of selecting a stream of water for the purposes of erecting a grist mill to do the town's grinding with restrictions not to select a stream where there was a mill located or about to be erected. He was also granted five acres to set his mill upon. If he failed to secure a stream within one year the grant became void.

Pine selected the stream at Milburn and built a dam, with the assistance of John Tredwell on the Tredwell property which caused the formation of a large pond. This grant has passed from one to another until some thirty years ago it passed into the hands of Carman Smith. Mr. Smith then obtained some sort of a deed of pond and pondage, and assumed control although his claim was disputed by the Tredwells and the matter has lain dormant for years. About four years ago Christopher Risley came to Milburn to reside at the Tredwell homestead. After examining titles he decided that the Tredwells owned the dam and the pondage around and all the privileges. He secured from the Tredwells permission to go fishing on the pond. A war of words ensued. Mr. Smith sued Mr. Risley for trespass in Justice court. Risley raised the question of title and carried the case to the Supreme Court. Judge Gilbert decided in favor of Smith. Risley appealed to the General Term which reversed Judge Gilbert's decision. The opinion written by Judge Barnard was that the Tredwells owned the pond and pondage and all privileges and that Smith must be governed by the original grant to Pine to do the town grinding only.

Mr. Smith then carried the case to the Court of Appeals which again decided against him confirming Judge Barnard's opinion at General Term. Thus ended a tedious litigation by Mr. Smith losing all interest in the property which he has held and controlled so long.

The pond has been taken by the City of Brooklyn for the purpose of supplying the city with water. All other questions are to be settled between the Tredwells and the City of Brooklyn.

straight as the stream above the pond, its waters flow at least three and a half miles to accomplish this two miles. This creek was called Tredwell Creek in the early town records.

From the plain edge to the pond this stream flowed through a continuous forest of heavy timber. But a new and important factor is encountered here; the stream now becomes subject to the force of the ebb and flow of the ocean, about four miles distant, into which it flows.

Reverting again to the millpond or lake above mentioned, created by the construction of a causeway or dam at its southerly end, the structure being at right angles to the stream and extending from high ground at either extremity of the dam. The dam was about twelve feet wide at the top, with a well-graded walk for people on foot, and was in early times a popular promenade.

When a boy, in the fall of about 1835, on a Saturday night after dark, my mother required some things from the store kept by James Frost at the Corners (Milburn). We had a man, a farmhand called Jack. He was mentally sluggish, but was physically a perfect man. We were sent to the store to do the shopping and Jack was to accompany us for protection, it being after dark and we were afraid to go alone. Frost's store was just on the west side of the pond, and we were obliged to cross the dam. The dam was a dark, dismal place at night, being studded with willow trees which entirely overhung the pathway. After purchasing the goods and on our way home Jack took into his head, as soon as we entered upon the dam, the notion to run away from us, thinking it would be funny, and he started at full speed, just at a point where the dam was the highest and sloped on the south side thirty feet or more to level ground. Jack struck a tree while at full speed. The blow knocked him down and stunned him, and he lost his hat. We felt about in the sand for the hat, but could not find it, and we went home without it. Jack's bruises were rubbed with liniment and he sent to bed.

Now it happened that on this same evening old Sam

Gritman, an itinerant shoemaker, who had been at our house at work all the week making up our winter supply of shoes, had received his pay from my father for the week's work, which did not exceed four or five dollars, left for home after we (Jack and I) had left for the store. He had also to cross the dam on his way home.

On the next morning, it being Sunday, Gritman came to our house in a shattered nervous condition with the sad story of having been waylaid by robbers on his way home on the dam on Saturday night. They knocked him down and he rolled over the bank, which probably saved his life, for he escaped them. There were two of them. He heard them talk and they felt around in the sand for him for some time, but he lay still and they did not find him. In coming over Sunday morning to tell of his miraculous escape, he stopped to inspect the place where the assault was made, and then he found the hat of one of the would-be assassins, and produced it. It was Jack's hat, and it told the whole story of the tree and thieves.

Jack, instead of running into a tree as was supposed, ran into old Gritman and bruised him badly, but not seriously.

To resume: English ichthyologists tell us there are no trout in this country; the fish we call brook trout is no trout at all, but simply the charr. We are satisfied with their nomenclature so long as they are pleased with it, but we have no disposition to re-baptize our radiant beauty known to us only as brook trout, *salvelinus fontinalis*, with the meaningless and emotionless name of charr; the name is not euphonious with the character of the fish.

They say that the classification is based on anatomical differences of structure and talk glibly of dorsal, pectoral, ventral and caudal fins, dual dontiforms, microscopic scales, pylonic appendages, etc., but they give away their whole case and prove too much when they show that age changes and modifies all these distinctions, and that species are extremely unstable and variable, and their conclusions consequently worthless.

The hero of the four-pound trout above named was an expert fisherman, with a large experience, and he had studied with marvelous success the habits of the creek trout (which is only an intensified brook trout) and knew every hole in the creek where they frequented, where they fed, on what they fed and when they fed, and their sporting ground after feeding.

The creek trout is a refractory creature and when in one of his moods no amount of flirtation can woo him from his dogged humor; it must wear off.

He is a voracious feeder, but very nervous, and will not feed when the least affrighted.

Saturday, July 7, 1840.

Vacation this year will be spent at home. Have prepared myself with reading matter, principally Natural History. I anticipate great pleasure from *Elements of Conchology*, by E. I. Barrow, A.M., Dick's *Sideral Heavens*, etc.

The Fourth of July was uneventful. Went to White Hill to see boat race between Dr. Richard Udal's yacht of Babylon and Tom Raynor's sloop. They sailed from White Hill to Fire Island Inlet. Raynor was the winner.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAMILY PICNIC.—THE BROOM FACTORY.—MR. TERRY'S INVENTION.—TESTIMONIAL TO CAPTAIN RAYNOR ROCK SMITH.—THE FAMOUS HORSE RACE.

Monday, July 20, 1840.



HAVE just returned from our annual family picnic to the beach, a custom observed by our family for many years and many generations. As usual, had a delightful day and some happy reunions. Uncle Oliver Ellsworth with his family from New York accompanied us, and with whom the novel excursion was a great treat, some of whom will regret their indiscretion in going about with arms, feet and necks exposed to the burning sun. Have had a charming day; everybody happy, tired and sunburned.

Saturday, August 15, 1840.

Uncle Daniel Smith, father and myself sailed from Bedell's Landing on August tenth in the sloop "Ploughboy" for the west end of Coney Island, the occasion being to witness experiments to be made with the new Tredwell cannon, in which my father and uncle felt some interest.

On the voyage we passed within hailing distance of the great Rockaway Pavilion at Far Rockaway Beach, one of the largest summer hotels in the country. The main building is 230 feet front, with wings of 75 feet each, the piazza is 235 feet long and 20 feet wide.

After eleven hours' sailing with light winds, we rounded Coney Island Point and anchored in Gravesend Bay near Coney Island. The bay was filled with all kinds of craft.

We had never been so far from home before by water. We took but little interest in the cannon and consequently spent our time in roaming over the island. There were many people who came with teams, following the edge of the surf on the strand, and some came on foot from the east end of Coney Island, but more came in boats.

The beach was very interesting to us, the scenery of which was novel and unsurpassed in beauty. The cannon was tested on the point of the beach, the shooting directed toward the ocean. We did not see the experiments with the gun, but believe they were eminently satisfactory to the government officials under whose supervision the experiments were conducted. My father and uncle were pleased with the result.

Daniel Tredwell, the inventor of this great cannon, was

born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1791. In 1819 he invented and put in operation the first power press ever constructed in the United States. It went into general use. In 1826 a turn-out for railroads. In 1829 devised a machine for spinning hemp, adopted over the world. In 1835 a patent process for making cannon, which was later adopted by Sir William Armstrong and known as the Armstrong Gun. He founded and edited the *Boston Journal of Philosophy and Arts*, from 1834 to 1845 was Rumford Professor of Technology in Harvard College. Invented a cannon of great calibre. He was author of many works and of many inventions. He died at Cambridge in 1872.

Wednesday, October 24, 1840.

Went to the sheep parting yesterday. It was remarkably similar to that of last year described in this journal—in short, like all other previous years. The same omnifarious multitude with similar purposes, if not identically the same, the same grade of gamblers and toughs.

There was a decided improvement in the representatives of the horse sporting crowd, and the racing on the Jericho Turnpike road was considered more attractive.

There was a new and higher grade of politicians present. The selling of the plains and marshes were dead local issues, the present were national. In November next there is to be elected the ninth President of the United States. The candidates were long ago selected, Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison, and the campaign up to the present has been a vigorous and bitter one. The respective merits and demerits of the two aspirants were ably and eloquently set forth from their party platforms yesterday.

We have on a former occasion referred to the absence of all accommodation at the sheep parting, nor was any expected. There were, however, a limited number of reserved seats, consisting of the top rails of the fence surrounding the sheep pens. Nothing on earth probably as a resting place has less adaptiveness to ease and comfort than a rail fence, and yet two out of every three countrymen, as a rostrum from which to air their brains, select the fence. We have seen two of these baronets of the soil engaged in a cow trade mounted on the sharp edge of a chestnut rail when there were a dozen more comfortable and lowly seats in sight. This habit is a survival of arborescent man.

In our itineraries around the grounds we espied a neighbor of ours, James Wood, a respectable boss fisherman of Hick's Neck and a very entertaining man. He always commanded an audience, and he was always telling stories, and here he was perched upon the top rail of a

panel of fence in his shirt sleeves (he weighed about 260 pounds avoirdupois), and holding forth to an admiring audience of Goths and Vandals, to whom he was relating a story of a miraculous draught of moss-bunkers.

In the pen immediately behind Mr. Wood were four or five sheep, including an old patriarch ram. From the time we entered upon the scene our earliest glance at that old ram convinced us from his pose that he was meditating mischief, *i.e.*, had unpacific intentions. The violent gyrations of Mr. Wood's arms were a defiance and a challenge to this Sultan of the Hempstead pampas. Mr. Wood's audience saw this impending *coup de grace*, and they urged him on, anticipating fun. Finally, with that peculiar ferocity and dash of the ovine family when going into business, the old ram raised himself on his hind feet and made a plunge straight for Mr. Wood's parts exposed over the fence, and with the momentum of a pile-driver planted his two horns into Mr. Wood's lumbral regions about ten inches below his gallus buttons. The blow was terrific. Mr. Wood broke from his moorings and landed ignobly in the rear part of a booth occupied by a vendor of a newly invented device for peeling and slicing potatoes and coring apples. Wood's friends crowded around him and with the strongest attestations of sympathy got him on his feet. Mr. Wood was no fool. He said nothing—he thought. As near as we could ascertain he had sustained no damage above the shock, and the loss of his suspender buttons.

Sunday, November 8, 1840.

Yesterday ended the brief Indian Summer of this year, only four typical days. Today ends in rain, snow and slush and getting colder.

Friday, December 4, 1840.

A great snowstorm now in progress, accompanied with a gale of wind.

Sunday, December 6, 1840.

The snowstorm was one of the severest and most destructive ever known in this part of the country, and it was of great extent; the snow is said to be one and a half feet deep in Philadelphia. It averages about one foot here, but the storm closed here with rain. It was very damaging to shipping along the coast.

A fishing crew from Hick's Neck, consisting of five men, had been caught in the storm and had not been heard from for three days. Fears were entertained for their safety, as it was known that they were not provided with provisions for a prolonged siege. As soon, however, as the weather had sufficiently cleared, the horizon was swept with a large spy glass, when a signal of distress was discovered flying over the hut at the Hummocks on Long Beach. This was either the missing crew of fishermen, or shipwrecked sailors from the main beach. Immediately provisions were made for rescue and a relief squad was organized under

the direction of the wreck master, composed of Thomas Carman, Horton Homan, Richard Soper, Thomas Dunbar, Charles Johnson and Jim Tom, to carry relief and rescue the sufferers, whoever they may be, which resulted in bringing the fishermen to mainland, the weather still being cold and boisterous.

It seems that they had lost their boat in the early stages of the storm and had no means of relief unless from the mainland. They reached the hut on Long Beach by fording the West Run at low water.

Monday, March 1, 1841.

Yesterday closed a long and uneventful winter. The old diary is encumbered with entries of weather conditions, daily school incidents and events of a purely personal character, none of which are of a sufficient general interest to entitle them to be transcribed in this journal. This is a bright day and there are promises of an early spring.

Saturday, April 10, 1841.

The broom factory on Coe's Neck is to close. During the past two years Daniel Smith, Jr., of Coe's Neck has been experimenting upon raising broom corn. He had erected an economical shop, or factory, with small machinery for turning his own sticks and making brooms on the place, and had also adopted means for placing his goods on the market of Long Island. For the latter purpose he engaged two canvassers to visit all the country stores on Long Island. They each started out with a two horse wagon load of manufactured brooms, consisting of twelve hundred brooms, great and small, which they were to sell and take orders. The enterprise up to the present time, Mr. Smith says, has been a great success, but he regrets that he must give it up in order to take charge of another part of his father's estate.

This is much to be regretted, for one reason, the success of the enterprise and its growth promised to give employment to quite a number of young people along the whole line, from planting of the corn to the completion and sale of the goods. No one has come forth prepared to make terms for the continuation of the business.

It is to be regretted for another reason. It is a good thing to have cheap brooms and plenty of them. We have heard the opinion expressed that the number of brooms used in any community furnishes the surest criterion from which to judge its moral advancement and progress, and concerning the important part which the little insignificant instrument sustains in regard to domestic comfort and neatness, the opinion may be correct. According to this standard, the inhabitants of Coe's Neck and thereabouts ought to be in the most advanced stages of moral development. But according to the Justice Court record of Squire Ben Smith, the culmination of matrimonial infelicities in broomstick assaults has increased two hundred per cent. since the factory was established—owing, as the Squire suggests, to the ever presence of this convenient weapon.

Friday, September 10, 1841.

For a number of years past our apples had been taken to John I. Lott's, down at Hick's Neck, to be made into cider. This year my father had concluded to take them to George Smith's at Raynortown, he having an improved press for the mash and a much larger mill, with horse-power for grinding. My father thinks we will have about four barrels for this season.

Less and less cider is being made on this part of Long Island every year. Our orchard is getting old and no efforts are being made to repair it by planting new trees. John I. Lott formerly made a great quantity of cider, but he is now very indifferent about it. He says it does not pay. Since steam transportation has been introduced it can be brought from a distance, where it is raised with less expense, and the New York market can be supplied much cheaper than he can raise it.

Tuesday, October 5, 1841.

Night before last, Sunday, October 3rd, was a wild night on the South Side. A storm broke upon us from the southeast and east with strong wind and moderate temperature and rain on Saturday morning, which increased in severity until Sunday night, when it became terrific from the southeast; the tide rose two feet in our brook and covered the bridge, part of which floated away. Uncle Daniel Smith's crib and wagon house were unroofed and some of the shingles were found in our garden, a number of houses and barns were blown down, chimneys demolished and trees uprooted. Our orchard was much damaged and great quantities of fruit destroyed everywhere.

Old people say this was the fiercest storm ever known on this part of the island, even more destructive than the epochal September gale of 1833. The waters of the ocean were blown three or four miles inland. The grass, the leaves from the trees and buildings are encrusted with salt, left after evaporation had carried off the water.

Much damage was done to the small craft of the south side of Long Island, but we have heard of no great disaster of sea-going vessels on the south beach, and probably there were none; the gradual growth of the storm gave warning of its approach, with ample time to escape, and again, it did not reach far out to sea.

P. S., October—1841.

The newspapers from the East are bringing in reports of the wonderfully destructive storm in the Eastern States; the damage to the shipping and loss of life along the coast were enormous. Vessels in port broke from their moorings and were cast on shore. In the harbor of Portland, Maine, several vessels were completely wrecked, and at Portsmouth, Cohasset, Cape Ann, Gloucester, Newburyport and Nantucket great damage was done to shipping, and to the wharfs, vast quantities of lumber were carried away and lives lost.

The greatest loss of life, however, was at Cape Cod. The beach

from Chatham to the highlands was absolutely strewn with wreckage. The effects of this disastrous storm are still being received; already the list of vessels lost numbers hundreds, and of lives lost, thousands.

No storm every known in the Eastern States was half so destructive. Long Island was marvelously favored. We have up to the present heard of no loss of life, and the wreck of only a few coasters and small craft.

In the New England reports the gale is described as coming from the north northeast, while on Long Island it was from the southeast.

Sunday, October 10, 1841.

Reports continue to be received by the papers showing that the above destructive storm was more widespread and more ruinous than early reports show. It was a storm long to be remembered by Long Islanders; to the New Englanders it was phenomenal.

Tuesday, October 12, 1841.

It is reported that this storm effected great changes at New Inlet. The channel of the inlet is said to have moved westerly several hundred feet, and that large bar of many acres has formed inside. Similar changes are constantly taking place along the south coast of Long Island, but it is seldom one storm works so great innovation as this one.

Saturday, November 6, 1841.

Our oldest people tell us that up to the present this has been the harshest, most inclement and blustering fall ever known, and it is losing none of its reputation today.

It began snowing this morning with a high northeast wind and it has alternately snowed and rained all day. The storm is as full of vigor as an adult snowstorm of February. This is our Indian Summer season, but for the two past years it has had a brief duration.

Wednesday, November 10, 1841.

Mr. Daniel Terry, a millwright, a neighbor of our family, lives at Frost's Corners and is the miller at that place. He is a very ingenious man and has been engaged many years on a most wonderful machine which is to run forever, a perpetual motion. The people in the neighborhood talk about it; nobody has ever seen it. The shop in which Mr. Terry keeps it and works upon it is in an upper story of his mill and kept always locked.

Today we were permitted to see the wonderful machine, and it is wonderful. It is elegantly made, that is, the mechanism, the finish, but we don't believe it will run, and still we think Mr. Terry ought to know what he is about.

The machine consists of an overshot water-wheel with self-adjusting buckets. The water which furnishes the power is raised by an Archimedian screw and after being run over the wheel is deposited in the reservoir below, from which the screw again raises it. The machine

is expected to run by the gravity of the falling water which the machine pumps up; the water is used over and over again. By a very ingenious device the loaded buckets go down at arm's length and on returning discharged on the other, the arms fall in close to the central shaft so that the lifting force is greatly decreased in the up-coming buckets, nearly nil. As soon as the buckets have passed the centre, on top, they drop out at arm's length again and are prepared to receive their freight, which carries them down with great force. There were six buckets going down loaded at the same time and ten empty ones coming up. Now, in order to keep the machine going there must be a constant supply of water to fill the down-going buckets. The water for this purpose was drawn up by the screw before named. The power which raised the water was furnished by the down-going buckets. Here lies the great solecism overlooked by Mr. Terry, for strip the machine of all its redundancy, cancel both sides of the equation to its simplest form, and we have $x = x + y$, that is, to raise the water will require all the power generated by the gravity of the same water, plus y , the friction.

It is a very complicated piece of machinery, and although Mr. Terry did not charge it and set it in operation in our presence for reasons which were quite obvious, the machinery was not prepared for it; yet he explained it so clearly that we began to think it would run, but it won't. It is self-evidently impossible. We did not tell Mr. Terry so. He was very kind to permit us to see the machine when so many were anxious to get a glimpse of it. (His reason was that he thought we were a bright boy.) Many people in the neighborhood believe that Mr. Terry will some day startle the world with his great invention. But we do not. Of Mr. Terry's mill, every part, from the water-wheel to the bolting bin, was made by him, or under his immediate direction; every cog-wheel in the mill, concentric or eccentric, was made of wood. There was not an iron cog-wheel in it.

Perpetual motion, as applied here, is a machine to be moved by a power furnished within itself and not from any source outside of it, and continues without ceasing and without any renewed application of force. It is no part of the requisition concerning perpetual motion that the machinery should never get out of repair. What is looked for is not perfection in the construction of the apparatus, but an unfailing moving force.

From the day of our visit to Mr. Terry's and for a long period onwards our head was full of perpetual motion machines, and in our imagination we constructed hundreds of them with one result: the resistance to overcome and the power

to overcome it (so to speak) were always equal, and the thing stood still. But why did not the clear head of Mr. Terry see this? Because his head was not clear; he had great mental activity without sound principles to control it, and he was a better theoretical machinist than practical engineer. He was endeavoring to raise himself over the fence by the straps of his boots.

Mr. Terry reasoned that so long as the example was before him of a man raising himself by a tackle and fall without any outward application of power, just so long would he entertain hopes of eventually accomplishing a machine that would do the same thing. This is where Mr. Terry's reasoning is at fault; he has left out one important factor—caloric.

Mr. Terry, however, was not a unique dispenser of faulty logic on the subject; the victims of the fallacy of perpetual motion are multitudinous and date from an early period in the history of mechanism. The beginning of statistics of the eighteenth century is full of them. There were fewer in the nineteenth century and they are not all dead yet, many probably not so far gone but they may be saved.

From 1860 to 1869 there were eighty-six English, twenty-three French and thirteen American patents taken out for perpetual motion.

But on the whole, the pursuit of perpetual motion may have been a benefit to the world at large; many important discoveries in mechanics have been worked out just as the fallaciousness of perpetual motion was discovered. The sewing machine, the typewriter and the bicycle all carry improvements made by the perpetual motion crank. This mechanical solecism, however, has its parallels in the intellectual world, as Judicial Astrology, the Philosopher's Stone, the Quadrature of the Circle, the Multiplication of the Cube, and the Elixir of Life. These have all had, and ruined, their victims by tens of thousands. Nearly one hundred years ago the Academic Royal des Sciences at Paris passed a resolution that they would no longer entertain communications about discoveries

of perpetual motion, and the reasons given were at some length and may be summed up: "The thing can't be did."

One of the most novel expositions that could be offered to the public of mechanical proneness would be a collection of machines constructed for perpetual motion. It would be an exhibition of the utterest stillness, and deadest immobility, a show of labyrinthian structures to run eternally, all absolutely motionless.

Mr. Terry was not only not alone in his mental hallucinations, millions of dollars have been expended in the hopeless experiment of perpetual motion. Thousands of the acutest minds the world has ever produced have logically demonstrated the feasibility of all this. Yet, as a product of human ingenuity not even the remotest approximation to success has been experimentally accomplished, for while it may be logically true, it is experimentally false. We may reason about it, speculate objectively and subjectively about it, for imaginary things are as capable of being represented in thought as real ones. And we may also predicate of it from certain premise that when once put in motion it will continue forever. And notwithstanding all this, the moment we apply the empirical method, or what is actually known about it, it declines to ratify our abstractions in refusing to go after exhausting the force which first set it in motion.

I have examined hundreds of these elegant specimens of mechanism, ingenious contrivances, every one of which is a mechanical syllogism with a defective major premise. And hundreds of men who fancied they had made great physical discoveries have come to their senses by discovering that they have committed great mechanical blunders.

Mr. Terry was the projector of many very important improvements in mill machinery. He was always at work on something new. As early as 1839 he had a boat about fourteen feet long in the mill pond to which he had attached a novel motor power. On the outside of the boat he had rigged a screw (Archimedian screw) about five feet long and attached

to each side of the boat under water. The screw was constructed of an iron rod or tube about five feet long and a strip of sheet iron about five inches wide, twisted spirally around it, making a screw. This iron rod communicated with machinery on the inside of the boat by an endless chain. The whole was set in motion by a crank. We think this was a great success, but we do not remember of ever having heard more about it. The boat moved with ease and with great rapidity, and was a great curiosity in the pond for a long time, and unless there is more to be learned adversely upon this question, we think Mr. Terry should be accredited with having discovered and first applied successfully the screw for the propulsion of boats, or vessels. Captain John Ericssen made a successful application of the screw in 1844-1847 to the "Rattler," a vessel built in the United States. But I believe Mr. Terry was the real discoverer of the screw propeller.

Up to 1855 the screw had not been adopted for men-of-war. The French were constructing two or three experimental vessels. Great interest was excited on this subject both here and in Europe. The ablest naval constructors and engineers had determined that it would be impossible to obtain more than ten knots an hour as an extreme figure, under which circumstances the propeller would be of very problematical utility. And the "Austerlitz," then being equipped as a propeller at Rochefort, it was hoped would be enabled to compass four or five knots an hour under steam.

The history of the manifold improvements and development of the screw as a propeller is not within our province, but it has undoubtedly revolutionized the entire method in maritime science, with the limit not yet reached, nor the ultimate in view.

Monday, January 10, 1842.

We called upon Raynor Rock Smith of Raynortown to have him verify to us some straggling facts which our memory imperfectly re-

tained concerning a testimonial presented to him by the citizens of New York on an occasion, the facts of which are as follows:

On January 2, 1837, the barque "Mexico," 300 tons burden, came ashore at Long Beach. She had on board one hundred and twelve passengers and a crew of eighteen, all of whom perished in the wreck save eight. No relation of the details of that sad, sad story will be recounted here; they are matters of history. Our purpose is the preservation of a subsequent event bearing upon, or a sequence to, the great calamity, which event reflected with much credit and honor upon a neighbor, the most modest and unassuming man that ever lived. The unparalleled heroism displayed by Raynor Rock in his efforts to save the lives of the unfortunate passengers and crew of the barque "Mexico" at the risk of his own life. He, commanding one of the bravest crews that ever manned a surf boat, will be immortalized in the history and records of the great disasters of the Long Island coast.

No shipwreck and suffering that ever happened on the south shores of Long Island has made such a deep and lasting impression upon the sympathies of the native population of Hempstead South as did this disaster to the passengers and crew of the "Mexico." The sorrow was sincere and universal.

We remember the event of the wreck of the "Mexico" and "Bristol" with great distinctness. We remember seeing the bodies of the drowned and frozen brought from the beach in sleds and placed in rows in John Lott's barn for the identification of friends and relatives. We remember the funeral, consisting of fifty-two farm wagons carrying the boxes containing the bodies of the unclaimed dead. It was a sad sight.

Everybody here knows Raynor Rock Smith and all are familiar with the many brave and noble acts in the service of humanity accredited to him. But in his superhuman efforts on behalf of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated "Mexico" his fame reached beyond his immediate neighborhood; his efforts affected the state and the nation. Citizens of New York City saw this, and hence this public recognition.

On the 25th of March, 1837, less than three months after the "Mexico" calamity and less than two months after the entombment of the victims at Rockville Centre, a committee of gentlemen from the City of New York, composed of William J. Hawes, Joseph Meeks, John Horspool, Lawrence Ackerman, William Kellogg and Benjamin Ringold, met Raynor Rock and his friends by appointment at the hotel of Oliver Conklin in Hempstead for the purpose of presenting him, Raynor Rock, with a token of regard (a silver tankard) in commemoration of his services to humanity.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the committee from New York arrived, and the presentation took place in the hall of the hotel in presence of a large audience of New Yorkers, South Siders and many villagers.

While awaiting the arrival of the committee and at the personal

request of a friend of Captain Nathan Holdridge and the audience, Mr. Smith recounted in detail the rescue of Captain Holdridge from death. The story was intensely interesting, rehearsing minutely all that transpired for over half an hour while he struggled alternately in a tempestuous surf for his own life and in keeping the unconscious captain from drowning, and finally getting him on the beach and in working all night to revive him. It was a plain, simple story of self-devotion to an unfortunate human being, told without adornment, flowing with the enthusiasm and eloquence of nature. This was long prior to the wreck of the "Mexico."

On the arrival of the committee the meeting was called to order and organized by the appointment of John Simonson to the chair. The object of the call was read, when William J. Hawes delivered the following address in presenting the cup:

"Mr. Chairman, Citizens of Hempstead," and turning to Raynor Smith, said:

"We are a committee appointed by the citizens of the Fifth Ward of the City of New York to discharge the difficult task of expressing to you their admiration of your chivalrous attempt to rescue the passengers and crew of the barque 'Mexico,' lately stranded on the adjacent beach, and to ask your acceptance of a trifling token of their regard for your intrepidity.

"You, sir, cannot have forgotten the terrors of that distressed wreck, nor is it possible for us not to remember how nobly you and your gallant associates adorned humanity in your life struggle with the elements, and how well you redeemed our coast from the ignominy of inhospitality.

"Having awaited in vain for the recognition of your services in a more general and distinguished manner, we have felt that we owe it to our city, to the credit of our state and country, so far as in our power lies, to express to you the sentiments we entertain of your perilous adventure. We cannot forget the morning of that eventful day, when the weary 'Mexico,' with an insufficient and mutinous crew, doomed to avoidable destruction, poured out her signal gun of distress among the breakers of Long Island; when mothers and sisters and rough sailors stretched imploring hands to the shore and screamed unavailing prayers to Him who rules the storm; when, as if to turn into mockery the attempt to save the predestined ship, violence was given to the winds and fury to the waves, and builded between the vessel and the shore a wall of floating ice, which scarce even hope itself could struggle to surmount.

"Who that saw the scene—the lingering death of a hundred martyrs to cold and hunger and hope disappointed, freezing in the sight of comfortable hearths, starving in the view of abundance, despairing in the midst of promise! I cannot attempt to paint a description of that day and night of horror! It was amid the terrors of such a

"scene, when the boldest and skilfullest stood upon the beach in doubt
"and dismay and awe, that in risking everything but honor and the
"plaudits of the humane, your sole adventurous skiff struggled through
"the resisting ice and climbed the overwhelming mountains of surf, and
"sought to bring salvation to the perishing wretches, who ought to have
"expected you rather as a fellow sufferer than a saviour. What heaven
"denied to their prayers it seemed willing to grant to your courage.
"Eight souls live to pray for the future reward of your exertions. The
"rest cold death claimed for his portion.

"The city knows the fact, the commercial and Christian world
"knows the fact, and the press the length and breadth of the country
"have heralded your heroism and hazardous endeavors. We propose
"a simple but more tangible and lasting testimonial that you and your
"children may contemplate with pride. Such conduct has in other
"countries gained for less daring heroes the reward of civic crowns and
"national honors. He who saved the life of a Roman was honored with
"a seat next to the Senate, and public assemblies, when he entered, rose
"to do him reverence. These rewards we cannot give you. But such
"as your fellow countrymen can give, of gratitude to one who has ren-
"dered honor to the state, such we bestow. These we yield, these we
"bring in tribute, that your children and the children of your brave
"boys may not complain that Americans cannot appreciate acts of de-
"votion and danger, and that your distant posterity may have preserved
"among them a glorious example of their ancestor. We have caused a
"skilful artist to engrave upon silver a faint sketch of your achievement.
"Upon this cup, which I now tender to your acceptance, is embossed the
"story of the ill-fated 'Mexico' and the glory of Raynor Rock Smith.
"It is but a sketch, for the labors of the artist, however successful, can
"initiate only the prominent features of the scene. . . . In tender-
"ing to you, sir, this token of our regard, we do not expect greatly to
"add to your honor, nor to increase the esteem in which you must be
"held by every man who appreciates virtuous heroism. It is perhaps
"more as a relief to our own hearts than as a sufficient tribute to your
"merits that we bring our offering. Justice to ourselves requires us,
"nevertheless, to say it is not a mere impulse, not an emotion springing
"from the first impression produced by the performance of a good ac-
"tion, that has prompted this expression of our feelings. The memorial
"has been considered. The worthiness of your conduct has been
"weighed. It is from deliberate justice, as well as from glowing ad-
"miration, that our tribute springs. . . .

"Permit me now, in conclusion, to express the gratification which
"I personally feel in being the organ of expression of the sentiments
"of our constituents. None can know better than I know how well the
"tribute is bestowed. I have had the enjoyment of your acquaintance
"for many years and have witnessed more than one instance of your
"skill and courage. I have partaken of your hospitality in the islands of

"the sea and have had good occasion to commend the staunchness of your surf boat. But there lives another worthy citizen who will commend more than I know how to do the intrepidity which is the theme of our present praise. Years since, at the imminent peril of your own life, you rescued Captain Nathan Holdridge from the surf and recalled him from the jaws of death back to grateful life. For him and for all the other lives you have saved to the republic, we thank you. And we pray that your valuable life may long be spared, if not to act in future cases of distress, to teach and encourage your sons and grandsons how to earn esteem on earth and a worthy welcome into heaven."

To which Mr. Smith replied:

"GENTLEMEN:

"I thank you, I sincerely thank you for your gift. In return for it I can only say that should a similar wreck, or any other wreck, ever again occur on our shores, I shall endeavor to show that I deserve it. I shall preserve your gift. I shall value it above all price. It shall remain with me while I live, and when I die it shall not go out of my family, if I can help it."

A simple entertainment was then had prepared by the friends of Mr. Smith, in which only about thirty participated. This highly commendable act of private citizens in recognition of the humane and heroic act of Raynor Rock Smith had a salutary effect upon the community and led to the incorporation of the "Life Saving Benevolent Association." This society has been of incalculable service in life saving on the south shores of Long Island, not that it has increased the number of those heroic and humane people who have always been ready to hazard their own lives to relieve distress, but that such acts were through this Association given to the public. One noted case of many is that of Patrick T. Gould, who received a gold medal from that Association for courage and humanity in saving the lives of the crew of the brig "Flying Cloud," wrecked at East Hampton, Long Island.

We must forego the pleasure of recording many notable instances of life saving which, besides courage, displayed a vast knowledge of how to act in the face of a heavy surf on the Long Island coast.

Tuesday, May 10, 1842.

Having a leave of absence today, we attended the great contest between "Fashion" and "Boston," two horses reared under methods respectively Northern and Southern.

It was never our fortune to see so many people gathered on any one occasion as were massed at the Union Race Course, Long Island, today. This great event was the outcome of a challenge from Colonel William R. Johnson, a Southern man, a Nestor of the sporting world of America, to James Long, of Washington, to run his mare, "Fashion," four-mile heats, best two in three, against the latter's horse, "Boston," for

forty thousand dollars, twenty thousand a side, to be run on the Union Course, Long Island.

The number of spectators who witnessed this great trial of speed was estimated at between fifty and sixty thousand, gathered from all parts of the United States.

The day was all that could be desired, and the track in good condition. All efforts to describe the enthusiasm of the partisans in this great contest would be absolutely useless.

The race was won by Johnson's mare, "Fashion." Time, first heat, 7 minutes, 31½ seconds; second heat, 7 minutes, 45 seconds.

This was the second great race between the North and South, a former having taken place in 1823.

There had been much contention between Northern and Southern breeders in bringing up and training blooded horses for best results. These sectional experts differed on many points, and hence this great meeting.

The amount of money which changed owners on this day at the Union Track and other places consequent upon this contest must have been enormous. It ran probably up into hundreds of thousands. It was also a harvest for the land-sharks; some of the most enterprising of the light-fingered professionals may retire on the earnings of this day. They operated in gangs and on lines entirely circumventing the efforts of the constabulary of Queens County.

Thursday, May 12, 1842.

The people of the Town of Hempstead have been greatly exercised over a proposed canal, extending from deep water on the Hempstead Bay to Milburn. The subject has been much discussed and the Government has made preliminary surveys from the head of Long Creek to the Milburn corners. An enterprise of this character would vastly improve the commerce of the town and build up an important business center at Milburn.

CHAPTER IX.

CROWS.—THE MILLERITE CAMP-MEETING.

Sunday, May 15, 1842.



E are taking these notes from the open door of the second story of the wagon-house, while watching the movements of a flock of crows. About one hundred and fifty yards from the house a crow is perched upon the summit of a locust tree, on the highest dry branch. His pose is majestic. His companions, seven in number, are upon the ground. That this one crow is placed there as a sentinel to give warning of approaching danger there can be no reasonable doubt. A man crossing an adjoining field four hundred yards away was deemed suspicious and the "ka-ka" comes from the top of the locust. In an instant the crows are on the wing; they settle in a near woods, and in a few moments the danger seemed to have passed, they return and the sentinel again takes his station, and the crows resume their meal.

That sentinel crow has watched us scrutinizingly as we have him, and taken as copious notes, but so long as we remain up in the wagon-house he will not become suspicious of us.

The movement of these crows is an interesting study, and we watched them until they had gleaned their breakfast on the stubble and cornfield and flew away. Nothing gathered from this interview would go to change our long established conviction that the crow is a criminal, and he knows it. Man is his enemy, and he knows it. A crow don't loaf around a cornfield with a picket guard for fun, nor for exercise. The vacant corn hills when the young sprouts begin to appear attest to his thrift, but he is wily; he takes a minimum number of chances, and those are when his wit fails. He does not know the significance of a piece of bright tin fluttering from the end of a pole in a cornfield, and he gives it a wide berth. He has familiarized himself with the straw effigy of a man set up in a cornfield. He knows the difference between the stick the man holds and a real gun, and he commits his depredations under the very shadow of it. The man image is a physical fraud and he has demonstrated it, but the fluttering tin is metaphysical; his logic will not explain it; therefore he avoids it.

The crow is a philosopher and a logician. The depth of his philosophy or the soundness of his logic we need not here go into; it is sufficient to preserve to him a whole skin. He is a sound reasoner so far as applicable to his personal safety. If you betray *the least interest in him* he construes it into intended mischief. He will sometimes permit you to approach near him, providing you appear indifferent to him, but

the moment you *betray the least interest* in him he becomes suspicious and seeks safety in flight.

Tuesday, June 7, 1842.

The apology for retaining the following in the journal is that some of the events connect the famous criminal with Hempstead:

Colonel Monroe Edwards, otherwise I. P. Caldwell, under which title he operated, was brought to trial in the City of New York before presiding Judge William Kent, Aldermen Hall and Hatfield, for forgery and other frauds. His operations involved an amount exceeding \$160,000.

Monroe Edwards had formerly been a prominent figure during the summer season in the Village of Hempstead, and was highly respected there for his social and charitable qualities. He entertained a great affection for sport in the South Bay; hence the great interest taken in the trial by Hempstead people who knew him personally. Many attended through the entire trial, which lasted eight days.

We attended with my Uncle Oliver Ellsworth, who was attracted there by the great men engaged in the case, and he believed that Edwards was the subject of a conspiracy.

The fraud committed by Edwards consisted in forging checks and commercial paper, in which he displayed a consummate knowledge and adroitness, far transcending that of the ordinary criminal, embracing a labyrinthian field of false and forged correspondence.

In social life Edwards was a man of extraordinary attractiveness, of faultless personal address, and all who knew him personally believed in his innocence to the last.

A great amount of legal talent was arrayed on this trial. For the prosecution were James R. Whitney, District Attorney, assisted by Hon. Ogden Hoffman, and for the defense Hon. J. J. Crittenden, U. S. Senator, Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, I. Prescott Hall, Robert M. Emmett, William M. Price and William M. Evarts. Up to this period of our history, in the following respects—the amount involved—the high status of the court—the legal talent on both the prosecution and the defense, and the social standing of the defendant—this was the most extraordinary criminal trial ever had, or probably ever will be had in this state; such a combination is not likely to ever occur again in any single trial.

Those who witnessed the trial have pronounced it one of the most consummate exhibitions of legal sparring ever known, and the eloquence of the summing up will never be forgotten by those present.

The trial occupied eight days. The appeals to the jury were masterpieces of the highest order. Edwards, however, was found guilty, convicted, and died in State prison. There was a pamphlet published of this trial, which (trial) was re-

markable for the dignified manner in which a desperate case was handled.

Mrs. Chapman Coleman, daughter of John J. Crittenden, in her life of her father says: "In 1868, I was in Washington and was introduced to Mr. Evarts, then Attorney-General of the United States. I was introduced as the daughter of John J. Crittenden, and I received from Mr. Evarts a cordial grasp of the hand and a touching allusion to my father's public character and private worth. I told him that I was collecting materials for the life of Mr. Crittenden and asked his assistance. This he readily promised. Mr. Evarts at that time told me this anecdote:

" 'At the very outset of my professional career, I was associated with Mr. Crittenden as counsel in the famous trial of Monroe Edwards for forgery. (Monroe Edwards was a Kentuckian. His parents lived in Logan County, where he was born and where Mr. Crittenden commenced the practice of law. Mr. Edwards' family were among Mr. Crittenden's most intimate friends, and Monroe had been, in boyhood, one of his special favorites. Mr. Crittenden came forward to exert his best abilities in the service of his old friend.)

" 'Mrs. Coleman,' said Mr. Evarts, 'I shall never forget that trial in connection with your father. I was a young man on the threshold of my professional career, and your father's reputation was firmly and widely established as a lawyer and a statesman. His cordial manner during the trial is most gratefully remembered by me, and at its close he asked me to take a walk with him. During that walk he took a slight review of the trial, complimented me upon my course during its progress and the ability he was pleased to think I had manifested, and in conclusion, grasping my hand with warmth, he said: "Allow me to congratulate and encourage you on the course of life you have adopted. I assure you that the highest honors of the profession are within your grasp, and with perseverance you may expect to attain them." Those words from Mr. Crittenden would have gratified the pride of

any young lawyer and given him new strength for the struggle of his profession. I can truly say that these words have been of the greatest value to me through life.' "

Sunday, July 10, 1842.

Today is the ninth consecutive day in which we have had rain. We don't remember so long a spell of rainy weather; our enduring storms are usually from the south, but during the last nine days we have had but little southerly wind. Reports from the northern and western parts of the state bring accounts of similar weather. Vast quantities of hay have been ruined, having been cut and no weather to cure it and get it in. A famine for our stock is prophesied therefore next winter.

Tuesday, July 26, 1842.

Went yesterday on our annual family picnic to Long Beach. We were conveyed from the landing in the small boats of Daniel Smith, Samuel Tredwell and Daniel Tredwell to the head of Long Creek, where we embarked on a large sloop belonging to Daniel Smith. The company consisted of the families of Thomas Tredwell, John Tredwell, Daniel Tredwell, Samuel Tredwell, Benjamin Tredwell, Daniel Smith and Lester Bedell, consisting of fifty-one persons, representing three generations. We sailed down Long Creek to the beach, where we arrived at 9.30 o'clock and moored the sloop in deep water close to the bank, where we could walk to the shore on a gangplank. We roamed over the beach, bathed in the surf and swam in the still water. Some of our party gathered clams for a clambake. Everybody was enjoying himself generally. Dinner, which had been provided by each family, was served in common on the deck of the sloop under shelter of the mainsail spread over the deck as an awning. The dinner was the great feature of the day. All kinds of good things had been prepared and everybody had a good appetite. Cheer after cheer went up as dish after dish of chicken salad and pan after pan of baked beans were brought upon the table.

After dinner we took another stroll on the beach and at six o'clock got under way for home with the early flood. The sail home was delightful, and we ventured outside New Inlet until we felt the ocean ground swell; when some of the women complained of sea sickness, we returned.

The wind was light; the weather perfect. Our progress homeward was slow and tedious; we did not arrive until after dark. The small boats were dispensed with on our return; it being now high tide, the sloop came up to the dock of Samuel Tredwell's landing, where wagons were in waiting to carry us home. Everybody had a good time, got sunburned, and the old folks and the children were very tired. Thus

ended a very pleasurable day, a kind of family reunion, which will be repeated again next year, as it has been continued from immemorial time.

Sunday, August 14, 1842.

Went this day to see the great Millerite encampment in Pettit's woods, about one mile south from the Village of Hempstead. We believe they have been encamped here about one week. This piece of primeval woods is charmingly adapted and is held for purposes of this kind. The grounds are fenced, or stockaded, and can be closed at night against intruders. The encampment does not in any essential particular differ in its arrangement from an ordinary Methodist camp meeting. There is a large shelter, or stand, erected, from which sermons are preached or addresses delivered.

There are seats erected sufficient to accommodate two thousand people; besides, there is a large tent capable of holding a great many people, to be used in the emergency of bad weather. The private tents, of which there were a great many, were arranged about the grounds much as the ordinary camp meeting. We were told that the attendance during the week had not been remarkably great, being mostly composed of the faithful; people were too busy getting in their crops to listen to talks about the end of the world. "We'll get our wheat in, and then we don't care."

But there was a vast number of people on the ground today, the greater portion of whom were attracted there out of curiosity and the novelty of the occasion. Not much respect was shown for the promoters of the Millerite bubble. It was regarded by all level-headed people the most airy of all the religious frauds.

The founder of this schism was William Miller. His doctrine was made known to the world in 1833. He claimed that he had discovered from the Scriptures that the second coming of Christ was to take place in April, 1843, when the world would come to an end and the faithful would enter at once into the joys of heaven; that they would be translated in the flesh when the dissolution took place, which Miller prophesied would be in April, 1843. This doctrine of Miller, which seems to supplement the general belief of all Christians in the second coming of Christ, did not require a great deal of pushing to capture the minds of weak Christians. Many of the strong ones ridiculed Miller as a fraud, while in their hearts they quaked with fear as the day approached, fearing that it might be true.

While the great crowd on the camp ground who were not worshippers, nor neophytes, maintained a marvelous decorum, it was quite the reverse on the outside of the grounds; for a fourth of a mile north and south of the main entrance every conceivable traffic in bibulous fluids was carried on, and noisy vagabond crowds occupied booths on the highway. There was a constant stream of pedestrians going and coming from the Village of Hempstead.

The most attractive speaker during the day was Joshua V. Hines, chief saint and prophet. He spoke twice during the day from the outside stand. One Amasa Baker held forth from within the big tent. He was a fire eater. He enunciated emphatically that all the saints who accepted the teachings of the prophet and were prepared would enter with Christ the Kingdom in April next; all others would be burned to a cinder by an avenging God. Many others preached, but the principal method for proselytizing was through the circulation of printed matter, pamphlets, not only for the camp ground, as was being done at the present time, but for years previous the country had been flooded with Millerite literature, pamphlets and books. No household on the South Side escaped this infliction. Some of the pamphlets were made up of labyrinthian diagrams, signs, with a muddle of mathematics, chronology and Scripture references, entirely beyond the comprehension of any sane man. By this means the doctrinal jungle had been thoroughly introduced to all grades of society in this part of the town, and with all this and a great deal of intemperate bluster, and the promise of a free passage to heaven, while all other things were in a state of fusion, many people who had never seriously anticipated going to heaven at all were scared into a yearning, and some no doubt were led to sincerely believe.

But we shall see what takes place on April next. Many of the faithful have made complete arrangements for the ascension, some having already prepared ascension robes of elaborate structure. Some, it is said, have given away their property to relieve themselves of all earthly attachments, knowing that they will have no further use for such things.

The devotion of these deluded people to their cause and their absolute faith transcends anything we have ever seen in the way of religious enthusiasm. In all their prayer meetings, in their singing and in their conversations, there was an earnestness marvelous for so weak a cause. There were many people about the grounds known to us whose interest seemed to be more than mere idle spectators. They appeared to be connected with the encampment; many of them belonged on the Neck, and whom we had never suspected of being tainted with this most preposterous fake, they being communicants in other churches.

Altogether, the day was profitably spent in meeting friends and punning about becoming colors for robes, etc., not, however, in a sense of ridicule to those sincere worshippers; upon their leaders rests the odium.

The records of the Millerite movement in the Town of Hempstead during the years from 1834 to 1843 would form an important factor in the history of the town during that decade. Many proselytes were made in Hempstead from the

sturdy, hard-working yeomanry of the South Side, who had successfully resisted the appeals of all other sects.

They were reached principally by personal contact, the newspapers and a vast amount of book and pamphlet literature.

William Miller, the founder of the sect, was born at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, 1781, and he began prophesying the end of the world and the second coming of Christ about 1834. The Great High Priest, however, of the sect was Joshua V. Hines.

The following is from "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816 to 1840)": "This year (1833) saw the beginning of the Millerite craze, which assumed considerable proportions during the ten years or more next succeeding, causing a good deal of talk and newspaper comment and unsettling many weak minds. William Miller of Hampton, New York (born in Pittsfield, Mass.), believed, or pretended that he had discovered from his study of the Holy Scriptures, that the end of the world was near at hand and prophesied Christ's second coming in the month of April, 1843. The new doctrine was promulgated by preaching and circulation of books and tracts and secured adherents, many of whom when the appointed time drew near divested themselves of their property, as being of no further use to them and prepared ascension robes to be in readiness for the great day. Finally, the day arrived; full of expectation, every Millerite was prepared; but on that day, nothing unusual occurring, it was said that some error in the computation had been found and that the true date was in October of the same year. All this did not in the least degree ruffle the faith of the true believer."

A letter in the "Troy Times" of July, 1894, contains an account by the Rev. Professor Wentworth, then in the Troy Conference Academy, of a visit made by him to Miller on the day before the great expected conflagration.

Professor Wentworth says: "That although the final judgment was so near, and the faithful were casting away their

worldly goods in contempt of all things perishable, it was not so with Miller himself. He believed," says Dr. Wentworth, "in the Scripture injunction, 'Occupy till I come,' and his fields were clean mown and cropped, his woodhouse was full of wood sawed and piled for winter use. Forty rods of new stone wall had been built that fall, and a drag stood ready with boulders as a cargo to be laid upon the wall the next day."

Lydia Maria Childs' caustic comment on the Millerite was that she had "heard of very few instances of stolen goods restored, or of falsehoods acknowledged as a preparation for the dreaded event."

Upon the failure of the second prophecy reasons for a new one were forthcoming, and again on March 22, 1844, the Millerites, clad in their ascension robes, gathered on hilltops, looking vainly for the coming of Christ from the East. It was a pathetic company and much of the pathetic quality attended this delusion, in the course of which the more feeble minds became deranged, and not a few committed suicide.

During the years embraced in this recital much discussion was had among the people of a higher intellectual grade than Miller's proselytes generally, upon whom little or no impression was made by these ranting adventists.

Miller outlived his reputation as a prophet, but not that of a sacreligious fraud, and the end of the world came for him in December, 1849. The Second Adventist Sect, however, of which he was the real father, survives as his monument, having attained the dignity of further sectism and subdivision within itself, some of the members having developed new views of the Trinity, while some retain orthodox opinions, some taking up the seventh day notion, others Sunday, etc. Miller, of course, was the figurehead, but the brains were in the head of Joshua V. Hines, an early convert, who became the real organizer of the movement and provided and disseminated its literature. In after years, when sect after sect appeared among the remaining adherents of Miller, Mr. Hines continued to be the leader of the more conservative. At the age of seventy-

four so adroit a schemer was he that he received Deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church at the hand of Bishop Clarkson, and remained in the missionary charge then entrusted to him, and active therein, until his death at ninety years toward the close of 1895.

The same author says: 'It is a remarkable fact that the Millerite movement largely helped to pave the way for the Episcopal Church reformation, into which thousands came after the time had passed for the second coming. Millerism made no converts originally from the Episcopal Church, but drew from the religious bodies in which the doctrines of the intermediate state, the Resurrection and the second coming of Christ had been once a prevailing faith, now much ignored.'

We do not believe that the above, as a result, will apply to the Hempstead South congregations of Millerism. Our experience, which, true, was limited, was that those who drew from the churches to swell the ranks of the Millerites returned generally to their old churches, the Presbyterian and Methodist. An organization known as Second Adventists survived the collapse at Hempstead. The true believer, however, lost no faith by the first failure, but on the second and third many began to gain consciousness and realize that they had been imposed upon and felt the deepest mortification, which was much heightened by the ridicule heaped upon them by their unbelieving neighbors. And the taint stuck to them many years.

Quite a large congregation of these deluded people assembled in a barn between Rockville Centre and Hempstead (further particulars leading to identification we forbear out of respect to the many respectable survivors of these misguided people), arrayed in ascension robes on the night before the coming of Christ and their ascension. They spent the night (their last on earth) in praying and singing, and not until the dawn of day did it dawn upon these misguided idiots of the ridiculous spectacle they made in returning to their homes in their most absurd trousseau. Some felt the disgrace keenly,

abandoned the faith and from that time never in any manner referred to the subject of Millerism, or the second coming of Christ. Some remained in the barn all day and left under the shadow of darkness. These facts are all well known in the neighborhood and there are those still living who remember the incident and, in fact, there are some yet living who participated in this madman's act. Similar acts of imbecility took place in many other places. It seems improbable that a rational being could be led into such ridiculous beliefs, and yet it is no more absurd than some things in all the creeds; what makes it ridiculous is that they believed it.

Friday, September 2, 1842.

John Tredwell, of Brooklyn, called on my father yesterday at the home of the latter. He was in a most fantastic turnout, consisting of a jaunty buggy with bright red wheels. His team, a white and a sorrel, which he drove tandem, had exceedingly attractive harness and trappings, trimmed with ribbons and rosettes.

Mr. Tredwell and his dashing rig created a sensation among the plain country people, none to his reputation as a man of good sense, from their point of view.

He had driven from Jamaica by way of Hempstead during the morning. His horses were of the highest training, so my father says, and no man in the United States held in higher estimation a well-disciplined, blooded horse than did John Tredwell. He spent about half an hour at our house and drove off toward Jamaica.

The interview we afterwards learned was concerning some interest my grandfather was supposed to have had in property located at Huntington, L. I.

CHAPTER X.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE MARSHING SEASON.

FOREWORD.



LIKE the great plains, the marshes were the common lands of the Town of Hempstead. The marsh privileges were considered a great inducement to settlers.

Sheep parting and marshing were institutions peculiar to Long Island, and so far as we know were unique.

On the south shore of Long Island, between the upland and the beach, or ocean, is a tract of meadow, or marsh land, consisting of about 50,000 acres, of which about 22,000 acres lie in Queens County and about 8,300 acres in the Town of Hempstead.

From the earliest history of the town efforts have been made to divide the common lands of the Town of Hempstead, consisting of the plain lands and these marshes, pro rata among the freeholders of the town. These efforts for various reasons have failed in fruition. At a general town meeting held at Hempstead on October 14, 1723, certain freeholders of the town presented a memorial, setting forth "That whereas, "many persons, having no rights whatever in the town, have "used large tracts of the common marshes to their benefit and "to the injury of the real parties interested, or the freeholders "and inhabitants of the town. The memorialists therefore "pray the assembly that a division of said common land be "equitably made among the freeholders of said town, in proportion to their holdings at the present time, and for this "purpose pray that a commission may be appointed by this "Assembly, consisting of Colonel Hicks, James Searing, James "Jackson, William Willis, Sen. Benjamin Searing, Jun., Joshua

“Carman and Abil Smith, with full power and authority to “divide our said lands in manner and form prescribed.” (Here follows plan.) “And that the charges incurred in “effecting such division be taken from the town funds now in “the hands of Justice John Tredwell, Treasurer of the Town.” The resolution was adopted and at the same time it was ordered that the men deputed to make the division be allowed for their services six shillings per day each.

At a town meeting held nearly twenty years later the four supervisors of this commission were called upon for a report, and they asked for more time. The objection to the scheme seemed to be too much power in the commission, that the projected plan permitted them to dispose of the land as they pleased, and laying out to some persons select tracts, while others might be left to put up with what was left, or get nothing.

This tract of marsh land is perfectly level and is interspersed by creeks running in every conceivable direction, and being of every conceivable degree of crookedness, width and depth. A large portion of this tract of meadow produces a salt grass very healthful for cattle and sheep. And it being common land of the town, any townsman may harvest as much as he pleases, with only the restriction as to the time for the commencement of cutting. At the town meeting, or spring election, it was resolved by the good people of the town *viva voce* that the cutting of the marshes shall commence on a named day, usually Tuesday after the second Monday in September. Consequently, on the day previous, or the second Monday in September, the inhabitants go in their boats to locate a patent, or in other words, to select a desirable piece of grass not yet selected by any other person; but no one is permitted to cut until sunrise on Tuesday, under the penalty of the law. The cutting of hay on these marshes commenced early in the history of the English settlers, but the first act appearing on the records of the town regulating the cutting was on July 5, 1667, and was as follows:

"July ye 5, 1667.

"It is ordered this day by the constable and overseers of
"this present towne that Noe man shall mow under any pre-
"tense soever Any of ye common meddows Att the South be-
"fore ye 25th Day of this present Month upon ye Breach of
"this order he that shall make ye Breach of ye foresayd order
"shall forfitt the sayd grass or hay or ten shillings a lode ye
"one halfe to him that Complains and ye other halfe to ye
"towne."

From this time on, many acts were passed at the town meeting regulating the cutting of grass and many other matters concerning the marshes, until nearly one hundred years later, we find the following fully defined enactment on the town records:

"Att a Publick Town Meeting held in Hempstead the
"thirty-first Day of August one thousand and Seven hundred
"and Sixty-one persuant to the Direction of the above War-
"rant it Was then Voted and Agreed upon by the Majority of
"the Freeholders & Tennants in Common of the Said Town-
"ship then Assembled that No Grass Nor Sedge Shall be cut
"On the Common Meadows or Marshes on the South Side of
"Sd Township at any time hereafter untill the first day of
"September (Except Such Small Quantitys as people usually
"Cut in the Summer Season to Salt their cattle), and it is Also
"Voted by a Majority of the said Freeholders & Tennants in
"Common that if Any person shall Cut any Grasse or Sedge
"as aforesaid before the first day of September they shall
"forfitt & pay twenty shillings for Every offence to the use of
"the poor of the said Township & the following persons to
"wit: Timothy Beadle, Sam R. Smith, Samuel Langdon, In-
"crease Pettit & William Langdon, or any two of them are by
"Vote of the said Freeholders and tennants in common chosen
"to Sue for the Said Fines and forfeitures & When Received to
"pay it to the Church Warden for the use above said.

"And whereas many persons have of late years been
"obliged to go to the Marshes to Git hay to Winter there Cat-

"tle but find Great Difficulty in Curing the Same for want of
 "More publick Landing places and have complained at the
 "Town Meeting that Sundry persons have inclosed part of the
 "Common Land and Meadow AT South for their own particu-
 "lar use So as to Debar the Town in general the benefitt
 "thereof therefore the Freeholders & Tennants as abovesaid
 "Do by Majority of Votes Appoint and Impower Timothy
 "Beadle, Thomas Rushmore, Isaac Denton & Benjamin
 "Cheesman to Inspect into the Same and Where they Shall find
 "Any person or persons that have fenced in Any of the An-
 "cient Comanages as aforesaid they shall require Such Persons
 "to throw out the Same in Som Convenient time, Which if
 "they neglect or Refuse to Do then the said Persons or
 "Either of them Shall Lay Open the Same and the Town to
 "Clear them Harmless for So Doing & as Several persons
 "Who usually practice Gitting Hay of the Marshes have
 "Made Application to this Town Meeting in behalf of them-
 "selves and Others that Now Do or hereafter May have Occa-
 "sion to Git Hay of the Marshes for Libery to Inclose such
 "parts of the comonages as they May have Occasion for to
 "cure their Hay On. During the General Season of Gitting
 "Sedge and then their Inclosure to be removed So as to Lye
 "in common."

All of which was granted by the Major Vote of the Free-
 holders.

On June 17, 1765, the above enactment was confirmed by
 the assembled freeholders, adding "That whereas, many per-
 "sons have for Several Years past in order to Ingross to them-
 "selves the Sedge Growing on the Most handy Marshes in
 "the Said Township as Soon as the time Comes for Mowing
 "to go on with such a Number of hands as to Cut down Such
 "Large parcels as cannot be got off under several days which
 "Not only Renders it Liable to be Carried away with the
 "tide & so make a Scarcity butt is doing great Injustice to the
 "other Inhabitants having a right as they are deprived of a

"Share in the handy marshes and are obliged to get most of their Hay from the Most distant.

"Now, if any persons Shall for the futer any time before the 20th day of September Cut Down Any More Sedge on the said South Marshes than they shall Bring off the same day they Shall forfeit twenty Shillings for each Offence.

"In case of stress of weather or accident such persons May not be considered offenders." A committee was appointed to enforce the enactment.

At every town meeting some enactment was passed regulating the cutting of grass on the marshes. The last act contained in the extant records of the Town of Hempstead was passed August 7, 1775. It was merely confirmatory of former acts.

There is an unwritten common law among these honest people that the person first locating on a tract of marsh signified by setting up a rake, a pitchfork, a grindstone, or other device, has undisputed right to occupy against all subsequent comers. This right is never questioned.

My father had located a cluster of islands on Shell Creek, better known as Mud Hole Hassock. These patents were about three and a half miles from our landing place on the mainland. The landing place was private, belonging to our family, and we consequently escaped the ill consequences of common dockage and common curing ground. Such was the scarcity and so great the demand for curing ground that the highway commissioners were petitioned to set aside a piece of public ground for that purpose, which they did as a free spreading ground.

(See Rec. of the Towns of North and South Hempstead, Liber E, page 70.)

The grass when cut was brought in boats (large farmers had scows which would carry ten ordinary boat loads) to the mainland, usually the same day that it was cut, for a storm or a spring tide might carry it all away. Here it was spread out on upland to cure, and when cured it was removed to the

barnyard and stacked, the cattle and sheep generally having access to it during the winter. They did not, however, eat much of it; it was very salt. They enjoyed a little of it as a relish only. Milch cows were kept away from it, as it was said to dry up their milk.

This sedge hay harvest, or marshing, as it was called, was a season of hard work, but not without its pleasures. It was extremely healthful work. There were some who cut this hay to sell, and we believe it was sold at a profit. Farmers living out of the town who kept a large stock of cattle were generally the customers who purchased it. A two-horse load after it was cured would fetch about twelve or fifteen dollars. Some of the larger farmers who wintered a great deal of stock cut large quantities of this hay and had many men in their employ during the sedge harvest. Such usually constructed temporary huts or shelters of considerable dimensions on the marsh during this season. In these rude structures they slept, generally taking their meals in the open air, one of their number usually doing the cooking and preparing the meals. The cook was generally the greatest crank in the gang. He had a weakness for his profession and was always ventilating his peerless qualities as a caterer.

Eels, hard and soft shell clams, crabs and fish being obtainable in great quantities in the waters of the immediate creeks and bays, the farmers and their hands lived pretty generally upon these products, sometimes, however, indulging in the luxury of such game as snipe and duck. There was a great variety of game birds frequenting the waters and marshes of this part of Long Island, as the plover, canvasback duck, yellow leg snipe, marlin and others of the tribe, teal or brant.

Many of the plain countrymen are genuine sporting men of the old school, famous for coolness, unassuming and who do not in the fullness of experience claim entire immunity from nervousness in extreme cases, as a prolonged struggle with a twelve-pound sheephead with a six-ounce rod and an ordinary trout line, and whose nerves do sometimes threaten *anæsthesia*

in looking into a flock of yellow leg snipe or marlin along the barrels of his fowling piece, but they never miss their game.

We recall with great pleasure the incidents of the nine days spent in the marshing camp, during which period we slept on the marsh, ate eel and clam chowder and smothered flounders, or fluke, with the mess.

The methods of cooking were probably healthful, but not calculated to inspire the greatest enthusiasm for its classical neatness, or immaculate cleanliness, nor its conformity with the revised code of *Brillat Savarin*.

Our *chef de cuisine* was phenomenal in science and artifice; one iron pot rendered service for boiling, stewing, roasting and for a variety of other purposes. The plates used were of pewter, spoons of the same material. Elegance and formality were not distinguishing characteristics of these camp meals, but they were served and eaten with an abundance of that appetizing sauce called in the old adage "hunger." Ovid observed that even the fingers could be used with grace at meals.

The vividness and detail with which our memory recalls, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, the small incidents of the old institution and its customs, all now passed into the realm of dreams, is an evidence of the deep impression made upon us and the intensity with which we enjoyed them. We believe many farmers looked forward with pleasure to the marshing season, as a relief to the monotony of their lives. They made a picnic of it.

All is now passed and oblivion is fast closing over even the memory of these interesting local institutions.

The following entry was made:

Monday, September 5, 1842.

The law now in force concerning the cutting of sedge on the marshes, or the common lands, is that no grass shall be cut before Tuesday after the first Monday in September. Some amendments were made to the marshing law almost every year, but this regulating the cutting was of many years' standing.

According to a long-established custom, our gang were on the

ground at Mud Hole Hassock early on Monday (this) morning and took possession of these hassocks under a ceremony very much like that under which Hendrick Hudson took possession of the Island of Manhattan, not, however, by the erection of our flag, but by the more significant symbols of putting up a rake in one place, a pair of cock-poles in another, our residence and grindstone in another, thus giving notice to the world that our claim was by prior discovery and would be defended against all or any subsequent claimant.

As no sedge could be cut on Monday, except for erecting huts, or some such necessary purpose, the day was spent in preparation, grinding scythes, mending rakes, etc. First, a hut or shelter was erected, and all hands were set to work in its construction. The site selected was on Shell Creek and which had been occupied for the past twenty-five years for the like purpose. There is no high ground on these marshes, but our home site was a trifle higher than the surrounding marsh, made so to some extent by the accumulations incident to occupancy. The soil, and consequently the vegetation, had changed in immediate proximity to our habitation. The vegetation was in a transition state and was already beginning to give evidence of upland tendencies, and a resemblance to fresh water products. All this greatly relieved the monotonous landscape.

A hardy shrub with strong woody fibre had taken possession of a little knoll around our hut and extended its sheltering branches over the less hardy aliens which from accident or selection had invaded our little plot. It is marvelous how soon after being rendered possible by leeching and bleaching that upland plants appear in favored spots on these marshes to the exclusion of all saline types.

Our household consisted of five men and myself and accommodations, although necessarily the most primitive, must be provided for their protection from storms and for comfortable sleeping quarters. In fine weather we would be expected to take our meals in the open air. One of our gang took charge of the preparation of meals and the cooking, and the quantities of food consumed by these five men was truly astounding, although a large portion of our food was prepared on the mainland, such as bread, navy hard bread, pies, cooked ham, baked beans and many others; vegetables were cooked in camp; also clams, fish, eels and birds were served daily. We had an abundant supply of fruit and melons.

Everything now being in readiness for the opening of the season tomorrow, Tuesday, supper was served, and after smoking their pipes the men turned in and in a few minutes were sleeping as soundly as played-out children.

The novelty of the situation drove sleep from us, and after seeking in vain to sleep, thinking into forgetfulness, we crept silently out into the open air. It was a magnificent night. The moon and stars were reflected in flickering zig-zag lines upon the rippling waters. A

slight mist like a curtain hung motionless over the distant creeks, but the solitude was painful. Now and then we were startled by the metallic cackle of a meadow hen or the muffled quack of a sheldrake. Otherwise it was the silence of death, save the ceaseless roll of the ocean.

Tuesday, September 6, 1842.

The men were on hand at sunrise with a determination to send a freight of grass on shore on the morning flood tide, it being high water a little after ten o'clock, but alas, on the first stroke with the scythe it was evident that we must suspend in consequence of the snails, the *Melampus-bidentatus*. These little creatures, not more than a quarter of an inch long were on the grass in countless millions and absolutely prevented the men mowing. They have a tough hard shell and in one stroke of the scythe its edge must necessarily come in contact with thousands—no scythe could endure it. This initial trouble was a little mollusc, an air-breathing animal with true lungs, whose habitat was in the mud at the roots of the sedge grass. He is emphatically a saline creature, but he is wonderfully fond of a little fresh water, and in the morning when the dew is on he ascends the stalk to get the pearly drop suspended on the tip of the sedge leaf, and in such vast numbers are these tiny creatures and so simultaneous are their movements that they would defeat any effort of the mower to cut through them.

Operations must therefore be suspended awaiting their pleasure; from this there was no appeal. However, they soon completed their pilgrimage, for having captured the coveted crystal drop, they descend to their mud homes and in half an hour the grass was entirely free of them. The mowers then went at the work with a will, and in less than two hours had cut sufficient grass for a freight and had commenced loading our transport with the hay, and at nine and a half o'clock our first freight was afloat on its way to the landing.

Wednesday, September 7, 1842.

At nine o'clock this morning our transport was again freighted and on its way to the mainland, it being our intention to send two freights today, one on the morning flood and another on the afternoon. After the return of our boat she was again freighted and sent to the landing, this being the second freight today.

Thursday, September 8, 1842.

It was very foggy this morning and our boat returned late, but was immediately freighted and sent on shore. In this manner the time passed, shipping one load a day, oftener two, except Sunday.

On Sunday, September 11th, we made an excursion to the Long Beach.

Long Beach is about eight miles long, a continuous exchange of sand dunes and ocean strand. And we have heard people say that this stretch of seaboard was a bleak, dreary and unattractive waste. To this we beg to demur. It must be admitted, however, that the first

impression of the landscape is barrenness, which instead of being dissipated, is probably intensified by the sparse vegetation of coarse star-grass with here and there a sunny patch of wild flower in yellow and red. The star-grass, "Marrum" or sea mat, the roots of which penetrated to a depth of thirty feet in search of moisture, is a great protection to the dunes and to a great extent preserves the form and durability of the hills.

In some localities on our sea coast where the sand is invading the upland, the artificial cultivation of marrum has stayed the invasion and large tracts of valuable land have been saved.

We differ from those who see no beauty in the beach landscape. As a whole, the strand, the dunes and the associated marsh to us is a landscape of unparalleled attractiveness. There is something restful and soothing in its silence and stillness. No sound save that of the monotonous old ocean upon the shingled beach in front of the sand hills, and the ceaseless cry of the sea gull performing its graceful evolutions overhead, now and then a snipe; but notwithstanding all this, the aggregate effect is solitude.

The eye cannot penetrate the length of these dunes westward. They melt into the horizon and their magnitude is intensified with an endless variety of form.

These sand hills have an individuality. They are unlike any other hills. They are miniature mountain ranges, as unstable as the waves of the ocean beating at their base. They encircle deep and watered valleys, having a soil and healthful vegetation. As we stand on one of the greatest elevations facing westward, on our immediate right (the north) the white sand shades down insensibly by increased vegetation into the green landscape of the marsh with no sharp line of demarcation between beach and marsh. Next beyond to the north comes the West Run, a wide deep passage of water, like a trunk canal; it distributes all the waters of the floods and ebbs running west from and east to New Inlet. Farther still to the right, about one mile distant, by the aid of a field glass our camp is distinctly made out. Our boat that went on shore last night is just returning and will be ready for another freight tomorrow.

On the other side, the left, is the strand and the ocean, and here was a scene difficult to describe, but of unsurpassing interest. We counted within eye range from west to east sixty-four sailing vessels, sloops and schooners, coasters belonging to the various ports of the south side of Long Island, some going to, others returning from, New York and places on the Hudson. Farther out on the ocean there were within sight at the same moment eleven square-rigged ocean-going craft, some just completing their maybe long and tempestuous voyage, others outward bound.

There was a good full-sail breeze blowing from the westward and it was interesting to watch the change in position of the westward

bound coasters. It was like a vast regatta. They were obliged to beat; one tack, "the long leg," would be off shore, and "the short leg" on shore. On the on-shore tack some of them would stand close enough inshore so that we could hear the man in the jib sheets call out "let her come," or "hellum down" when in his judgment they were close enough inshore for safety, and this vast procession lasted until in the afternoon. As some passed out of sight in the distance others came in, until about five o'clock the whole coast was cleared, not a boat in sight save those entering our port. It seemed that the ocean had engulfed them, but that was not so. The weather outlook was threatening and they had prudently sought shelter in the side ports of Long Island.

We tramped several miles along the beach, feeling little or no fatigue, and on our return stopped at the Hummocks, where a large hut had been erected and was maintained; peradventure it might prove a shelter to some poor bayman, or maybe to some wrecked sailor. There was a large Indian shell heap at this place, before referred to. The hut was occupied by Ize Johnson, with general consent its accepted keeper.

Ize was a vagrant throughout. We do not mean a vicious loafer, but a dreamy idler who takes life indifferently, having learned the Art of Arts, that of doing without—a cultivated savage—this is no contradiction—it is near the perfection of manhood.

We looked in the hut, but did not enter; the atmosphere was far from being agreeable. After giving Ize all the tobacco in our party, we left for the camp.

The weather prognostications for tomorrow were bad.

Monday, September 12, 1842.

At six A. M. we were afloat with rod and gun to make a day for weakfish in Scow Creek, and peradventure any winged creature that may venture within our range. Weather fair, wind S. E.

Returned with fifteen pounds of weakfish and an empty gun. During the entire nine days of this picnic the weather was remarkably fine. We had but one short storm, many fogs, and among the casualties worthy of mention one was the sinking of our boat with a freight of hay on. It happened in this wise: We were getting ready to go on shore with a freight; a strong wind was blowing from the northwest and flood tide was making from the southeast. The boat was unmoored from the bank; before her crew were ready the tide swung her around against the strong wind, and between the two forces, wind and tide, acting in counter directions, she careened over, filled with water and sank. She was immediately towed to shallow water and unloaded. By this accident one trip was lost. The other casualty was the loss of a dinner through the stupidity of our cook. He upset two and a half gallons of clam chowder into the fire, putting out the fire, putting out the chowder, and seriously putting the workmen out of temper, who were obliged to satisfy their hunger upon hardtack, red herring and a short allowance of beans.

Wednesday, September 14, 1842.

The second marshing week was enlivened by an affair in the bay which might have ended in a tragedy.

It had been a custom from immemorial time for vessels, sloops and schooners, to lay at anchor in Long Creek with a clam basket up in the shrouds—a signal that they were there for trafficking in clams and would purchase, with cash, all that were brought to them. This was all legitimate, providing the sloops and schooners belonged to the ports of the South Side, and that those who caught and offered the clams for sale were inhabitants of the town.

A great wrong had been endured by the townspeople of Hempstead, long prior to 1753 to the present, for on the 13th of October, 1753, we find that the freeholders of the town at a town meeting at Hempstead adopted the following resolutions which embody the entire grievance:

“WHEREAS, a great many Strangers (without any Right, Liberty or License so to do), and also some of the Inhabitants of the said
“Town, have lately come with Canoes, Boats and other Vessels into
“the Bays, Creeks and Marshes Situate on the South Side of the Said
“Township and there Raked and Taken and wholly Destroyed Vast
“Quantytys of Certain Shell fish Called Clams with Designe chiefly
“for the benefit of the Shells which Havock and Wast if Continued and
“Suffered will tend to the Total Destruction of that part of the fishery
“in those places to the very great Loss and Detriment of the Inhabi-
“tants of the Said Town. Especially of the poorer Sort who Daly
“Receive great Benefit and Sustenance from the Said Fishery. In Order
“for the Preventing of the aforesaid Mischife and Wrong it is now by
“the freeholders of the Said Town with the Concurrence and Desire of
“others the Inhabitants agree to and the Right Privilege and free Liberty
“of the piscary and fishery of Clams in the aforesaid plaise is hereby
“given and granted unto James Pine, Leffert Hogovout, Colman Comes
“and Abram Bond as assignees and feoffers in Trust for the use and
“benefit of the aforesaid freeholders and Inhabitants and in respect of
“these persons who Reside in the Said Town and do do the futer for
“their own Covetious humors Continue to Make Destruction of the
“Said fishery in manner aforesaid the aforesaid Trustees are to agree
“with those persons and assign them and Space where to take clams and
“if these persons will neither Disest from Destroying the Clams in
“manner as aforesaid or come to a Reasonable Agreement then in that
“case the Said Assignees or Trustees are to bring them to An Appor-
“tionment By Law or Equity as they in their Discretion shall think fit
“and With Respect to Straingers and Idel persons who have no right
“in the town aforesaid it is by the freeholders and Inhabitants of Sd
“Town Ordered that for Each offence as above said they shall pay a
“fine of Twenty Shillings and the aforementioned Trustees are Hereby
“Impowered to Sue for the Same and to pay themselves for their Trouble

"Out of the Said fines and the Overplush Deliver to the Church War-dens for the Use of the Poor."

*Records of the Town of Hempstead,
Liber E, Page 449.*

Re-Enacted in 1769,
And subsequently Amended.

The townspeople had suffered these outrages, from which there seemed no relief, for a long time. Legislation had been tried without avail.

Yesterday, September 13th, when the South Bay was swarming with a population of hay gatherers, a large strange schooner from New Jersey came into New Inlet, sailed up Long Creek and came to anchor opposite Skow Creek. Soon after she hoisted her basket, thus declaring her errand and soliciting trade of the native baymen. (The news immediately spread among the marshers that the strange vessel was a pirate.) This was an aggravated case, inasmuch that she came with six crews for clamming, all fully equipped with the latest contrivances of rakes and tongs preparatory for stealing a cargo of clams, and should no resistance be offered to do so peaceable, but forceably if necessary.

On learning these facts the trustees were notified and they proceeded this morning to enforce the law. They visited the schooner, followed by a long train of baymen in their boats and a whole fleet of marshmen.

The trustees demanded that the schooner, being engaged in an unlawful traffic, immediately depart from these waters.

To this demand the captain bluntly refused to comply, declaring that he had entered the port in stress of weather for water and provisions, that he "knew his rights and would maintain them by force against a gang of land pirates if necessary." This was impolitic language, and he was instantly informed by the indignant marshers and baymen that he had an option of leaving in thirty minutes, or they would burn his vessel. He still hesitated and wished to debate his rights, but when they proceeded to carry out their threat he then hauled down his basket and was out of the inlet in an hour.

The captain of this schooner had a crew of about twenty men, which was force enough on any ordinary occasion to defy or overcome the South Side authorities with their immediately available force, or put out to sea at any moment when danger threatened. But he had made a mistake in coming into the bay during the marshing season. He had run unwittingly into a complete ambush.

The people of Hempstead had suffered too long these thieving incursions without redress to allow this one now in their power to escape without at least some healthful admonitions. No overt act had been committed, no clams had been taken by these foreigners; had there been, they would undoubtedly have been confiscated. The prompt

and determined action of the marshers turned the threatened bloody tragedy of the New Jersey captain into a one-act comedy.

Saturday, September 17, 1842.

Today we pulled up stakes for good. During all this marshing season the duty had been imposed upon us of supplying the camp with fish and fowl. We were complimented by the gang for our success in that department, with a chilling rejoinder from the cook, who had a contempt for our marksmanship, that he had never known game furnished at such reckless cost of materials. We did not, however, expect much from the cook, for unpacific relations had existed between us from the beginning, in consequence of our kindly suggesting the use of more soap in the kitchen economy.

The hired men, however, were not very particular in their tastes, and it was a merciful dispensation that they were not. When the Scotch hostess seized the cap from the head of one of her boys and boiled a pudding in it for Sam Johnson's dinner she made the most of her resources, and we will charitably think that our cook did his best with his limited means.

And now after all is over, so agreeably has the time passed that we do not realize that we have been away at all, but have passed through a hazy day-dream with no recognition of time. The greatest pleasures of life are probably those which come unsought, and the delicious unexpected compromise of idleness with labor was all disguised in agreeable results. The hustle and bustle immediately preceding the departure of our consignment of hay for the mainland and the delicious inactivity as we watched the product of our labor glide from its moorings and with a brisk south wind and a strong flood tide speed along Skow Creek toward its destination to add one more load to our acquisitions, was indeed a pleasurable leisure.

There are no delightful landscapes of forest and lawn embraced in these common lands to enamour the lover of bower and shade, but these marshes present a charming vista of hazy beauty unlike anything else in nature. And the creeks, the waterways, are labyrinthian and present novelties at every turn unknown to the most noted rivers of the world.

Wednesday, October 5, 1842.

Attended the sheep parting yesterday. The fair was much the same as formerly and as fully described in another place in these reminiscences.

There is evidently a declining interest in these doings, owing probably to the great diminution in the attendance of respectable farmers, who gave character and interest to the show, many of whom have ceased keeping sheep. For the great bulk of the people attending sheep parting did not go because they had sheep to look after, or any other real interest in its affairs. But it is very evident that there will be no sheep parting when the farmers cease keeping sheep. And this will be a con-

summation of the not very distant future. Morality is not a loser by its decadence.

In the afternoon a great storm, not in the programme, came up. It was accompanied by a furious tornado which carried away the tents, upset the booths, and the rain absolutely soaked the assembled pleasure seekers.

My father fortunately had a covered wagon on this occasion into which we retired with some invited guests, while many were glad to avail themselves of the shelter afforded by getting under the wagon, and fortunate indeed it was that our wagon had been put in our private sheep pen with its back to the northwest, whence the squall came, else it would have shared the fate of others, *i.e.*, blown away. My father, in consideration for the old horse, took him from the wagon, turned up the shafts and permitted him to stand with his nose in the wagon, thus sheltering his face from the fury of the storm. The old horse knew what it was all about and he showed his appreciation of that little mark of kindness in a manner as unmistakable as if he spoke it. After the storm was over we immediately left for home. Nobody was left on the ground except a few who had chattels there to look after and gather up, and those who were too boozy to get away. The day was otherwise uneventful.

CHAPTER XI.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT MILBURN CORNERS.—THE TRIP TO SAG HARBOR.—SAG HARBOR JULY 26, 1843.—SOUTHAMPTON.—THE OLD SAYRE HOUSE.—MODERN SAG HARBOR.

Saturday, October 15, 1842.



ESTERDAY, October 14th, witnessed the great Croton Water Celebration in New York. It was the grandest spectacle ever witnessed in the city. It is said to have even excelled the famous parade had on the completion of the Erie Canal. We had a beautiful location for seeing the procession, having been invited to the store of a friend on Broadway a short distance above Chambers Street.

The procession was estimated to have been seven miles long, with a great and magnificent display, military and civic.

All trades and many industries were represented in character. One of the great novelties of the procession was a car bearing the printing press on which Benjamin Franklin had once worked, and on which were printed during its passage in the procession and distributed to the multitude, copies of an ode written for the occasion by George F. Morris, which was afterwards sung by a large choir from a stage erected in the City Hall Park.

The route of the procession was from the Battery up Broadway to Union Square, where Governor Seward viewed the troops. The procession then proceeded down the Bowery to the City Hall, and after some very interesting ceremonies was dismissed. The fountains along the route were playing during the procession.

Speeches were made by the President of the Water Board, the Governor of the State and the Mayor. The city was filled with visitors; there were never so many strangers in New York. A grand illumination took place during the evening, the City Hall was a blaze of fire and bunting, and the day ended in other public and private festivities.

Saturday, November 19, 1842.

Every Saturday night was market night, and there was a general gathering of the people of the Neck at the corner (now Milburn Corners).

We were greatly entertained last evening at the store of Tredwell & Frost (Milburn) in hearing some of the old veteran baymen and gunners, gathered about the store and occupying available soap

boxes and barrel heads, relate experiences of great catches, great shots and wonderful flights of water fowl.

Ad Carman and Dick Smith made their boasts that they had cut down teal flying over White Hill point of marsh before a northwest gale at fifty yards distant seven times out of ten, and Dick Verity, with sinful sarcasm, offered to put up the bullion that he would bring home more birds than both of them by taking his chances on those which they missed. There was no reconciling some of their travestied statements, nor was there any happy middle ground or average on which to repose between their extremes—not falsehoods, but sarcasms. All were agreed, however, that the old veteran, Raynor Rock, at birds on the wing in rapid flight, was the most reliable shot on Long Island. Uncle Ben Raynor was as good as the best of them in his day, and Ira Pettit, of Christian Hook, had had an enviable reputation, now far past his prime. John Bedell thought he could average up with any of them now.

All this conversation was provoked by the introduction of the fact that Thomas Carman of Hick's Neck had at some time previous killed thirty-four black ducks by one discharge of his fowling piece. This statement, as extraordinary as it may appear, was too well attested to be disputed. It created quite a sensation at the time. The Long Island newspapers and the city papers commented upon it, but some credulous people doubted it. Thomas Carman was an entirely trustworthy man and his word may be relied upon, and he vouches for its truth. We well remember the event, but cannot now give the date. The explanation, however, going with the statement being that the ducks were caught in a rift of the thin ice which was gradually closing as the two bodies of ice moved up with the flood tide, until in direct range from Carman's blind, and his shot raked the entire flock.

These baymen never use double barrelled guns, but carry two single barrels, and after discharging one into a flock, put the other in commission to take the rising birds. In this case Carman seized his other gun, but no birds arose; he had killed the whole flock, but it was found on examination that six of the birds had been drowned under the ice, where they dove after being wounded. This kind of entertainment is not of the true sporting man's hankering; it is wholesale slaughter.

The refinement and glory of a sportsman is not wanton destruction of life; genuine sporting is an inherited and humane accomplishment, and a man must be born to it as certain as he must be born a poet. A man may be taught to make a hole as wide as a barn door in a flock of ox-eye snipe and gather half a bushel of birds as a result, or reward, of his contingent luck shot, or he may wing-break a half-starved pigeon sprung from a trap fifteen or twenty yards off; but to stop a vigorous and healthy teal cutting through the keen frosty air of autumn, at daybreak, at the rate of eighty miles an hour,

or to get a bead on a frightened woodcock as he flashes through the opening of a thicket of underbrush, entitles a man to a seat among the elders. It takes an eye, a hand and a heart which science cannot create. "It is born," says Squire Bob Akeley. "Reading and writing are inflictions of the schoolmaster, but a crack shot is the work of God."

Among the shooting legends of Long Island, one was related of a Bellport sportsman slaying one hundred and six yellow leg snipe sitting on the beach by discharging both barrels into them. But Mr. Audubon, the great naturalist, once condoned such an offense. He says he was present when one hundred and twenty red breasted snipe were killed by discharging three barrels into an enormous flock of them.

Many were the marvelous feats of powder and shot related by these amphibious, tarpaulin-skinned baymen, whose sense of humor is as keen as their instincts in hunting. And their adroitness in turning the statements of another into ridicule was unique and racy, but their wit and sarcasm were shown to the best advantage in describing the presumptuous methods of a city Nimrod in taking wild fowl.

The subsistence and being of these people is with the bay. It pervades their entire lives, and when they are not engaged in gunning, or in talking and speculating upon spring flights of snipe, autumn arrivals of sea fowl, nor dissertating upon marvelous hoardes of wild pigeons, then they were either fishing or talking of fishing, at which latter they were equally expert.

It is not always a salutary subject with South Siders, but we venture the statement generally that the most successful gunner and fisher is not infrequently tainted with Algonkin blood. Hecatombs of sea fowl, willet, marlin, curlew and plover, have fallen victims to the pleasure and profit of these craftsmen.

It was the verdict of the audience at the store that ordinary duck shooting was failing; nothing short of twenty-five or thirty birds could be considered a successful day's work, and in the season, which is short, there are at least two hundred and fifty professionals hunting, and twice that number of amateurs, on the south side of Long Island alone. The birds are getting scarce, but man pursues them from Florida to Maine on their migration, during which time they are constantly under fire. Annihilation is already in sight.

We may safely say that where we have seen the South Bay alive with web-footed denizens, there is not at this time (1880) one where there were thousands. When Thomas Carman, Floyd Smith and Dick Verity would take a skiff load of coot, duck and sheldrake in a day, their great-grandsons, with all the latest and most modern equipments of destruction, would have a struggle to bag (this is a modern invention; it took the place of the wheelbarrow as a game receptacle) enough for Sunday dinner, and still growing rarer. Within the memory of men

now living, over fifty varieties of ducks frequented Long Island; now there are not half that number.

We have seen the November air thick with wild pigeons, so many that it was neither sport nor profit to shoot them. To the present generation of Hempstead South the wild pigeon is (1880), unknown, except the dressed and cooked variety. And the change was brought about chiefly by the rapacity and indiscretion of man. Of a frosty morning in the fall of 1846 we have seen the woods of John Tredwell and William Bedell swarm with wild pigeons. There were millions of them. In 1863 there were none worthy of mention, and in 1880 specimens for naturalists could with difficulty be obtained. Of birds, few existed in the State of New York in such numbers as the wild pigeon, and none have become extinct so quickly. It is now entirely a creature of the past.

Friday, July 1, 1843.

Events for record have not crowded themselves upon us for the past twelve months and the ordinary meteorological notes on the weather as cold, hot, fair and stormy days have become too monotonous for a popular journal.

But the ordinary has reached a climax, a turning point, and the unexpected has happened. Yesterday was an epochal day, a day from which to date a new era in electrical phenomena. It was pre-eminently a day of thunderstorms; nature had broken restraint; every spot seemed to be a storm center. The electrical disturbances began in the morning and continued at short intervals until evening, ending in a storm of painful severity.

The clearing up storm was the most remarkable we have ever known, both in fierceness and in duration. The accompanying tornado we have since been informed had a width of only a few hundred yards, but it unroofed houses and barns, blew down chimneys, trees and destroyed crops. The lightning was incessant, the sky was a blaze of fire. It struck in many places. It struck and burned Jarvis Seaman's barn and contents, with horses; it struck and killed a man and horse at the head of Coe's Neck who had sought the shelter of a large oak tree standing in the road; it struck in many other places in its course with equally serious effect, the details of which have not yet reached us. The thunder and lightning were phenomenal for half an hour. It was a continuous bombardment, and yet it was only a local storm. It came up from the west; in the meantime, as the storm approached, it was blowing a young hurricane from the southeast and hot as a sirocco. It did not seem threatening at first, but it became very dark and increased. It followed the seacoast, never extending inland more than two miles. Raynortown, Merrick, Amityville, Babylon, Islip and Patchogue all bear marks of its violence. By the time it reached Patchogue it was carrying everything before it, houses, barns, trees, fences, orchards and crops were demolished.

Patchogue and vicinity were the greatest sufferers, although the whole course of the tornado was marked with ruin. At this place it deflected and passed out to sea. It swept the Great South Bay, lashing its shallow waters into a fury, and did great damage to the small craft. We have heard of no damage at sea and there probably was none. The succession of storms and the threatening weather during the day gave timely warning to keep out of its track, which they probably did.

Thursday, July 20, 1843.

It now being our vacation, we were informed that some business of a family nature was to be transacted at Sag Harbor and that the option of this mission was offered to us, and it would be necessary to leave tomorrow (July 20th).

Today we were driven to Merrick, about five miles from Hempstead on the turnpike, to intercept the Sag Harbor mail stage, which leaves Brooklyn every Thursday morning at 9 A. M. At 2.30 P. M. the stage arrived at Merrick at Hewlett's Corner, opposite the residence of Doctor Wheeler. The stage was full, but room was made for us on top with the driver. From Merrick to Amityville the distance is about six miles (we get the distances from the stage driver). The road was very dusty. On reaching Amityville two passengers got out at South Side Hotel, which enabled us to get a seat inside. This was more enjoyable than the outside in the sun, and we took our book out to read, but the attractions of the country were much greater than the book. It is a singularly interesting piece of country; its contiguity to the ocean is the attractive feature. And then we had a traveling companion who took a great deal of pains to make himself ridiculous in relating his marvelous traveling experiences; he had visited many countries, and did all the talking, his hearers the thinking. During the afternoon we had a glorious shower, which laid the dust and made the traveling more agreeable. We arrived at Babylon at 6.30 P. M. Here we put up for the night at Carll's Hotel, Main Street.

Babylon (Sungum's Neck) is a thriving village, with a general air of business pervading it. The people get up early and appear to have something to do, and set themselves about to do it.

Friday, July 21, 1843.

We were called for an early start this morning and we left without breakfast. Our tedious and loquacious companion left us at Babylon and the last we saw of him he was disputing with a local hackman about fare to a certain place due north from Babylon, the hackman contending that the distance was fifteen miles, our traveled friend insisting with all the force of geographical facts on his side that you can't go due north, or south, from any point on Long Island fifteen miles without driving off; that's where we left him.

The rain of yesterday made the ride of this morning delightful. The distance to Islip was five miles and we had a constant view of the Great South Bay and ocean beyond, and the distance was soon gone

over. No stop was made at Islip except to water horses and leave the mail. We were soon on the road to Patchogue (Porchog), a distance from Islip of eleven miles, and nearly all the way in full sight of the ocean and an endless expanse of sand hills, going through Bayshore and Sayville, both thriving looking and well groomed little places. At Patchogue, which we reached at about 10 A. M., we took breakfast and changed horses.

Patchogue was named from a tribe of Indians who made it their headquarters. It is a lively little town of about seven hundred inhabitants with a number of hotels and some manufactories. Its greatest merit being that it is located upon the great thoroughfare from Brooklyn to Sag Harbor, and several other stage lines. It has two important business streets, Main Street and Ocean Avenue, and it has a considerable coasting traffic. Two of our company left here, and one got on. After breakfast we started for the next stopping place, Fire Place. Did not stop at Bellport, a much more important place, but a little off the road.

Fire Place, formerly Connetquot, was distant from Patchogue nine miles, where we arrived at 3 P. M. One of our passengers left here. After leaving the mails for Fire Place, St. George's Manor and Mastic, we proceeded on to Moriches. Fire Place is a small hamlet of six or eight private houses, a hotel, church and schoolhouse, the rest being mills. It is a tidy looking place nestled among willows and on the edge of a great forest, a charming place for retirement, or a recluse. Moriches is distant six miles over a territory where the leading impression is barrenness and sand. We arrived at 3 P. M., left the mail, changed horses and were off again for Quogue (also called Quanquanantuck) (the termination *ogue* in Indian proper names on Long Island means *fish*), a distance of eight miles, where we arrived at 8 P. M. and remained all night. Just before we reached Quogue we struck a strong southeast wind loaded with moisture; it set us shivering.

Saturday, July 22, 1843.

Had an early breakfast and were off again before sunrise, while the lighthouse at Shinnecock Point was yet flashing its rays. Our next stopping place will be Southampton, a random village built along a wide street two miles long called Main Street. It is distant nine miles from Quogue. Southampton has a reputation and a history. The travel today was slow; the road was heavy, but we had no dust. The landscape was interesting, but a desert of sand, with a few green patches to relieve it. It was a chromo landscape. A short stop only was made at Southampton and we hurried on to Bridgehampton, a distance of six miles, over which we passed without incident, except a little hamlet, ironically called a centre of civilization, through which we passed, but did not stop. We were, however, in review of the entire population of men, women and dogs. From the glances we obtained of the motely crowd should say that they were of that class of the human family

called primitive. We did not see a pair of shoes among them; they were all barefoot and nearly bareback, and appear to have solved the great philosophy of Diogenes, "getting along without things."

A short stop at Bridgehampton; we then pass tract after tract of territory marked on the school geography barren, and arrived at Sag Harbor at 4 P. M.

Sag Harbor is indebted for its name to Saggabonac (meaning the place of ground nuts), a little place near Bridgehampton, for short called Sagg, and Sag Harbor, being the seaport of Sagg, was baptized Sag Harbor.

We immediately called upon Captain Budd, to whom we were accredited. Our business was put down for the early part of the week, Captain Budd to notify other parties in the matter, the object of our visit. This was satisfactory to us, as it would give us time (nearly a week) to do up the town and possibly to visit Montauk.

Sag Harbor is not an accident; it is a considerable village, situated directly on the bay, with ample water for all maritime purposes. It has a population of about three thousand and five hundred souls, and considering that it is a seaport and its population consists largely of sailors, it is orderly. The village consists of one principal street (Main Street), pretty solidly built upon for several blocks, and on which its business is transacted, with many side streets of private residences. On Saturday, the day of our arrival, it certainly made a lively show for business. It was the market day for the country people, who came from miles around, and country wagons and "hayseeders" possessed the town.

Two whalers have arrived within the past fortnight and are lying at the wharf, and one out in the harbor ready to sail for the Pacific on Monday. The arrival or departure of one ship gives Sag Harbor an excuse for going busy, but there are three here now and the business of the town essays New York activity. The financial and commercial importance of Sag Harbor is out of all proportion to its size and population. It has a population of about thirty-five hundred, many dry goods stores, grocery stores, outfitting stores for whalers, with ship chandlery stores and others. Sag Harbor has about \$1,000,000 invested in the whaling and codfishing business, and has many packets and vessels engaged in the coasting trade. The income from its investments is about \$15,000,000 annually; the profits arising therefrom mostly remain in Sag Harbor. Last year there were twenty-five arrivals of successful whalers at the port and thirty-five departures. There were 8,000 quintals of codfish shipped from this port, the result of the codfish enterprise. Sag Harbor is the oldest port of customs in the State of New York and the oldest principality on Long Island. Henry P. Dering was appointed Port Collector by George Washington in 1790, which office he held until his death in 1832 at the age of 91.

The first known settlement within the present corporate limits of

Sag Harbor was by a small party of Narragansett Indians for fishing, about 1697. They were located at the head of the Long Wharf and the junction of what now is Main and Water Streets. The white settlers began to mix in with them in 1730. This settlement was first called Sterling Bay, subsequently changed to Sag Harbor. The country about here was at this time a wilderness, and the settlers were of a low order, engaged in the hardy industry of the sea, living in huts. The settlement increased without order or government; boat whaling was instituted here, and settlers were held together by a community of interests. It soon began to attract attention and a better class of settlers came in, built better dwellings and a church was erected and laws enacted. It became a commercial factor and in 1760 the first sea-going vessel was sent in pursuit of whales, and from 1767 to the present, 1843, Sag Harbor ranked as the second in importance of whaling ports in the United States. There are now sixty-five first class ships engaged in the industry and they have made lively pages in the history of Sag Harbor. The first newspaper printed on Long Island was at Sag Harbor by David Frothingham, called "The Long Island Herald." In 1802 Samuel Osborne published it under the title of "The Suffolk County Herald." In 1804 Alden Spooner took charge and changed its name to "The Suffolk Gazette." Mr. Spooner continued to publish the "Gazette" until 1811, when he removed to Brooklyn and commenced the publication of "The Long Island Star."

In the course of our conversations with Captain Budd during our stay he made this remark: "That a calamity was imminent with the whaling business. Whales are getting scarce, the profits are getting smaller and the expenses greater, and that he was shortening sail."

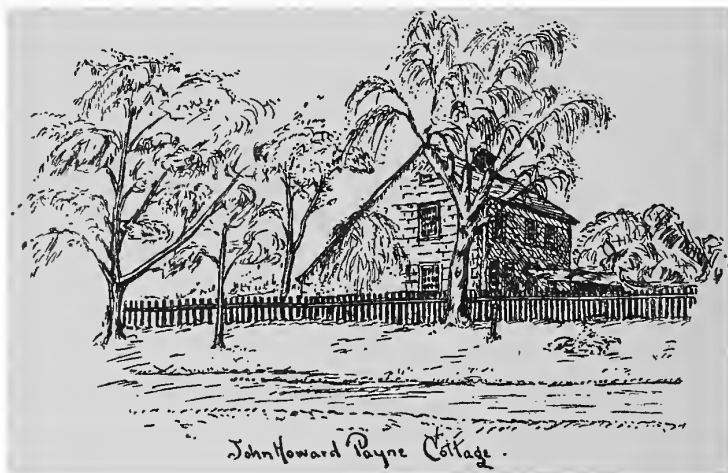
Of the inhabitants of Sag Harbor as a class little can be said. They are just what one would suppose from a population made up in the manner they were; there is no marked famous or infamous class. But there are many learned and cultured people here brought here through interest, and it was this class that gave status and character to Sag Harbor society. There are many wealthy and respectable citizens of Sag Harbor who commenced their career as ordinary seamen and rose to the rank of commanders, who are now retired capitalists, and who still maintain that the highest honors belong to those who have passed and graduated through the curriculum of a voyage around Cape Horn.

As a school for the study of ethnology and philology New Bedford is the only port in the United States that outranks Sag Harbor. Nearly every insular nation of the globe is represented in their population, and many languages spoken.

Sunday, July 23, 1843.

Weather very warm this morning. Took a walk from foot of Main Street up to Jefferson Street, crossed over to the cemetery and back to the hotel, the weather being too hot for an extended ramble.

In the afternoon walked up Division Avenue and Easthampton Turnpike, led on by a feeling of loneliness, the novel scenery, and the many pretty suburban residences, some palatial mansions, many of the little cottages with graceful verandas and charming green gardens, and yet in the midst of all this beauty we were sad; the truth is, we were homesick, and for the first time we began to realize it. We were a long way from home; at least twelve days intervened between us and home and friends. We walked down the turnpike towards East Hampton. Our thoughts must have been kindred to those which moved the young Ishmalite, John Howard Payne, as he stood alone in laughing Paris, in tears, whose "Home Sweet Home"



has rendered East Hampton, only three miles distant from where we now stand and where Payne was born, immortal.

Wednesday, July 26, 1843.

But with all the positive attractions of business, bustle and activity of Sag Harbor, we are repelled by its negative attractions. Its odoriferous atmosphere of whale oil and codfish fail to inspire us, and we seek relief now that we have closed the business which called us here.

Today we fortuitously made the acquaintance of a Southampton farmer by the name of Bishop who had, he informed us, just disposed of his load of hay and was about to return to Southampton in ballast, that is, one barrel of molasses and ten bags of shot consigned to a storekeeper at Southampton. We shipped with him for the voyage, of which we sadly repented. His old wagon was without springs and added to the clatter of the shelvings, took all the romance out of the

trip, and when we arrived at Southampton we were too lame to get out of the wagon without assistance. Mr. Bishop, however, very kindly offered to keep us at his home during our stay in Southampton, and at the same time suggested that on Saturday morning he was going to Quogue with a load of straw, and if we so desired, might accompany him to that place, remarking that the roads were heavy and while our carpet bag might have a 'berth on the straw, we would be obliged to walk a portion of the way. This presented no obstacles to us and we accepted thankfully.

Thursday, July 27, 1843.

Our purposes in coming to Southampton, which is a charming place to look upon, were twofold, first, to escape the odors of Sag Harbor; second, that our ancestors originally settled in Southampton (formerly Agawam). Southampton was originally settled by a band of fighting Puritans under the leadership of one Captain Daniel How, in 1641 (simultaneously with Southold), who came from Lynn and settled at Cow Bay ("T Schouts Baie), from which they were driven by the Dutch. July 27th and 28th were spent at Southampton in researches and enquiries concerning our family (who came from Ipswich), but reached the conclusion that when the Tredwells left Southampton or Southold they had just cause for so doing, and that they brought everything with them that belonged to them.

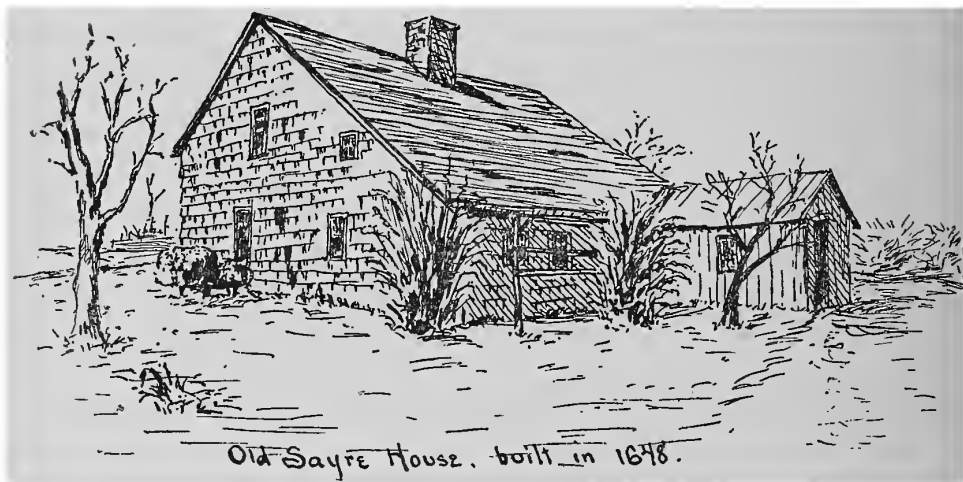
To pass our time as agreeably and profitably as possible with this clever people, we called upon a Justice of the Peace, a very old man and a cyclopedia of history, who had been in office thirty-eight years. He was a twin brother of the sexton; the aggregate of their ages was one hundred and seventy years. It may be interesting to know that the sterling virtues of these two faithful public servants were not likely to be perpetuated in their descendants, they both being bachelors.

We explored the place pretty thoroughly and were charmed with the evidences of antiquity, cleanliness and holiness which pervaded everywhere. But its out-of-door antiquity is "sickened o'er with the pale cast of modernity." New and modern structures were sandwiched in among the old and venerable remains, whose duration is measured by centuries, but the old in the main is master of the field and its antique character is dominant.

Among the many historic old residences of Southampton the most noted is the Sayre house, located at the junction of Main Street and the road leading to the North Sea and Southold. This old structure was built in 1648 by Thomas Sayre and is tenatable yet. Opposite this are the two notable old houses, one the Pelletreau house and the other known as the Johnes house. Their gables and moss-covered roofs for many succeeding years have shown but little change, save the soft and gentle hand of decay.

The Sayre house is still in the Sayre family, having passed through six generations of that family. In the line of the Sayre family was one

Stephen Sayre, born in Southampton in 1745. He was conspicuous for his personal beauty. During the American Revolution he was a pronounced Whig. He made a visit to England in 1775 as confidential agent of the government. He gained admission to the best society and married an English lady of rank, by whom he obtained a handsome fortune. He entered into financial and commercial business, which with his engaging manners caused him to be chosen High Sheriff of London. By his advocacy of the American cause and open opposition to the conduct of the Crown he was arrested under a charge of high treason and was thrown into the Tower. Mr. Sayre heard the summons with



composure and obeyed its dictators with manly dignity and perfect reliance upon his innocence. He smiled at the malignity of the charge and permitted the officers to search his tables and rifle his bureau. They conducted him to Lord Rochford, where he also found Sir John Fielding. The charge in the writ was that Mr. Sayre had expressed an intention of seizing the King's person as he went to the Parliament House. The charge was not sustained and Mr. Sayre was released, and he prosecuted for a malicious persecution.

After remaining many years in London as a banker and broker, he came to America and purchased a plantation on the Delaware River at Bordentown, New Jersey, which after his death was purchased by Joseph Bonaparte, formerly King of Spain, upon which he erected a splendid mansion, which is now standing.

As we had not relished the odors of the Sag Harbor atmosphere,

so we were not in sympathy with the surviving Puritan atmosphere of Southampton, and we resolved to try Quogue.

Puritanism is a persistent and enduring type of humanity; it is full of godliness and as devoid of manliness. The old rules for training children two hundred years ago prevail today, but children rebel, and once beyond the tyranny of home and church, lose the effects of their unnatural training. With all the eulogisms upon Puritanism, it has but one quality worth perpetuity and that is its persistency, and that has two poles, a positive and a negative, one for good and the other for evil.

A resolution of the town meeting of 1653 ordered: "That if any person over fourteen years of age shall be convicted of wilful lying by the testimony of two witnesses, he shall be fined five shillings or set in the stocks for five hours."

They had laws punishing every phase of immorality, for drunkenness and gambling a fine of ten and sixpence, or three hours in the stocks. The cost of these luxuries to malefactors was to be doubled for a second indulgence, a wonderful commentary on their tendency to crime.

Saturday, July 29, 1843.

Had a pleasant trip to Quogue. The walk was less painful than the ride from Sag Harbor to Southampton, and did not leave the results. Have determined to remain at Quogue until the stage leaves on Tuesday. While at Quogue we stopped at the boarding house of Mr. Cooper and fortuitously made the acquaintance of Hon. George Hall, formerly Post Master and Mayor of the City of Brooklyn, who was summering here. We fraternized; there was a degree of frankness and kindness in Mr. Hall's manner that won our confidence. He has a great consideration for young people. We walked together.

P. S.—And an acquaintance was formed which lasted until Mayor Hall's death in 1868.

Tuesday, August 1, 1843.

We were fortunate in securing a back seat in the stage. The romance of the country failed to overcome our weariness and we at once fell asleep and did not awake until we had reached Patchogue, and then hunger awoke us. When we commenced this journey our notes were prolific in detail, but the novelty had worn off and our entries were like Mrs. Palmer's during her travels in the Malay Archipelago: Day after day she entered with painful detail in her diary her personal experiences in earthquakes, but so familiar had she become with the phenomenon that it assumed less and less importance until finally her diary closed day after day with: "Earthquakes as usual."

The stopping places on the road were reached and passed without comment or recognition until we reached Merrick, when with recklessness we offered Dr. Wheeler's farm manager six shillings to carry us to our home about two miles distant. We were joyfully received at

home. We had accomplished a great journey and everybody was glad to see us, and we were happy, having been successful in the purposes of our journey.

Since the above notes were made, now about forty years ago (1880), Sag Harbor has had her calamity and gone through all the stages of decline, from the highest prosperity down to zero; once started on the toboggan, there is no stopping place but the bottom, and Sag Harbor reached it. Not a whaling ship has entered her port in twenty years and grass grew in her streets, her immense warehouses fell into decay, her docks crumbled to ruins and her bustling streets became as silent as the Oracle of Delphi. When Sag Harbor went into decline Southampton also fell into peaceful and pious slumber and for the same cause, a decline in the whaling industry.

But, like Sag Harbor, Southampton awoke one day. Some artists became attracted to the place and modern wealth became interested in its antiquity, simplicity and healthfulness. The Long Island Railroad saw and embraced its opportunity, and Southampton is now one of the most popular summer resorts on Long Island, the Mecca of the invalid.

A new era also dawned upon Sag Harbor, but on entirely different lines of wealth and beauty. It began a new existence, became the home of luxury and culture; magnificent residences now adorn its streets and avenues; the sand hills of its suburbs have been converted into boulevards; every variety of merchandise may now be procured in its bazaars. Its harbor and bay, once filled with whaling ships, are now filled with yachts and motor boats, and altogether, there is no more charming spot for summer residence, or for the permanent home of the man of leisure and retirement than Sag Harbor.

Nothing probably since the erection of the first Indian hut within the principality of Sag Harbor has contributed more permanently in sentiment and popularity to its already well-earned reputation than the noble response of Mrs. Russell Sage from her millions to the elevation of its social and educational possibilities and physical adornment.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PLOVER.—THE HON. SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHILL, M.D., LL.D.—THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.—REDUCED POSTAGE RATES.

Saturday, August 12, 1843.



HERE is nothing remarkable in the great enthusiasm manifested by the early prospectors of this country concerning the resources of Long Island. There was probably no spot in America more prolific in animal life, or more fertile, than "This Fruitful Island near the Continent of Virginia in America named the 'Isle Plowdon or Long Isle.'"

The forests were swarming with wild life; bears, wolves, foxes and deer were plentiful even down to within the memory of man; every variety of game known to the temperate zone flourished here, from the king of wild birds, the turkey, to the tiniest of the feathered creation.

The waters were teeming with every variety of game, fish, molluscs, crustacæ, etc.; even the whale and the seal were pursued with profit. Its brooks and streams have furnished the highest standard of trout fishing in the world. Three hundred years of vandalism have wrought great changes in the fauna of the island, and still there is an abundance of game in its uplands, marshes and waters, which rigid protection is necessary to preservation. No season has ever passed within our memory without one good sporting period of eight or ten days on the Great Hempstead Plains shooting the plain plover.

Some seasons have been much better than others, but there has been a gradual yearly decline. The plover migrates north in the early spring; he is not much sought after at that time, but on his return in August he is game worthy the nobility of the sporting fraternity.

There are a great many varieties of the plover. They are insectivorous feeders. The plain plover feeds upon grasshoppers and crickets and other insects, of which they consume vast numbers and which accounts for the great excellence of their flesh. It has been pronounced by epicures as equal to that of the woodcock.

Plover shooting differs from all other forms of sporting in the world. It is a characteristic of the entire plover family (*charadriinæ*) to be desperately afraid of man on foot, but entirely indifferent about him if on horseback, or walking at the side of a horse, or in a wagon. And the sportsman who risks his chances on foot, although the plains may be covered with birds, is pretty sure to return with an empty game bag.

The plover in many respects is a wonderfully stupid bird, yet for

three hundred years his increasing knowledge of the efficacy of projectiles has kept pace with our steady improvement, and he has acquired with marvelous accuracy the range of modern shot guns. A plover feeding in the fields or on the great plains will permit a horse to approach within ten feet of him. But a man on foot, in the open, is fortunate indeed to get within a long gunshot of one in a day's pursuit.

Therefore successful hunting of the plover depends more in taking advantage of his weaknesses than in good marksmanship. Go on horseback, in a wagon, or lie in ambush, if you want success. There never has been a season within the memory of man when plover have not been fairly plentiful on the great plains, but the present is an exceptional one; in fact, they were never known to be so numerous, and great numbers have been taken not alone on the plains, but in the cultivated farm fields on the South Side, where they had better feeding and better cover.

Today, Saturday, still on vacation. We have accepted an invitation from some South Side friends to accompany them for a day's plover shooting on the great plains. We met them at the place agreed upon in the village, ourselves unequipped, however, for participating in the sport, going simply as a spectator. This was not a company of professional sportsmen, but a party of boys who were fond of shooting. The party, however, was rounded up by one professional gunner, who gunned for a living, and who knew the habits and call of every game bird on Long Island—Bob Akeley; we were under Akeley's charge.

We made our camp about halfway across the great plains northeast of Hempstead on a hollow that filled up with water in winter.

Our journey to the ground along the plain edge was enlivened by the presence of thousands of larks. We never saw so many, but they seemed to follow us always at a respectful distance, however. The larks are gathering here from the north and will not move south until October unless a cold snap comes sooner. We also passed several parties on foot, or horseback and in wagons on the same errand as ourselves, their destination being farther east.

It must be remembered that the Hempstead plains is more than a mere potato patch. It embraces sixty square miles within its limits, and as a play and feeding ground for plover fifteen or twenty square miles of private territory adjoining may be added, the latter of which for feeding and hiding is more serviceable to the plover than the former.

On reaching our camp and after rigging a blind with the long dry plain grass around a hole which had been used for the same purpose some previous season, we set out the decoys, tied our horses to stakes with about thirty feet of halter, that they might graze at their leisure, and awaited results. One of our horses was accustomed to a gun. He knew its meaning and did not flinch if discharged over his shoulders; the other was too nervous to be of service.

Two of our party were alternately to occupy the blind, the others

to remain in, or under, the wagon. The birds were apparently indifferent, for they gave us a wide berth. After a period, however, four plover had espied the decoys and came with set wing directly for them. Just as they huddled (as is their habit) before lighting, a discharge from the blind dropped all four. It was impossible for the tenants of the wagon to restrain applause and a shout went up from the wagon. In half a second the air was thick with birds; they got up from everywhere.

This was the commencement of the day's sport, which lasted about three hours, the birds coming along in bunches of from two to ten. The day's work resulted in bagging eighty-two birds. It had been a restless day for the plain plover. There were many gunners and an incessant firing was going on. Some of it was miles away, others nearer. We could see persons on horseback a mile off; others in wagons, and some lonely fellows on foot, the latter doing good execution. There were so many birds on the wing that their chances, providing the hunter could hide, were as good as those encumbered with horses.

On our way home we fell in with a party from Jamaica with trained horses. They had had a great day's sport, and had taken over a hundred birds, but had been disappointed in the efficacy of their horses, which was due to the fact that so many birds were in motion.

The plain plover is a bird of broad wing and slow pinion movements. It makes slides through the air, but gets over the ground much more rapidly than it seems with his kind of jerky movement, and the gunner who is ambitious to take him on the wing is up against a problem fit for no sloven. Many game birds on flushing are intent only on getting away and they go straight from you. That's an easy problem, but the plover has a foolish curiosity to see the cause of his alarm, and he starts up at an angle crossing your longitude; that's another proposition, and as a reward for your skill, if an amateur, you are likely to secure a few tail feathers for your pains.

The stupid plover decoys easily. He has not wit enough to distinguish between the decoy of the yellow leg snipe and one of his own species. They spy the decoy at a great distance and they come sweeping down in their rough and tumble flight all in a heap before lighting; then is the time to fire.

Akeley's plover call did not seem to avail much; it was very weak. Their plaintive notes are not easily imitated by the human voice, and the plover detects the counterfeit very readily. He does not use his voice much in his day flights, but at night during the migrating season we have heard them at all hours. It is a plaintive "tuckset—peetweet."

This has been a delightful day's outing. We had a mess of our birds served at Hewlett's Hotel. The whole day's sport was accomplished between the rising and the setting of the sun.

We love the country, the fields, the freedom, the air, the sunshine; this love is instinctively born within us, and does not wear out.

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On our way home we fell in with a party from Jamaica with trained horses. They had had a great day's sport, and had taken over a hundred birds, but had been disappointed in the efficacy of their horses, which was due to the fact that so many birds were in motion.

The plain plover is a bird of broad wing and slow pinion movements. It makes slides through the air, but gets over the ground much more rapidly than it seems with his kind of jerky movement, and the gunner who is ambitious to take him on the wing is up against a problem fit for no sloven. Many game birds on flushing are intent only on getting away and they go straight from you. That's an easy problem, but the plover has a foolish curiosity to see the cause of his alarm, and he starts up at an angle crossing your longitude; that's another proposition, and as a reward for your skill, if an amateur, you are likely to secure a few tail feathers for your pains.

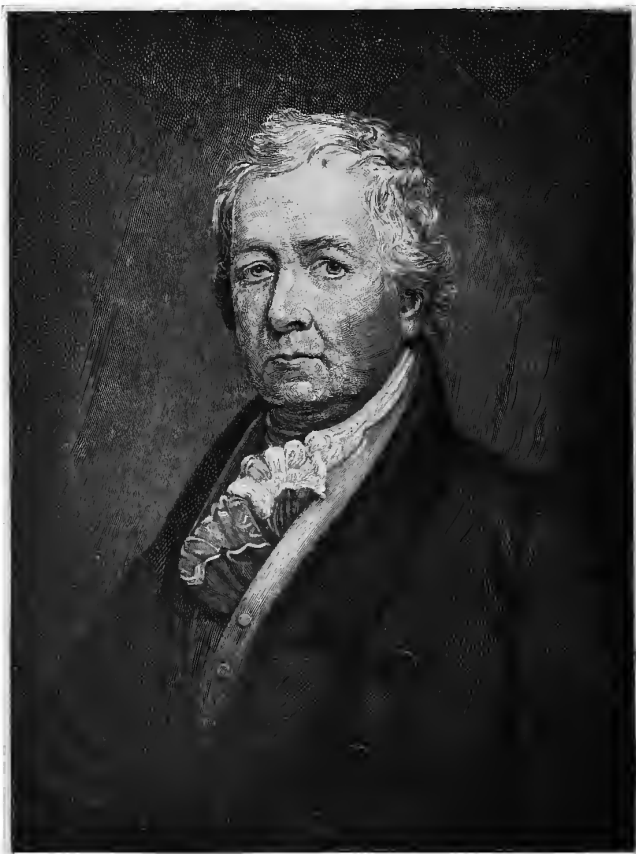
The stupid plover decoys easily. He has not wit enough to distinguish between the decoy of the yellow leg snipe and one of his own species. They spy the decoy at a great distance and they come sweeping down in their rough and tumble flight all in a heap before lighting; then is the time to fire.

Akeley's plover call did not seem to avail much; it was very weak. Their plaintive notes are not easily imitated by the human voice, and the plover detects the counterfeit very readily. He does not use his voice much in his day flights, but at night during the migrating season we have heard them at all hours. It is a plaintive "tuckset—peetweet."

This has been a delightful day's outing. We had a mess of our birds served at Hewlett's Hotel. The whole day's sport was accomplished between the rising and the setting of the sun.

We love the country, the fields, the freedom, the air, the sunshine; this love is instinctively born within us, and does not wear out.

We turn to the open blue sky with an instinct as keen and akin to that displayed by a city-bred dog in trying to bury his bone deep in the hearthrug of his unnatural environment.



Samuel Latham Mitchill, M.D. L.L.D.

Wednesday, September 20, 1843.

My father in looking over and rearranging his old papers today in my presence, passed an occasional one over for me to read. Of the latter was an invitation to attend a dinner to be given by Hempstead farmers in honor of Samuel Latham Mitchill, M.D., LL.D., who had only a year previous retired from the professorship of agriculture in Columbia College. The dinner was to be given at Sammis' Tavern,*



Hempstead, October 12, 1803. The invitation was signed "Hewlett, Rockaway."

*The Sammis Tavern is located on the North Side of the Turnpike Road extending through Long Island, east and west, and is located in the Village of Hempstead. It was built by Nehemiah Sammis in 1680, and is probably one of the oldest, if not the oldest inn in the United States. It has consequently been standing about 200 years continuously in the Sammis family. The grandfather and father of the present owner were born on the premises. The inn was used by the British officers as their headquarters during the Revolution. The people of Hempstead were generally loyal to England and were treated by the British with great consideration. The farmers were paid for their produce in British gold. After the Revolution Washington visited this old inn and testified his satisfaction of the accommodations and hospitality of the home. This was in 1788 when Washington was on his way to New York City to attend the Federal celebration. He came across the Sound, landing at Lloyd's Neck and drove across the plains accompanied by a body guard of fifty young men of Oyster Bay.

Daniel Webster spent the night there on his way to Babylon during the campaign of 1851. His name is found on the register. Much historical interest attaches to this old tavern, much of which although extremely interesting does not come within the limits of this note.

When I first knew the venerable old inn it was under the management

My father seemed pleased with the consideration which had been paid to him by this invitation, he then having just entered his majority, being twenty-three years of age, but was an active farmer of the town.

He gave me the following facts concerning Dr. Mitchill. He believed him to have been a great man, a native of Hempstead, and had worked himself up by self-education to a doctor and a lawyer, and had held many honorable positions, and that he had rendered great service to the farmers of Long Island. He had been dead about ten years.

No higher tribute could be paid to any man by my father than he paid to Dr. Mitchill. He was the greatest man he ever knew, and he had a great many sides.

He spoke of the address at the dinner as characterized by much serious thought, interspersed with great humor.

In looking over the above entry in our journal of 1843, in 1884, it occurred to us that history had not awarded the full measure of prominence to which he, Professor Mitchill, was justly entitled as a scientist, a scholar and a politician.

Samuel Latham Mitchill was born at Hempstead, August 20, 1764. He was the son of a Quaker farmer. He spent a life of great and varied intellectual activity, and died September 7, 1831, in the City of New York. After considerable preparation at home, of an elementary character, he completed his education at the University of Edinburgh and graduated an M. D. in 1786. He was the classmate of Sir James Macintosh and Thomas Addis Emmett. On his return to his native town he studied law in the office of Robert Yates and was appointed in 1788 a commissioner to treat with the Iroquois Indians, who were making much trouble with the English settlers on Long Island and elsewhere.

As professor of applied chemistry in Columbia College

of Nehemiah Sammis, a grandson of the original Nehemiah. He was a typical English landlord as the old house was a typical English inn. It was a wonderfully preserved institution.

It was in the parlor of this old house that the greater portion of the names were attached to that celebrated petition—"To the Right Honorable Richard, Lord Viscount Howe, and to His Excellency the Honorable William Howe Esquire General of His Majesty's Colonies in America."

"The humble Representatives and Petition of the Freeholders and Inhabitants of Queens County on the Island of Nassau in the Province of New York." Here followed the petition dated Queens County, October 21, 1776, and signed by twelve hundred and eighty (1280) citizens of Queens County.

he first introduced into America the new nomenclature of Lavoisier. His ingenious theory septon and septic acid, says Dr. Frances, gave great impetus to the chemical researches of Sir Humphry Davy. Geology and zoology, however, were his favorite studies. He was a correspondent of Cuvier. "Show me a scale," said he, "and I will give you the portrait of a fish."

In 1790, and again in 1797, he was elected to the New York Legislature. In 1796, he explored the valley of the Hudson and the Mohawk and made some careful scientific investigations in the valley of the Mississippi. He was elected to Congress in 1801 and served until 1804. He accompanied Fulton on his first trip of the "Clermont" up the Hudson in 1807. Was appointed United States Senator and served until 1809, and with Thomas Jefferson examined the bones of the mammoth (mastodon) brought from Bone Lick, the great mausoleum of extinct monsters. He was professor of natural history, chemistry and agriculture in Columbia College from 1792 to 1802. In 1803 he was associated with Chancellor Robert R. Livingston and Simeon DeWitt in the establishment of a society for the promotion of agriculture.

He was professor of natural history and botany from 1808 to 1820; professor of botany and materia medica from 1820 to 1826. John Randolph said of him that he was the "Congressional library of his day."

Cobbett, for seven years resident in the Ludlow mansion at Hyde Park, said of Dr. Mitchill that he was "a man more full of knowledge and less conscious of it than I ever knew."

He was vice-president of Rutgers Medical College, New York City, in 1826; president of the New York County Society in 1807; surgeon-general of the militia under Governor DeWitt Clinton; president of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York City, and physician to the New York Hospital from 1796 to 1817.

He was a serious student, and still was one of the most versatile of men. He delivered a lecture before the "Krout

Club" of New York at a dinner. This club was composed of descendants from the original settlers. In this address he dilated upon the great merits and nature of the cabbage, it being the emblem of the club, its value to agriculturalists, its succulent properties and its high significance as an emblem of this great Krout Club, and why not the cabbage—the rose—the lily—the thistle—the shamrock—the onion and the leek are all emblems of greatness.

He made an address before the Turtle Club of solid men at Hoboken.

His geologic insight in recognizing America as the older world and American races the probable ancestors of all other peoples was a mark of great originality of thought and great boldness to assert. He delivered the annual oration of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Union College in 1821. He delivered the address dedicating the iron fence around the City Hall Park on December 31, 1821.

On the completion of the Erie Canal it was Dr. Mitchill who delivered the address, November 4, 1825.

Dr. Mitchill was assigned the highest rank among the cultivators of natural science. He increased the knowledge of ichthyology of the State of New York by adding two hundred new species in 1814 and 1817. He was the friend and associate of Cuvier and Audubon.

He was a large contributor to the scientific literature of his day; many of his productions have fallen into unmerited oblivion. He was called the Nestor of American science.

Halleck immortalized him in the "Croaker."

This little tribute we offer to the memory of one of the greatest of American products.

Tuesday, October 17, 1843.

Accompanied my father yesterday to Hempstead to hear the address of Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson before the Agricultural Society of Queens County. A great crowd was present, as many probably out of curiosity to see the orator as to hear the oration. Dickinson was a

State Senator at thirty-five, and he is now Lieutenant-Governor of New York.

The address was delivered under a tent erected for that purpose.

Daniel S. Dickinson was a truly great man, as shown in after life. He sunk all party preferences during the Civil war and supported the government in its efforts to put down lawlessness. He was a Democrat of the "Old Hunken" brand. He represented New York State in the United States Senate from 1844 to 1851, voted with the Democrats in the Wilmot Proviso and all the slavery questions, became attorney-general in New York in 1861, acted with the Union Republican party during the Civil war, was made district attorney of the southern district of New York by President Lincoln in 1865, and died in 1866. He was born in Connecticut.

Sunday, March 17, 1844.

Resolved on spending the day, Sunday, at the old homestead.

The morning ushered in cold, drizzly and foggy. Nothing can be more uncomfortable without, or cheerless within. But the day is eminently suited to our purpose. We have prepared to make ourselves comfortable within, having secured a copy of the interdicted book anonymously published, entitled "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," just published in December, 1843. This book has been proscribed in our schools as one unfit for students to read. Now, in order to learn just what class of book is unfit for students to read, we are going to read this book, and we may, or may not, commend the wisdom of the trustees in taking it out of our library; a rebuke as scathing as the keenness of the insult of the trustees may result.

Saturday, July 27, 1844.

After long and tedious delays and disappointments the Long Island Railroad was this day opened from South Ferry, Brooklyn, to Greenport, the east end of Long Island. It had heretofore been in operation to Hicksville only.

The Long Island Railroad was one of the earliest chartered railroads in the United States. The first charter, covering territory over which the road now holds jurisdiction, was in 1832, which was for a road extending from the South Ferry, City of Brooklyn, to Jamaica. All the rights and assets of this road merged into the Long Island Railroad Company, which was organized under a special act of the Legislature in 1834, ten years ago, and today formally declared opened from the East River at South Ferry, Brooklyn, to the Village of Greenport, Suffolk County.

During the years 1836 and subsequently up to 1844, the Long Island Railroad had been completed and was in operation as far as

Hicksville only. The great financial panic of 1837, which paralyzed business and brought ruin upon thousands of old substantial institutions and firms, did not spare the Long Island Railroad. Consequently, all improvement was stayed, and it just barely continued to exist and pull through the embarrassed state of the financial world, running with contemplated regularity upon the completed track to Hicksville from South Ferry. Its prospects, however, were such as to inspire no confidence in the future or present stability. It was operated with vaguely defined timetables and no well determined intermediate stations. It had three locomotives only, the Ariel, Plowboy and Hicksville. We remember them very well; they seemed marvelous structures to us.

My father's family during this period patronized this road. We took the train at a station called Obesville, Clowesville, about one mile west of Mineola, by driving over with our team. This station had been furnished with a waiting room for the shelter of passengers and a horse-shed, and it was an important station. All the travel of the Village of Hempstead and surrounding country north and south patronized the station until 1840, when the branch known as Hempstead Branch, now Mineola, was created to the Village of Hempstead.

Nothing can be said in commendation of the equipments of the road during this period. The earliest coaches were constructed after the pattern of the English road coach. One of these coaches is now in the company's shed at Hempstead. The conductor collected fares from the outside of the car. We have seen fifty passengers at a time strolling about the plains in the immediate neighborhood of the road, while their train was on a sidetrack waiting for an up-train.

An hour's detention in a case of this kind was not an uncommon thing.

Matters, however, have improved very rapidly on this road since the extension of the road to Greenport. The old English coaches have been superceded by a more commodious car constructed purely upon an American idea. Great improvements have also been made in the running time of the trains.

Notwithstanding the financial depression of the country and the crippled condition of the company, they did succeed in maintaining the road and making some improvements shortly after the above mentioned period in 1837-38. A collision took place between the engine Ariel and Plowboy, which resulted in putting the Plowboy out of commission. The company not feeling justified in procuring a new engine, the road was operated with the two remaining engines and the only alternate adopted of decreasing the number of trips per day or discontinue entirely.*

* These were among the earliest locomotives built in this country, and the old Ariel or Hicksville, I am not certain which, is still or was recently (1888) doing menial and servile service in a kindling wood factory at Greenpoint, having been but slightly remodeled, the old vertical cylinder and walking beam still in operation.

In 1840, as the financial atmosphere cleared up, a new impetus moved the company and they borrowed \$100,000, built a branch road from Mineola, Hempstead Branch, to the Village of Hempstead, and completed the trunk line to Greenport. This began a new era in the history of the Long Island Railroad.

The branch road to Hempstead was a great financial success. It entered a territory covered by a large population and vastly increased the passenger traffic, besides being greatly important in the carriage of freight.

The tracks in the Village of Hempstead were originally laid through the center of Main Street and terminated at the store of S. C. & I. Snedeker on Front Street.

The departure of each train was announced by a man in the street with a hand bell, who walked up and down the street proclaiming that "This train will leave in () minutes." This terminus has since been removed to the head of Main Street, on the west side, near the Sammis Hotel, and a commodious passenger and freight station constructed there. (Since then removed to Fulton Street, east from Main Street.)

New life seems to have burst from the old conservative managers of the road. Other branch roads have been constructed or contemplated, both north and south from the main trunk road.

Immediately on the completion of the road to Greenport a line of steamers was contracted to be put in service between Greenport and New London in the early part of 1845, thus at once constituting a continuous line for mail and passenger service from New York to Boston. This promises to be a very popular and successful enterprise, and the Long Island Railroad an institution which all Long Island may regard with pride. But the road has only just entered upon its career of usefulness and profit. The conveniences offered to prospective settlers seeking country homes along the line of the road were very great, and already new settlements were springing into being and old ones being augmented by the great increase of population. All this will militate greatly to the advantage of the railroad and increase the value of real estate everywhere along the line of the road.

If the company now becomes thoroughly alive to its opportunities and acts generously with its patrons, the time is

not distant when instead of four trains of small capacity daily, it will require forty each of four times the capacity to accommodate its patrons.

Tuesday, August 1, 1844.

Our annual family picnic to Long Beach took place yesterday and met with the usual success and satisfaction to all concerned. An interesting feature of yesterday's picnic was that we were accompanied by some of our relatives from the West, now on a visit here, who had never before seen the ocean. At the first sight of the ocean from the beach hills they stood spellbound and never grew weary in watching the waves rolling in and breaking upon the beach. It was to them the most delightful day of their lives.

These relatives are cousins, of the Barwise family, whose parents moved out West before they were born. This is their first visit. They had heard their parents speak of the beach and ocean, but they had formed no conception of its grandeur.

Altogether, the day was most charmingly passed. The sun shone with intense fierceness, which resulted in some blistered arms and necks of indiscreet persons.

January to April, 1845.

During the past winter the journal received but little attention. We were much interested in our school studies and the journal was neglected, except school matters which have no status in this relation.

There were, nevertheless, several commonplace entries of ordinary events, which may be summarized as follows:

There had been extremely cold weather, of which there were several entries, and frequent and heavy falls of snow. The snow fell in such quantities and became so much drifted on the main road between our house and Uncle John Tredwell's that travel was suspended and we were obliged to take down our fences and permit the public to go through the lot in front of our house. Teams and loaded sleighs made a highway over the mill pond on the ice, on which they continued to travel for a period of five consecutive weeks, the ice being two feet thick, and teams travelled on the ice of the South Bay from the mainland to the beach, and yet people say: "We don't have any of the old-fashioned winters of former times." We know there are accounts from the old colonial days of great hardship endured by the early settlers in consequence of the severity of the winters, and from all accounts it does appear that as the land was opened up to cultivation and the forests cleared away the climate moderated, for if experience, aided by memory, can be depended upon, the winters do seem to have modified since the days of our grandfathers.

There were also random comments in the journal during

the winter upon the reprehensible conduct of certain shadowy beings who, it was said, held receptions at indefinite intervals in the midst of the tombstones of the private family burying ground on the farm of George Smith on the north side of the Merrick road, just west of his residence and in an old untenanted house on the south side of the road.

This was not a new thing; the reputation of this neighborhood for being haunted was of years' standing.

The surroundings were not calculated to stimulate cheerful emotions at any time, and of a dark night it was extremely pokerish. We never passed through there after dark without a shudder and a feeling of relief as we left the old spook-ridden abode behind. It was an ideal camping ground for ghosts and other unclean things, and the gossip of the place was full of their pranks. The ground was low and swampy; a little stream ran through it near the old house. A graveyard on the north side of the road and the old house about two hundred feet off the road on the south side, in which, it is said, a woman had been murdered years ago. It was not an old house; it had been built about twenty years and was erected by a doctor who came from New York and who was said to have been very rich. He lived in it about three years, when he mysteriously disappeared, out of which grew strange rumors.

The house had been without doors or windows for many years. The winds, rains and snows of summer and winter invaded its interior, but it stood in defiance of the elements.

Both sides of the road at this point were densely overgrown with trees, oaks, sassafras, pepperidge, etc., and an impenetrable tangle of shrubbery, wild grape vines and cat-briers. Associate such a landscape if you can with one o'clock A. M., a pale moon, a moaning wind and a hooting owl, and you have all the physical accessories for the construction of an ideal ghost colony, with a frisky celebrity for novelties in that line of goods.

The testimony of Abby Raynor, a spinster of sixty, who

lived in sight of the haunted house, was that many times during the last and previous winters she had seen through the open windows light in the old house at night and persons passing and repassing from room to room and performing queer antics. They did not remain long. She had no doubt but that the figures she saw were ghosts or that the old house was haunted.

In the early part of December, 1844, a very respectable old man named Jacob Smith, a small farmer, living on the north side of the Merrick road in the immediate neighborhood of the old house, was annoyed by frequently having his grain stacks torn down and the sheaves scattered about the yard during nights. Many people of the place said it was the work of the ghosts or spirits who frequented the old house, and that the annoyance to Mr. Smith was an act of revenge for the offensive and scandalous language he had used concerning them. But the old man Smith knew otherwise. He never bore testimony of ghosts, and any reference to them threw him into a furious passion. And he resolved to solve the problem himself, so he loaded his old flintlock fowling piece and watched several nights. Finally, about ten o'clock one night he saw a person come stealthily out of the woods and enter the yard and go directly to the grain stacks and commence taking the sheaves off and scatter them about the yard, and finally taking three sheaves under each arm, was going off with them. Mr. Smith called to him to lay down the oats. He said nothing, but kept on. Mr. Smith told him to lay down the oats or he would shoot. "Shoot and be d—d," said the ghost, at the same time making an effort to hold the sheaf of oats to protect his head. Mr. Smith did shoot, with the result that a neighbor by the name of E—H was confined to his house with a sickness never reported to the health board.

The grain stacks were never molested after that. And yet there were people in the community who preferred the mysterious, and who did not believe the old man's story. The

evidence of the truth of which, however, was a scar diagonally across E—H's left cheek inflicted by a number two buck shot. This scar he carried to his grave as a souvenir and damning proof that he was a thief and no ghost.

Now while there has been a great decline in ghostology, still there is a survival of the faith from past ages smouldering among all people of Puritan origin.

To those trained in infancy by their nurses in an atmosphere of nursery tales of spooks and hobgoblins, assimilate notions which no amount of after culture or training will entirely eliminate. The dread of dark and dismal places as the above described is plainly the ill effects of early inoculations.

We remember when a child and sometimes disobedient, being threatened that "Old Black Steve" would carry us off if we were naughty. Now, Old Black Steve was a manumitted slave, an encumbrance on the neighboring estate of Tredwell Seaman. He frequently passed our house, always drunk, sometimes singing Methodist hymns, sometimes praying. People used to say that it was a great sin to sell rum to old Steve—but why? His skin was black; he was ill looking; his name was a terror to children; everybody tried to make him odious, and rum was the only comfort he had. We became dreadfully afraid of him; he was our spook and our ghost.

But Old Steve lived long enough and we became discriminating enough before he died to enshrine him in our memory as one of the gentlest and most harmless men on earth. Kindred to this is the stuff of which ghosts are created.

In tracing along the history of delusions in search for origins or beginnings, we find them wonderfully prevalent in the Greek and Roman periods. Plato, Diodorus, Sicylus, Empedocles and Plutarch, and they charge the Egyptians with being their informants, and Egypt turns it over to India. The Adityas of the Hindoos were the children of night and were modified in more recent times of Grecian and Roman

mythology into demons, beneficent beings, spirits, ghosts, messengers of the gods, etc.

That the ghosts of the dead should minister to the benefit of the living was a noble and beautiful idea, but these beneficent beings in after ages became to have an evil signification. All ghosts within the historic period have been harbingers of evil.

These ancient Greek and Roman philosophers exercised great influence over the popular human mind contemporaneous with them and a greater influence subsequently over the intelligent mind. We cannot entirely eliminate the early respect we entertained for those superstitions, fictions and myths breathed into our best life with our classical training.

There is nothing so remarkable or noteworthy about these stories of Raynortown ghosts as to distinguish them from any other ghost story in any part of the world, or of any age. They are the same stock in trade of the vendor of ghost literature from the remotest time. The spectres, the subjects of the present writing, sometimes appeared in the graveyard, but more frequently in the old house, where their evolutions were more in evidence through the open windows and doors, sometimes on the roof of the old house, than in the graveyard. They were always clad decently in vapory white. Sometimes they performed in the old house with a fire on the hearth. This made a very weird scene to the spectator. They made a great noise, sometimes accompanied with the fife and drum, and other times the clanking of chains.

None of their sessions were of more than fifteen minutes' duration. These short sessions gave but little opportunity to have their movements studied by experts, and there was no time to summon detectives or officers for their capture; few people even among those who knew they were frauds cared to attack them single handed, or to provoke any closer acquaintance. They were seldom seen by any person who could, or did, give an intelligent account of what they saw. Eye-witnesses seem to have become so paralyzed by fear as to loose

the capacity of reason or discernment, and their statements were as unsatisfactory and shadowy as the ghosts themselves.

These gruesome seances were generally in silence; sometimes, however, they were guilty of rollicking, uncourtly and vulgar behavior. Visitations were not frequent enough to cause alarm. They came, however, when least expected.

Intelligent citizens paid little or no regard to the ridiculous stories. But to a certain portion of the community these frightful phantoms were certainly demoralizing, as premonitions of sickness and death.

All these stories were, of course, hearsay. Not one in fifty of the mediums of their propagation had ever seen anything themselves. It was they principally who invented, multiplied and gave importance to these stories and pretended with an air of mystery that they were portentous of evil to someone. This caused the mischief.

There were in the pre-Columbian times many legends of evil spirits, or ghosts, among the Algonkins of this section of Long Island, one of which has survived to modern times. It was as follows. It was called the Winged Head:

This legend relates that one night a widow sat alone in her cabin and in a little fire near the door she was roasting acorns and taking them from the burning embers and eating them for her evening meal. She did not see the ghost, Winged Head, who stood in the doorway grinning at her. Finally, the ghost stealthily reached forth one of his long claws and snatched some of the coals of fire and thrust them into its mouth, thinking these were what the widow was eating.

With a howl and in great pain, it rushed out of the hut and disappeared, since which time no ghosts have appeared to the red man on Long Island.

More than four-fifths of the current ghost gossip of Raynortown was the invention of mischievous persons who gave it out with a grave and mysterious air regardless of truth. The other fifth was an exaggerated account of a real performance of some mooncalf personating ghosts. And it never

failed when interest lagged and ghost stock declined that a new incarnation did not follow. Thus, the ghost literature managed to survive.

The good people of the neighborhood who gave no heed to these manifestations except to ridicule and denounce them had nevertheless been more than usually annoyed and scandalized for the last six months about appearances in the old house, and had resolved that an end must be put to it, but were restrained from using stringent measures, as firearms, for fear of injuring some fool of the neighborhood, which might lead to serious regrets. Bullets, they say, will have no effect on real ghosts.

April 10, 1845.

The past has been an active winter in ghost demonstrations, not of the blood-curdling, but of the spooney-brained brood; none of the horrors of Grimm, where Hans plays at ten pins with a ghost using thigh bones for pins and skulls for balls, nor of the Weir Wolf kind, but mostly quiet, peaceable pantomime, old-fashioned spooks who were satisfied with being on exhibition and the subjects of conversation and the terror of the old women and children of the neighborhood.

They sang plaintive songs, imitated owls, cats and other animals.

These entertainments, which at intervals had lasted all winter, did not occupy more than fifteen minutes at any one seance, and the ghosts were off.

But finally these visitations became so frequent and flagrant that Jim Raynor and Tom Southard, two plucky yeomen of Raynortown, who feared not the devil, and ghosts less, had planned to entrap these ghosts, or pigwidgeons, and after laying in unsuccessful ambush several times during the spring, concluded that their movements were communicated to the would-be phantoms, for whenever they were out spook hunting no spooks appeared. They changed their tactics, and on April 10th they entrapped the Mephistotelian shadows.

The capture was accomplished by stretching a rope across the only exit from the premises (the old house), while the ghosts were within, then giving an alarm. The ghosts in their haste to escape to the swamp tripped over the rope and over each other and their captors fell upon them. One, however, escaped; the other was captured and when brought to the light materialized into a simple fellow well known in the neighborhood, whose inordinate love for sensation had impelled to this act of assuming the role of ghost, which he had been acting for a long time without any unpleasant complications to the present, but who had on the present occasion evidently struck a storm centre, for it

is said he was pretty roughly handled by his captors. He was put on exhibition with his ghost toggery on at the store of Riley Raynor at Raynortown, on the second floor of which Squire Smith held his court. The Justice was sent for, before whom a charge was made of disturbing the public peace. After a hearing he was set at liberty on his own recognizance and a promise to transgress no more. Raynor and Southard were complimented by the Court.

But the capture and exposure did in no degree lessen the number of believers in ghosts and the supernatural; the faith continued. Exhibitions, however, ceased.

The only apology we have to make for taking the reader's time with these ridiculous ghost stories and comments is the entry in the diary, and nothing less could have been said about them, if said at all; and, secondly, that by calling attention, some interested student in folk lore, or local tradition, might be stimulated to an interest in the subject and collect in aid to science this literature, of which the country is full, but which must soon become extinct.

In all communities of New England paternity—a people so noted for rugged common sense and personal grit—both solubles of ghost stories, there still remains a lingering belief among the lowly in these fallacious tales of ghosts and witches, in lucky and unlucky days and lucky numbers and many other ridiculous beliefs. We are astounded at the number of people we meet who will begin no enterprise on Friday.

To an extent by no means creditable to the former dwellers on the territory covered by these reminiscences, particularly the necks, haunted localities and ghost stories prevailed; every old, deserted structure and untenanted building was the subject of some strange spook story or supernatural legend purely of the imagination.

Nor were these utopian conceptions confined to the lower orders in past times, for there were ghosts of quality of the higher orders, as Cæsar's ghost, Banquo's ghost, ghost of Hamlet's father, the pumpkin-headed spectre of Sleepy Hollow, Skeleton in Armor, the Flying Dutchman, Headless Horseman, Boucicault's Vampire, the Mysteries of Udolpho.

These were dignified spectres who had modes of behavior of their own and were not a loquacious set—for

No ghost of common sense
Maintains a conversation.

—*Carroll's Phantom.*

According to Olaus Magnus, the northern nations regarded ghosts as gnomes, or departed spirits, who for the commission of some crime were doomed to wander up and down the earth for a certain period.

All the great historical ghost scenes are laid in the regions of ice and snow; high latitudes are the productive hives of legend, myth, dream, visions, fairy and saga tales. No country is more productive than Iceland in fairy lore. The Finns were a very superstitious people.

Thursday, March 6, 1845.

On the third of the present March an act was passed by Congress reducing the rates of postage on letters to five cents for all distances under three hundred miles, and all over that distance ten cents. This will be a great boon to the poor man. It is he that is specially benefitted by it. The rich man don't care. And yet this measure of cheap postage has been for years persistently opposed by the leaders of the Democratic party, the avowed friends of the poor man.

The southern states have taken the lead in resisting cheap postage, notwithstanding not a state in the south ever paid its own postage, their deficiencies being paid by the North. Edward Everitt began the agitation for the reduction of postage in 1836. Virginia opposed it; the surplus of Massachusetts was just equal to Virginia's shortage. Virginia believed that under a reduced rate the shortage would be greater. Edward Everitt believed it would be enough greater in Massachusetts to pay it.

It is well for people to know to whom they are indebted for blessings; to what party they are indebted for the foresight and statesmanship to accomplish great reforms. Low postage is a Whig measure and we shall see how it works.

As to our case individually (our family), we have been sending and receiving letters from our relatives in the West at a cost of twenty-five, sometimes thirty, cents per letter. The new law reduces such letters to ten cents, some to five, an average reduction of over two-thirds. Where a large correspondence was kept up, as in our case, this is a measure to be truly thankful for.



TREDWELL HOMESTEAD
FREEPORT, L.I.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

MEN AND THINGS

ON LONG ISLAND

325

PART TWO

BY DANIEL M. TREDWELL

*Author of "A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana," "Monograph on
Privately Illustrated Books, a Plea for Bibliomania," Etc., Etc.*



CHARLES ANDREW DITMAS

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CHAPTER XIII

RACE FASHION AND PEYTONA.—EVOLUTION.—VESTIGES OF CREATION.—COMMENTS.
—WASHINGTON RACE COURSE.

Saturday, May 3, 1845.



ENT to the Union Course today to witness the great contest between William Gibbon's "Fashion" (entered by Samuel Laird), eight years old, and carrying 122 pounds, and R. Ten Broeck's "Peytona," six years old, and carrying 115 pounds, so stated in the printed programme.

This, like a former race of "Fashion" against "Boston," in which the former was the winner in 1842, claimed to be a contest of Northern and Southern methods of training, and consequently interested horse breeders all over the country.

The present match was for \$20,000, \$10,000 a side, four mile heats. The interest among the sporting men on this occasion was very great and called together a vast throng of people interested in horse flesh from all parts of the Union. The *New York Herald* published an extra on the ground between the heats.

The "Peytona" was the winner in consecutive heats in 7 minutes, 30½ seconds, and 7 minutes and 45½ seconds.

As soon as the decision was announced the rush for home was terrific, every available means for conveyance was brought into requisition to get the vast multitude of spectators from the ground. The railroad company exhausted its capacity and left thousands on the ground to wait for a return train.

Tuesday, March 18, 1845.

In referring back to the entry in the journal of Sunday, March 17, 1844, we copy: "The morning ushered in cold, drizzly and foggy. Nothing can be more uncomfortable without or cheerless within."

There never were two days more nearly duplicate than March 17, 1844, and yesterday up to about three o'clock P. M. when it cleared up.

All honor to the good old patron Saint of Erin who flourished 1473 years ago. He introduced the Bible in and drove the snakes out of Ireland. He wrote his autobiography in which he apologizes for not giving an account of his death and burial. "An iron-clad Irishman."

The Hibernian Societies of Jamaica and Hempstead jointly celebrated the day at Hempstead. It was a characteristic celebration, a parade, speeches, whiskey, fight, jail full.

Prelude.

April 26, 1846.

The population of Long Island is not confined to its uplands, necks and forests. The great Hempstead Bay swarms with a population full of the greatest interest to the lover of nature. A history of the vertebrates of this section would make an entertaining initial chapter to the fauna of Long Island. To the writer even the invertebrates, the molluscs of these waters have been a subject of curious and intensely interesting inquiry. In the ardor of youth and in the absence of textbooks, those subjects which came most readily at the hands of the unapt aspirant received his earliest enthusiasm.

The common mud snail of the flats and marshes, the mussel, the surf-clam, the hard-clam, the soft-clam, the scallop, the periwinkle, the oyster, the razor in all their thousand forms, varieties, names and sizes from the sixteenth of an inch to a foot and a half, were all invested with deep interest to the boy lover of nature, and were in our unfledged, unequipped state the real "Medals of Creation."

The structure of the shells of these molluscs, univalve, bivalve and spiral, excited our curiosity, and mentally, impassively, we had ratified and confirmed over and over again that from bottom to top, from the smallest and simplest to the largest and most complex of these forms they presented a general structural resemblance and growth, difficult to comprehend on any theory save that of unexpressed *evolution*, a word, as yet without scientific significance, a definition of which had been reserved for the modern scientist. We collected hundreds of these shells and improvised a rude cabinet in the garret of the old homestead.

At the period when we were struggling with these anomalous questions of structure there was no nomenclature, or authoritative verbal expression wherewith to clothe our ideas. There was nothing improbable in the theory that all these forms of shells were variable from one parent form, in fact,

it was quite probable that they were, as we had innocently discovered representatives of countless ages of slow development or divergences, but there was no scientific formula for the expression of such conditions and such development, without which our discovery was inexpressive and valueless. We had also toyed with conchological collections public and private, studying the higher forms of the molluscan orders, as the cockle, pearl-oyster, all the forms of the peerless murex, the voluta, the conus, the triton, the strombus, the fusus, the haliotus to the fragile and pearly nautilus, and in this infinite variety and thousands of forms of the ugly and beautiful found in all the same irrefutable evidence of succession, a oneness of structure, an inbreeding (so to speak), pervading all, as if originating in some initial type, the present divergence being brought about by a change of conditions and environment through countless generations.

With these results before us, felt and experienced, with no terms for giving life and visible expression to them, for evolution was yet a meaningless term, a chrysalis, as applied to the new perception. We had never dreamed of evolution as it is applied to-day, but we had in the meantime with thousands of others been discovering it, and were only awaiting an opportunity to give utterance to our unchristened offspring. The world was at full stop awaiting a scientific incarnation.

All the adult molluscs of the South Bay above named, are awkward and sluggish in their movements, much difference, however, exists in this behalf, some being more sluggish than others, but in their early existence there is no distinction, they all swim about with the utmost freedom. The snail and the oyster begin to diverge into tribe forms after they have sown their wild oats and selected their permanent abode. Their beginnings are analogous.

And furthermore not alone in these lower orders of molluscs, but we are reassured of the correctness of our hypothesis, on moving upward in the scale to the order crustacean, of our South Bay a like similarity of structure prevails; the

scientist called it "*succession*." No rational man ever supposed that the edible crab and the fiddler were independent creations, and yet how similar.

In taking our next remove upward to vertebrates the same exists there with much stronger evidence of unity of origin and not only so, but proof more conclusive appears to be at hand of the relation of vertebrate to vertebrate and also vertebrate with lower orders. Scientists called it "*causation*." No greater contrast could possibly be produced than that between a turtle and a dog, and yet an analysis shows that about the only real difference is that one has his back bone on the outside and the other inside.

There was a vast amount of thought on this unformulated subject among the great men of the age, and a crisis had been reached when a declaration must be made. Evolution was already a fixed fact in the minds of thousands of thinking men and women. All it required to give it vitality was the sanction of science. That sanction came, and it came with great force.*

The entry in the diary which provoked the above comments was written many years ago. The scientific world was then upon the eve of a great revolution not realized by the writer at that time, who was amusing himself with the raw materials of natural history, with a very limited preparation and limited material at hand, and still more limited knowledge in handling it, and who had but a feeble notion of the magni-

* Enough, I trust, has now been said to show that the animal kingdom (and by analogy the vegetable also) as composed of a series of forms, in which affinities are ascertained in so many places, that they may be assumed in all, and that these usually taking their origin in the radiate sub-kingdom, afterwards pass through higher grades, but not in every case through all until the highest is reached. It appears that the grand matrix of organic being is the sea, that what may be called trunk lines pass through this medium as high as the mammalia type and that the terrestrial families may all be regarded as branches of these main lines though in some instances a passage from one class form to another has taken place on land. Two principles are thus seen at work in the production of the organic tenants of the earth—first a gestative development pressing on through the grades of organization, and bringing out particular organs necessary for new fields of existence and secondly a narrative power resting on external conditions and working to minor effects though these sometimes may hardly be distinguished from the other.

Vestiges, Lon. 1846, p. 280.

tude and completeness of that revolution at the time, but it came and when fairly in motion all the opposing forces of earth could not stay its progress, *succession, causation*, gave place to *evolution*.

This great revolution was set in motion by an anonymous little book entitled "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation."

Turning now to our journal of June 4, 1845, we find the following entry, or review of this little opportune book which broke up the dead lock in our amateur natural history pursuits at the Great South Bay.

This review, or essay, following, was written clandestinely while at school more than fifty years ago—now 1890.

Wednesday, June 4, 1845.

The little book the genesis of which we have here attempted to chronicle, was when first published put in our library of the school; afterward by order of the trustees, it was removed.

A petition by the students for its restitution was disregarded, which created a general inquiet among the young men of the school.

The trustees were not afraid of the book having any effect upon revealed religion, for they believed it stood upon too solid a foundation to be shaken by any human agency. But they really had no conception of the real learning and true inwardness of the book, they feared its logic. That kind of reasoning of the trustees, however, failed to pacify the young men for what they conceived to be an insult to their judgment, maintaining that they were quite as well equipped for the consideration of such matters as the trustees and begged to be left to their own conclusions in question of faith. The highest truth is proof against all the assaults that can be formulated against it. Otherwise, it is not the highest truth. Don't try to smother error. Expose it to the light and it will burn out.

The little book which proved such a revelation came into the world unheralded. It was without partisans or backers, political, religious or scientific. It was a civil little book. That is, said things in a civil way, but was dreadfully in earnest. It simply drifted out upon the literary ocean with no effort to create, and an apparent indifference as to public opinion or patronage, no precaution was taken to secure its perpetuity; it bore no physical evidence of patrician parentage; it was printed on common paper with common type and still more commonly bound; it was to all appearances a literary euphemeron. It had no great name behind it, for its authorship was not even surmised. It had nothing beside its own merits to recommend it to the thinking world.

Its author, evidently a person of great culture, a scientist and an advance thinker, seemed to say to his little work as he submitted it to the world: "In your creation I feel that I have discharged an obligation to my species—go you—your career is a contingent one, if the world is ready for your incarnation it will hail with gladness your advent. If not, you perish."

Above all other classes the student welcomed this work with enthusiasm. He was ready for it; his student life was up to it, and had it not been for this book with its formulated facts he could not have advanced further without making personally the investigation which it furnished, in which even we would have had half a dozen treatises on this subject instead of one.

The junior scientists unanimously accepted the doctrine of "causation," "succession," the evolution of the Vestiges at once.

Immediately on its appearance (1844), this little book drew fire from high altitudes, three of the most potent literary and scientific journals in the world, *The Edinburgh, North British and British Quarterly Reviews* opened fire upon it, and it was no sham fight; it was a struggle for life, or extermination. They occupied every vantage ground and extended to their little enemy no courtesy and no quarter, but so skillfully had the subject been handled by the author of the "Vestiges" that the dogmatic method of attack by the Reviews came back to them. The recoil at first of their ill-timed methods upon themselves was tremendous. Their own dogmatic methods, heretofore had been supposed invulnerable, nearly annihilated them. They had miscalculated the learning and temper of their new audiences and their logic broke in two, they lost their heads. *The North British Review* charged the author of the "Vestiges" with an effort to expel the Almighty from the universe which he had made. *Bentley's Magazine* declared the little book to have been written in order to determine how many fools there were in the country by numbering its proselytes. It was attacked with scoffs, jeers and anathemas from hundreds of thousands of assailants, not only in England, but abroad and was most unsparingly belabored and contumned by the press and the pulpit. The privilege of reading it was denied students in colleges and schools, which interdiction, of course, assured it being read by all.

It unveiled the theory of evolution under the name of causation so amplified by Darwin and others since.

The following appeared on the margin of the *Journal* written some years subsequent to the foregoing:

Notwithstanding the promise of a short life the little book has lived on; edition after edition was hurried through the press with a continually increasing popularity and demand. It was reproduced in most of the European languages with a supplement and reached in three and a half years thirty-four editions.

No book ever published more completely revolutionized human thought than did "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," (by Sir William Chambers).

It is now over fifty years since the appearance of this little book and during that short period the thoughtful world has become familiar with its tenets of causation (evolution) for the first time enunciated in its pages. And yet its doctrines were not entirely new to scientific men and students. The seed which had ripened into this little book had been sown by Lamarck, Saint Hillair, Buffow and Von Baer and the work had been foreshadowed by them. In the meantime the theory of evolution was incubating in the mind of Darwin and on the announcement of the "Origin of Species" Lyell at once embraced the new doctrine. Great scientists, advance thinkers, pioneers in thought have long since left the tenets of the Vestiges in the background. The Reviews which at first were the most unsparing in their abuse of evolution are now its strongest advocates. Such a transformation was never before known in the history of human thought. Instead of now endeavoring to sustain old dogmas entailed by ignorance upon the world, they enjoy a delightful freedom. Their only object now is truth, and their only duty inquiry. They will listen to any argument and permit any book to be read and smile at the follies and superstitions which held them spellbound. Had this been the only effect of the little book it would have been a sufficient warrant for its appearance, but its influence extended everywhere. It did its work and did it well.

More than three thousand times the bulk of the Vestiges in literature was produced in the battle against it. All this was potent in preparing the way for Darwin. And his "Origin of Species" appeared a few years later. The revolution thus began and which has since taken place in many of the most important departments of natural science and philosophy touching upon the welfare of the human species in the past fifty years through the giants of thought, Tyndal, Huxley, Darwin,

Spencer, Wallace and others is the greatest the world has ever witnessed.

The author of the *Vestiges* in concluding his work says: "Thus ends a book composed in solitude and almost without the cognizance of a single fellow being, as solely as possible for the purpose of improving the knowledge of mankind and through that medium their happiness. For reasons best to be appreciated by myself, my name is retained in its original obscurity and in all probability will never be generally known."

"I do not expect that any word of praise which this work may elicit shall ever be responded to by me, or that, any word of censure shall ever be parried or depreciated. *Sine me*. I may say so far more truly than did the born exile of the Euxine—it goes forth to take its chance of instant oblivion, or of a long and active course of usefulness in the world. Neither contingency can be of any importance to me, beyond the regret, or the satisfaction which may be imparted to my sense of a last, or realized benefit to my fellow creatures. The book so far as I am aware is the first attempt to connect the natural sciences into a history of creation and thence to eliminate a view of nature as one great system of 'Causation.' "

"Yet, I have thought that the time was come for attempting to weave a great generalization out of the truth already established, or likely soon to be."

And thus from the dim realms of the unknown has been redeemed to the light of the known and formulated scientific truths which completely wipes out old theories and inaugurates an era of reason, of freer thought and expression.

After reading the preface to this work (*Reminiscences*), the reader will scarcely expect us to apologize for the accident of the foregoing chapter for which we are entirely irresponsible. It was our unskilled persistent familiarity with the Great South Bay and its abnormal population, and not our attainments, or participation in any sense in those elements of advance which found us unwittingly abreast of the greatest

revolution known in the history of human thought. Among its products were the works, *Evolution—Origin of Species—Survival of the Fittest—Descent of Man—etc.*, and we were thus fortuitously in a state to be carried along on the early flood tide of this great progression with the use of tools prepared by others.

Postlude.

The shells which we had collected in the Great South Bay for amateur work in natural history and were entirely responsible for the foregoing pages were restored to us in 1884, having remained stored away in the garret of the old homestead for forty years.

Sunday, July 13, 1845.

Samuel L. Seaman, our neighbor (farmer), made the passage yesterday from Boston to New York on the occasion of opening the new line over the Long Island Railroad, in nine hours and forty-five minutes. This was so phenomenal a success of the new route that the papers today are exulting in the great achievement. Under the circumstances, we believe, this route will become very popular. It cannot benefit Long Island, but, if a great success, will stimulate the Long Island Railroad to attainments which will materially benefit its local travel.

Thursday, September 11, 1845.

Spent two days on the marsh during the hay cutting season. The camp had been in operation about one week at the usual location on Swift Creek, Mud Hole Hassock.

The daily events at camp were a duplicate of those heretofore described in a previous entry of September 5, 1842. The cutting, freighting and transporting the products to the main land, the routine of daily life was about the same, but the weather at present is unusually cold for the season. Consequently we did not feel the same enthusiasm for the sport as on former occasions. The cold northwest winds prevailing chills the ardor for vacation work. Although we believe the men engaged in the labor far prefer it to the normal September conditions, it being better adapted for work than pleasure.

The attractions began to wane with us on the opening of the second day with its inclement northwester at the close of which we determined to retire. The haying season has thus far been a very successful one, the grass being unexceptionally good and the work accompanied with favorable weather for work, although cold. Many birds of passage were

already on the wing migrating, the bay was full of snipe, and the entire lark tribes seemed to have arrived, this is earlier than ever known before, so say the experts. Several flocks of wild geese were seen on their way to their winter home. They may regret their rashness for there will be plenty of hot weather in the succeeding thirty days.

Friday, March 13, 1846.

Day before yesterday (March 11th), a large whale drifted ashore on the south beach, between Whale Neck and Jones' Inlet. It was a large fish, over sixty feet long. This was an uncommon occurrence and created quite a sensation on the mainland and some little contention concerning the ownership. The discoverers claiming it as exclusively their property. Others contending that it was the property of the town under an old enactment. Whale fisheries which formerly had been carried on profitably in this section had been a matter of commercial importance to the people of the south side. A whale of the dimensions above named, would yield about thirty tons of blubber, which would produce 140 barrels of oil.

All stranded whales were subject to regulations made by the general court in 1644, and we believe these regulations applied to the entire sea coast of Long Island.

In 1659 Wyandanch, Sachem of Long Island (Paumanack), disposed of the rights of the Indians to any drift whales, reserving, however, the fins and tails to the Indians. A distinction was made between captured and stranded whales. Under an act of the General Assembly of Freeholders of April 2, 1671. It was forbidden any foreigner, or person other than a resident of the town any rights in whales coming upon the beach. Nor were individuals or companies permitted to use the Long Island Coast as a base for engaging in whale fisheries off the coast at the south side of Long Island.

On April 24, 1673, Francis Lovelace, Governor of New York, makes complaint that strangers have taken and clandestinely cut up whales that have been stranded on the south shore of Long Island to their own profit, thereby cheating his majesty out of his just share in the same.

William Osborne and John Smith were appointed a commission to put a stop to these incursions and to enforce the law.

We believe the same law prevailed here as in Massachusetts, that part of the revenue derived from stranded whales went to sustain the ministry. In which event we have no doubt the clergy patrolled the beach with great yearning after every southeast gale. This was assuredly tough on the minister, yet even this precarious income may have been looked upon with an assurance equal, or superior to that derived from the generosity of his country parishioners.

The number of whales taken in the waters of the South side of Long Island proper by its fishermen and otherwise was

considerable. In 1721, forty-one were reported to have been taken. But it was a very precarious business and subject to great fluctuations for the next two years only eighteen were taken.

A lookout and station for whalers was maintained at Whale Neck and another at Long Beach opposite the Hummocks near New Inlet at the above period.

The pursuit and capture of whales by the South side whalers did not differ from the method pursued by ships crews on the Arctic Ocean which have been too graphically described to be repeated here.

The whale fisheries began by organizing crews to fish with large rowboats. The first crew of the kind in this country was formed at Cape Cod and the next probably at Long Island. These hardy pioneers rowed boldly out upon the ocean for their prey. This was long before large vessels were equipped to follow the whale into the Arctic. The small boat fisheries were followed until whales became scarce.

Many were the thrilling and interesting stories related by these old veterans of the pursuit, hair-breadth escapes, of the defeats sustained and victories won in the plying of their craft as whalers on the Long Island shores. These heroes of brave acts have passed away, sank into obscure graves, their valorous deeds unsung for the want of a Homer to celebrate their exploits. Old Raynor Rock Smith, Ezekiel Raynor and Stephen Carman in their day had great stories of experiences as boat headers and harpooners.

When a whale was espied from the lookouts, word was at once communicated to the boat's crew. They were manned equipped for the chase immediately and put to sea.

As a recognition of the public importance of sustaining this industry of whaling in the early history of the town is evidenced by the following town enactment: "At a General Town Meeting of the Town of Hempstead on the 5th February, 1710, William Nicoll, Col. John Jackson and Justice John Tredwell were appointed as committee to set aside a

piece of the town woodland to be used by the whalemén of the town in cutting fire wood for their use in trying the oil from the blubber and other purposes."

The habits of the whale are but little known to naturalists. He is emphatically an Arctic mammal, a cetacean.

To account for him in our latitude it is supposed that he follows the cold water in the fall and feeds around the icebergs. He has been found in winter as far south as the Roanoke, but was never known to cross the gulf stream. In the Spring he turns his head toward his Arctic feeding grounds and through some unknown cause, now and then becomes stranded on our shores, probably his direct course North is interrupted unawares to him by the eastward trend of the Long Island shores barring his way, and becomes stranded for the same reason that ships do. Some drift whales, however, have been killed before coming on shore. Some are killed by the whale-killer whale, who is a great fighter, never over thirty feet long. He attacks the right whale, pulls him under water and drowns him. The whale-killer can remain under water much longer than the right whale.

The whale-killer yields no whalebone and only about eight or ten barrels of oil.

There is an old tradition of the Algonquins of Long Island that a great famine once prevailed on the island occasioned by prolonged drought. The water in the ponds and streams dried up; or became stagnant and the springs no longer flowed; the crops were burned up; all vegetation died, the trees withered, game deserted the forests and water was with difficulty obtained. In these great straits they (the Indians) held a pow-wòw of the mighty medicine men whom the Indians believed could perform wonderful miracles, could walk through fire, and water could not drown them; they could drive away the evil spirits who now possessed the land.

The medicine men appealed to Manito for relief and before they had finished their appeal intelligence was spread that a whale had been stranded on the south shore, in answer to

the intercession of the medicine men and relief was in sight. The pow-wow notwithstanding the great distress of the people ordered that the most savory part of the whale, the tail and fins be cut off and sacrificed to Manito. So, a great public feast was ordered and amid the wild cries of the people and the beating of drums and tom-toms they besought the great spirit to aid them. The great spirit was pleased with their offering and immediately the clouds gathered, the thunder rolled and the rain came down in torrents.

Another version of the legend is that Manito opened the ground at Mannet Hill (Middle Island, the fabled abode of Manito) and the water gushed up from the ground. That spring is flowing to-day.

Tuesday, October 6, 1846.

Attended sheep parting. This is one of the oldest Long Island institutions. The first enactment regulating sheep parting was passed at town meeting, April, 1745, appointing the first day of October, 1745, more than 100 years ago for the sheep parting, and it has been kept up annually since, hundreds of acts have been passed regulating it, and there are records of all of them.

The attractions of sheep parting have departed. Weather cold.

Thursday, October 8, 1846.

Visited the Huckelberry Frolic held at the Washington Race Course on the Hempstead Plains.

From the *Universal Gazateer*, printed in Dublin in 1759, a copy of which was about our house, we copy the following unique description of Long Island: "Long Island is a large American island belonging to the Colony of New York. It is divided from the Continent of North America by a narrow channel. It is about 100 miles long and ten broad, and contains three counties, viz.: Queens, Suffolk and Kings. It is in latitude 40° north and between longitude 70 and 75° west. In the middle of this island is a fine level tract of land called Salisbury Plain, where horse races are held, to which the gentlemen of New England and the neighboring colonies resort, as those of old England do to the New Market. This island principally produces British and Indian corn, beef, pork, fish, etc., which they send to the sugar colonies, from where they receive in return sugar, rum, cotton and indigo. They also have a whale fishery on the south side, sending the oil and bone to England in exchange for cloths and furniture."

Salisbury Plain, or New Market, in modern times called Washington Race Course, of Huckelberry Frolic fame, is just northwest of the

village of Hempstead, near Washington Square, formerly Trimming Square (including territory of which St. Paul's College at Garden City occupies the northeasterly corner). It was here the British officers and nobility in pre-Revolutionary times used to race their blooded horses.

Horse racing on the Hempstead Plains dates from the period of Richard Nicols, Governor of the Provinces, 1665. He established a race course on Long Island which he named New Market, and ordered that a plate be run for every year. He found an ideal course at his hands on the great plains at Hempstead (more recently Salisbury Plains), with not a stick or stone to hinder the horses heels or endanger them in their racing.

This was the first race course in the province and was named New Market after the celebrated English track.

For more than a century, first annually, and afterwards a spring and fall meeting were had. The governor and his suite, and the high dignities and officials of the City of New York and the sturdy farmers of Hempstead assembled here to enjoy the sport. Among the farmers who patronized the turf just prior to the Revolution were the Sammises, the Jacksons, the Baldwins, the Tredwells, the Hewletts, the Willises and others.

On the first Friday in May, 1750, a great horse race was run at Hempstead Plains for a considerable wager, which engaged the attention of so many of the city nobility that upwards of seventy chairs and chaises were brought over the ferry from New York on the day before preparatory for an early start for the track. A great number of horses were brought over. It was thought that the number of horses on the race ground exceeded 1,000.

The Long Island Ferry at this period was from the Fly Market Slip, at the foot of the present Maiden Lane, to the landing at Brookland.

At this time Brooklyn was a hamlet on the main road which led to Jamaica and Hempstead, both places of greater importance than Brooklyn; the only business of the latter was connected with the ferry.

The New York plate was advertised to be run for on October 11, 1757. And in the next year an important race was run, open for any horse, mare or gelding bred in America that never won a plate before on this island, carrying eight stone saddle and bridle included, two mile heats, best two in three.

Also in May, 1752, the lovers of the turf were invited to a race on Hempstead Plains for a purse of silver of £20 value, open for any American bred horse carrying nine stone.

These British officers neglected no opportunity for enjoying themselves in every variety of horse sport. We quote from "Rivington's Gazette" August 13, 1779, the following of many similar announcements:

"A number of excellent fox-hounds having been at great difficulty and expense collected, there will be hunting every Monday, Wednesday

and Thursday at Hempstead Plains. One-guinea subscription to those who wish to partake in the Amusement. Half a guinea for a bag-fox.

Bull baiting and other good old English sports were attempted.

In 1780, three day games in honor of the King's birthday were held at Ascot Heath, Flatlands Plains, Kings County. A purse of £60, a saddle, bridle and whip were the prizes for the winning horses. A foot-race to be run by women for a Holland Smock and a chintz gown worth four guineas. The regimental band will play "God Save the King" every hour. On Christmas and Easter were similar sports.

A great crowd always attended the Hay Market races, and the yeomanry for miles around were present. The bull bait which usually followed the races was very popular and the source of a great deal of amusement. On one occasion the bull having broken loose got himself entangled among the chaises which surrounded the track. Several persons were upset by the bull, fortunately no one was hurt, but in the great excitement which followed, the light-fingered professionals plied their art with great success. One crown officer lost £50 and others various amounts.

Washington Race Course, the name which succeeded New Market was also famous as a race track. But it has degenerated and in modern times it is noted for its Huckleberry Frolic held there once a year. The bill of performances included horse-races, mule-races, foot-races, women-races, sack-races, troops of lofty tumblers, moving comedies, fire-eaters, wild-beasts from the Desert of Arabia and the Mountains of Siberia. Probably no doings on this once famous Sporting Ground were more noted for wanton profanity, obscenity, dissipation, knavery and every other conceivable wickedness and abomination than Huckleberry Frolic.

Long Island has always been noted for its many and popular race-tracks. There were more high-toned race-tracks on Long Island than upon any other territory of similar dimensions in the country, and the amount of money risked upon faith in horse-flesh has probably aggregated more on Long Island than all the world beside.

Wednesday, March 17, 1847.

Yesterday, we attended the last of Professor Mitchell's lecture on astronomy. The subjects were "The Great Telescope of Lord Rosse," the "Planet Le Verrier" and "The Central Sun of Maedler." He is a charming lecturer; his enthusiasm has a spontaneity about it calculated to charm and interest his audience.

In the lecture on Lord Rosse's Telescope, the lecturer gave an idea of the vast space-penetrating power of the instrument by comparing it to the unaided eye. That by using in succession these artificial eyes of greater and greater power the distance of those objects in the heavens that are most remote may be approximated. In this way Sir W. Herschel estimated the dimensions of that starry cluster in which our system

is situated sounding through the milky way till the empty regions of space were reached. Then turning from the galaxy of other clusters, the lecturer told us were revealed to the telescope each in number and constitution like our milky way universes of stars. And the number of the congresses of suns was equal to the number of visible stars the eye might view watching the heavens from evening till dawn. The appliances to the telescope whereby the slight motions of the stars were measured and the clock-work which held the telescope fixed on the same object were beautifully illustrated.

The lecture on Le Verrier was equally happy. The tribute or praise paid to the great Astronomer was heartfelt and the audience joined heartily with their approbation.

..... 1847.

Under agreement heretofore made, enter formally the Law office of Smith & Lowrey and commenced the study of law. Also commenced a course in the Columbia Law lectures.

Sunday, March 12, 1848.

Make an engagement to take position on a new daily paper to be published in Brooklyn and to be called "The Brooklyn Freeman." It is to be edited by Walt Whitman, a young man, formerly of the "Eagle." We shall in no wise, however, relinquish our study of the law with Smith & Lowrey.

Tuesday, April 25, 1848.

The first number of "The Freeman" was issued this day. It is quite a comfortable sheet, has been much complimented, of which we feel justly proud.

P. S.—Through all the incidents of a long life, the greatest surprise we ever experienced was on awaking one morning, many years subsequent to the above entry and finding Walt Whitman, a humanitarian, a moralist and a great poet. We never knew up to that time that he was even suspected of possessing a low average of either of these attainments. It is said, however, that he ripened into a good old man.

CHAPTER XIV

EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON.—AN ELOPEMENT.—MARGARET FULLER.—DR. BETHUNE.

Wednesday, October 6, 1848.



INTENDED a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Queens County at Jamaica. The Society was addressed by Hon. John A. King. It was made an interesting occasion; met my father there and very many of the Hempstead South people who held Mr. King in high estimation. The address was very entertaining and instructive in its statistics and history of Agriculture in Queens County. We had no notion of the amount of history in this subject.

(P. S.—We believe this valuable address of Mr. King was published in pamphlet.)

Thursday, February 15, 1849.

Ice has again appeared in the East River and agitation has again begun about a bridge to New York.

Twenty years ago the project of a bridge across the East River was introduced by the newspapers of that day and much curious speculation was elicited. The necessity for a bridge, it was urged at that day, was the great delay and danger in crossing the river, especially in the winter season when the river was filled with ice. But now that the clumsy old ferry-boats, then in use, have been entirely done away with and we have safe, swift and commodious, almost palatial boats on which we cross the river in a few minutes at all seasons and in all weather, sooner, safer and less exposed than we would be in crossing on a bridge on foot and we have all not reached the luxury of carriages, we think the emergency of a bridge discussion ought to be considered off, or entirely passed. But, it is not. We have recently had a renewal of the old craze. This may be as much, or more, owing to the fact that there is nothing more intangible to talk about, as for any other reason; but, whatever the cause, the question is here and seems determined to remain until talked out. To look this project squarely in the face and note the mischief, such an accomplishment which we look upon as being a little less than impossible and the difficulties to be overcome a little less than infinite, and the evils it would entail upon community, ought to silence all advocates of so chimerical a scheme.

It would be necessary to build such a structure high enough to let our largest ships pass under it—say 125 feet, then, there is the greatest danger of vessels fouling with the piers. Who? let me ask would mount such a structure to walk over the river so long as our present ferry conveniences exist?

But there are greater considerations why such a thing should not be built. First.—It would be a shocking deformity to both cities and the beautiful strait flowing between them, the peculiar beauty of which has been so much admired by strangers visiting our cities. Second.—Our two cities are fast moving up the East River and another generation will see them extending to Hell Gate and the approaches of the Sound.

All this vast water line will be required for the accommodation of our shipping which will necessitate uninterrupted communication with the sea. The obstacles presented by a structure which would require vessels to lower their topmasts, the supports, or piers of which standing in the river channel would be a perpetual menace to our already extensive and rapidly increasing commerce. Third.—Could our government maintain the Navy Yard in its present location with such a barrier at its portals? No! it would be immediately removed. No man in his senses would doubt it. It would be attended without a single benefit to the government. Fourth.—How in the name of all that is rational could it be made to pay? The American people have no love for things that don't pay. It would thus entail deformity and expense. Let me ask its advocates, would they build it for ornament, for commerce or for profit?

Our citizens ought to look to these things in season and stamp the project with marked disapprobation before it has reached a point where it may work incalculable mischief.

The various individual estimates which have from time to time appeared in the newspapers for the construction of this gigantic scheme has run over the scale from one to two millions of dollars.

P. S.—And now in 1912 comments are unnecessary on the foregoing views. They were entertained by thousands of people. At that period it was only contemplated to construct a bridge for foot passage and light vehicles.

Wednesday, March 21, 1849.

Attended the funeral of Benjamin F. Thompson, the historian, at Hempstead, author of the first and second editions of the History of Long Island.

Mr. Thompson was a native of Long Island, having been born at Setauket, May 15, 1784. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1824 and at once engaged in a successful practice.

He was made District-Attorney of Queens County and served in that capacity from 1826 to 1836. He was also a member of the State Legis-

lature and author of the History of Long Island which was published in 1839; a second edition was called for in 1843.

In every department of life public and private which Mr. Thompson was called upon to fill as a lawyer, author, law-maker and defender of the law, he was faithful to the trusts he had assumed. He had the rare faculty of chronologically arranging his facts and clearly and lucidly expressing his ideas, and he was a ready debater, qualities eminently befitting the lawyer and historian.

As a politician, Mr. Thompson was not a great success. He had qualities which made him objectionable to party leaders and their hostility unfitted him for a successful political career, for which he had no genius or craving. He had great love for accumulating and arranging historical matter and had his life been spared, he would probably have ranked among the greatest of native historians. At the time of his death, he was preparing a third edition of the History of Long Island and had also collected a great amount of material for a History of the State of New York. We believe the rare ability of Lawyer Thompson thrown unreservedly in such a work as the last named would have created a monument to his memory.

Mr. Thompson was always a gentleman, not alone in the flexibility of manner which made you feel easy and self-assured in his presence, but also in his personal appearance. He was faultless in the neatness and good taste of his attire. In the latter, he may have been considered fastidious. Whatever may be said of him, however, he was certainly no accident in conduct or habit.

There is a story told implicating Mr. Thompson, which is probably substantially true. It is not a joke, there is no wit or humor in it; it is simply ridiculous.

During a term of the Supreme Court held at the Court House in North Hempstead, Israel Hewlett, a well-to-do farmer of Merrick had been summoned on the jury and necessarily had to be present every day during the term, unless excused, although living seven miles from the Court.

Some years previous to the above, Israel Hewlett had suffered a defeat in a law-suit in which Lawyer Thompson was engaged on the other side. Israel felt injured and it was a long time (if ever) before amicable relations were restored. But with Hewlett a recollection of the event was not of pleasant memory.

One day on the adjournment of the Court above-mentioned, and while a storm threatened, Mr. Thompson being two and a half miles from home and without a conveyance, asked of Hewlett to leave him at Hempstead on his way home, which Hewlett very gracefully consented to do and seemed pleased for an opportunity to oblige his old foe. They set out together in Hewlett's wagon to cross the plains. They, however, had proceeded but a little way when it began to rain. Thompson was uneasy, his fine clothes and beaver hat were being spoiled.

Hewlett was relishing the pitiable condition of his guest, especially as he had nothing (himself) to spoil, his entire outfit could have been duplicated at a cost of twenty shillings.

Now, although the rain came down in torrents, Hewlett seemed in no hurry and permitted the old horse without urging to pursue his dog-trot gait, and by the time they had reached the first possible shelter which was Daniel Sealey's wagon-house on the plain edge at Hempstead, the lawyer was soaked to the skin and his fine clothes absolutely spoiled.

This story is not unlikely to be true; it probably never occurred to Hewlett that he had the lawyer at advantage and did not seek to alleviate the conditions by speeding his old horse. They remained at the wagon-house until the storm abated, then Mr. Hewlett kindly offered to see the attorney to his home; this kindness was declined.

Mr. Thompson never outlived this outrage, but his good sense was such that no one ever heard him complain. But he refused to accept a retainer in an action where Israel Hewlett was a co-defendant.

Sunday, March 31, 1850.

Passed the night at the old homestead. Sprang out of bed this morning awakened by the honking cry of northward bound wild geese. We looked up and located them. They were flying in an unbroken line against a strong northeasterly wind. Sometimes the line wavered as if in doubt but the marvelous precision was renewed, when confidence was restored.

It was many years ago that scenes like this attracted us and we have not grown weary with their yearly occurrence. We forget everything else when we hear the honk—honk, of a flock of wild geese and never lose our interest until the last faint honk has died away and themselves lost in the distant horizon.

The flight of wild geese over Long Island is lessening year by year and not many years hence will cease altogether. Whether geese like many others of our wild tribes are becoming extinct, or are pursuing other routes to their summer homes we do not know. We do know, however, that vast numbers of them are now pursuing an inland route.

Thursday, July 18, 1850.

An interesting event which has filled the neighborhood with gossip transpired here last week and which is worthy of note in these memoirs.

Mr. William Nasmith, a well-to-do Ship chandler of New York City with his daughter have spent many summers at the Lott's Inn, Hicks Neck,—he in order that he might pursue his favorite sport of fishing and gunning of which he was inordinately fond—and she because her father desired her happiness and wanted her near him, her mother being dead.

Mr. Nasmith's custom during the summer months is to spend from Friday of each week to Tuesday of the next week at the Inn, his daughter remains there all the time. A young man by the name of Platt from the north side near Huntington was an occasional visitor at the

Hick's Neck Inn for the same ostensible purpose of Mr. Nasmith, namely, for fishing and gunning. He became acquainted with Miss Nasmith and having nothing else to do, they on a very slight provocation fell in love in this wise—at supper one evening it was discovered that they were mutually fond of buttered toast and thereupon reciprocal relations sprung up which ripened into a closer alliance.

"What thin partitions do our souls divide!"

Matters continued on without attracting special notice of the outside world, except one or two old busy bodies who had seen the young couple looking at the moon one evening. Young Platt's visits, however, were observably more frequent and not specially confined to the sporting season, nor that kind of game which is seduced by the decoy, or which rises to the fly.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week during the absence of Mr. Nasmith, Mr. Platt drove up to the Inn with a dashing turnout and invited Miss Nasmith to take a drive to which she unhesitatingly assented. They drove straight to the residence of Rev. Lorenzo Rushmore at Hempstead. This accommodating clergyman who had probably united more couples than any other of the cloth on Long Island, put the seal of his approval to a ceremony which made them man and wife.

The boys of the Neck got wind of the affair in the afternoon and when the wedding party returned to the Inn in the evening they were met by the posse with a full calathumpian band making the night hideous with their polyglot music, all kinds of horns, drums, horse-fiddles, tin pans, conkshells and every other conceivable machine out of which noise could be extracted.

They persistently continued their serenade long into the evening and until the bridegroom appeared and invited the crowd to the bar-room for refreshments, partaking of which they retired. But this was not the end of the matter, when Mr. Platt's father-in-law came home on Thursday evening and was made acquainted with the true status of things the atmosphere of Hick's Neck became sulphurous and many rude things were said of the young couple in unadulterated Anglo-Saxon. The high temperature soon subsided, however, for at this moment young Platt appeared on the scene and assured his irate father-in-law that he was no country swain, as represented, but was of respectable lineage and gentle extraction. And said he, "Your daughter as was her legal right, has substituted me in the place of her worthy father as her guardian and protector and I therefore desire that there be a suspension of offensive or unpleasant language toward her, or as her guardian and protector I shall be compelled to enforce a duty which I flatter myself I am competent to perform."

After this little spirited speech full of good sense and good intentions, Mr. Nasmith seemed to have changed his opinion and began to look upon the boy with greater respect, the attitude rather pleased

him and his expression betokened that he believed the boy qualified to fulfil his promises and he began to regard him,

"With mingled admiration and surprise."

So suddenly was the transition that a full reconciliation was effected before dinner, but the curious and inquisitive audience gathered outside the Inn had also to be placated and consequently they were invited to a second ratification of the nuptials at the Inn bar at the expense of Mr. Nasmith. This was eminently satisfactory.

P. S.—Not long after the above, the sign over the store of Mr. Nasmith in South Street, New York, was changed to Nasmith & Platt, which sign in a very faded state still remains (1886) although the firm has long since been changed to H. Platt & Sons, Mr. Nasmith having died and his son-in-law inherited his business.

Monday, July 22, 1850.

It was announced on a newspaper bulletin in Brooklyn, July 19, 1850, that Margaret Fuller (now Marchioness Ossoli) had perished with her husband and child by shipwreck off Oak Island, Long Island.

The Ossoli family were the only passengers on the sailing bark "Elizabeth" which sailed from Leghorn, May 17th, and on the morning of Tuesday, July 16th, she encountered a cyclone off the coast of Long Island and was driven upon the beach at Oak Island where the entire Ossoli family, father, mother and son perished.

Margaret Fuller was a woman of very extraordinary natural and acquired ability, with a far-reaching and comprehensive intellect and was exceedingly popular in America. She counted among her associates and personal friends Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, Furness, Winthrop, George Ripley, Freeman Clarke, Wendell Phillips, Hawthorne, W. Lloyd Garrison, George B. Cheever and many others.

The expression of sorrow from the press was very general and widespread.

Tuesday, July 23, 1850.

Day before yesterday we resolved to visit the scene of the late tragedy and to-day took our boat and sailed from Raynortown over to the Oak Island beach. On arriving at the beach we found a great many people there. The hull of the bark was still visible with stumps of her spars standing above the water. There were many interested strangers on the beach, friends we were told of Margaret Fuller. Gabriel Harrison, of Brooklyn, actor, writer and poet, and George B. Cheever, Unitarian Minister of New York, friends

and acquaintances of Margaret Fuller, pointed out to us among the interested persons Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley and others, to some of whom we were introduced by Cheever and Harrison.

These persons were here on a mission of love, to secure the bodies of the unfortunates for entombment and had been waiting since the accident expecting that the bodies would come to the surface after a few days.

During yesterday many fragments of the wreck and cargo at intervals were driven ashore by the waves, and the beach was patrolled for miles east and west, but no tidings of the bodies up to the time of our leaving.*

*TABLET TO MARGARET FULLER.

On the sandy beach of Point o' Woods, overlooking the waters where Margaret Fuller, her husband, Marquis Ossoli, and her little son were drowned half a century ago, a pavilion has been built, and a tablet to her memory was unveiled on July 19, 1901.

All of the speakers at the unveiling referred to the fact that the body of the talented American woman lay in an unmarked grave, the sea never having given up the body.

In the audience, however, was a woman who shook her head protestingly when these statements were made. She was Mrs. Julia Daggett, who says that Margaret Fuller is buried in Coney Island. According to the story she tells, the body was cast up on the beach after the dead woman's brothers had left there, giving up hope of finding it, but leaving word that if the sea should surrender it later it was to be sent to Horace Greeley, who would see that it was buried.

Mrs. Daggett's father, Captain James Wicks, she says, accordingly took the body to the city on his sloop and hunted up Mr. Greeley, to whom he told his story. For some reason Mr. Greeley refused to act in the matter, and Captain Wicks took the body to Coney Island, where he buried it secretly.

Many old sailors have heard a similar report. Even members of the Fuller family, of whom three, Mrs. Arthur B. Fuller, Mrs. Richard F. Fuller and Mrs. Arthur B. Nichols, were present, think it possible the story is true.

The exercises preceding the unveiling of the tablet were held in the Point o' Woods Hall, which was filled with cottagers and visitors. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake presided. She told of the interest she as a child had had in Margaret Fuller from hearing her mother speak of her.

Charles W. Hand said that although the American woman had shouldered the musket and had put iron into the hearts of men in times of war, she had accomplished more by her pen.

"Margaret Fuller cut a highway in which her sisters should follow," he said. He asserted that he never feared that women would overpower men in the strife for power, because he believed in the survival of the fittest. This pronouncement caused that intrepid suffragist, Mrs. Blake, to start slightly.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, first vice-president of Sorosis, told of a reception to Margaret Fuller in East Cambridge which she had attended with her father, and how the great woman had said to her, "Little girl, don't think."

The Rev. C. H. Townsend thought that not the least praiseworthy attribute of Margaret Fuller had been her ability to inspire admiration in the breast of "that foremost of twentieth century women, Lillie Devereux Blake." The deep things of her heart had been answered from the depths of Mrs. Blake's heart, and he compared Margaret Fuller to the transmitter of a truth telephone and Mrs. Blake to the receiver.

Letters were read from Mrs. Edna B. Cheney, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Colonel T. W. Higginson.

After the hall ceremonies a procession was formed, and this marched across the plank walks to the pavilion, where Mrs. Blake drew the cord which unveiled the bronze tablet bearing the inscription:

"To commemorate Margaret Fuller, Marchioness Ossoli, author, editor, poet, orator, who with her husband, Marquis Ossoli, and their child, Angelo, perished by shipwreck off this shore July 19, 1850, in the 41st year of her age. Noble in thought and in character, eloquent of tongue and of pen, she was an inspiration to many of her own time, and her uplifting influence abides with us. Erected 1901."

Sarah Margaret Fuller whose talents and individuality of character and untimely death at Oak Island Beach, Long Island, have given to her history a peculiar and tragic interest, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810. Under the care of her father, Timothy Fuller, a lawyer and member of Congress, she was early and thoroughly instructed in the classics. It is related that he used to say of her that, while still a child, she knew more Latin and Greek than half the professors. At a very early age she had also made great proficiency in the French and Italian languages. After the death of her father of cholera in 1835, she became teacher of languages in the Bromar-Alcott School in Boston, and subsequently a principal in a classical school at Providence, Rhode Island. About this time her writings began to attract attention. Her philosophy is recognized as the Kantian Transcendentalism of today, viz.: A true knowledge of all things material and immaterial, human and divine.

In 1839 she published a translation of "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," a work which made her famous.

In 1840, she became editor of the *Dial*, a periodical instituted for the advancement and diffusion of Transcendentalism in America. In the editorship of the *Dial* she was associated with Ralph Waldo Emerson and George Ripley. These associations continued for four or five years, during which period, Margaret had written a number of admirable articles on philosophy; also essays on literature and art.

Her "Critique on Goethe," especially in the second volume of the *Dial* has been greatly and deservedly praised. "Nowhere," says Emerson, "did Goethe find a braver, more intelligent or more sympathetic reader."

Her "Summer on the Lakes," a vivid and truthful picture of prairie life was published in 1843. It was a wild enjoyment, a sympathetic and sustained love for the luxuriations of nature.

Soon after she became associated with Horace Greeley in charge of the literary department of the *Tribune*, when appeared her "Women of the Nineteenth Century," which had many sympathetic and admiring readers. It was the clearest and most logical, as it was the loftiest and most commanding assertion yet made of the rights of woman, with the claim to be regarded and treated as an independent intelligent rational being.

Channing says of her, "Behind the poet was the woman." The very glow of her poetic enthusiasm was but an outflush of truthful affection, the very restlessness of her intellect was the confession that her heart had found no home.

Horace Greeley says when he first made the acquaintance of Miss Fuller, she was mentally the best instructed woman in America while she was physically one of the least enviable. Later, Greeley said of her that she was the best talker since the days of Madame de Stael, and I have heard her characterized as the most cultivated woman in conversation about Boston.

Rev. William H. Channing, her cousin, says her great powers in conversation began with the child; its foundation was earnestness, having as Channing says in her youth, robust health, a love for open air and fields and gushing love for nature.

In 1846, she visited England, when she made the acquaintance of Wordsworth, Carlyle, Dr. Chalmers, de Quinsey, the Howells and other eminent men. Wherever she went, she was received with great favor.

From London she traveled through France, met George Sand, Beranger, Joanna Barlic and thence into Italy where she became interested in the Italian struggle for liberty under the leadership of Mazzani. At Rome she accidentally made the acquaintance of the Marquis Giovanni Ossoli, an enthusi-

astic Republican, who found himself cut off from family and friends in consequence of his connection with the Italian struggle.

The heroic effort for liberty in Rome failed; the sympathy, however, between Miss Fuller and the Marquis was the means of bringing them closer together and they became very much attached and although the Marquis was much younger than Miss Fuller, in December, 1847, they were married. This fact was for a time withheld from the public, but it was well known to our Minister at Rome, Lewis Cass, and Mrs. William Story, a Boston friend of Margaret.

The Marquis being ostracised by family and friends and Margaret without money in a land of strangers, they resolved to come to America, and in May, 1850, they with their son Angelo, embarked in the brig "Elizabeth" at Leghorn for America, and on July 16th, all perished in the wreck of the "Elizabeth" at Oak Island.

A monument commemorating her memory has been erected in Auburn Cemetery (Mount Auburn in Cambridge), and a stone marks the scene of the disaster at Oak Island, now entirely obliterated by the drifting sand dunes.



The Improvement Society of the Chautauqua largely through the efforts of Mrs. Lillie D. Blake erected on the dunes at Point o' Woods a few years ago a Margaret Fuller Memorial, which now stands.

The principal cargo of the "Elizabeth" was marble, included in which was the statue of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, the apostle of State Rights. This statue was intended for the Capitol at Washington, and after the wreck was recovered by divers and now occupies the place intended for it. Few who see this work of art know anything of its eventful voyage and shipwreck.

Tuesday, March 4, 1851.

The game laws restraining trout fishing on Long Island expired yesterday, and this morning there was an exodus of New York sportsmen at the Milburn Pond, although there was ice still in the pond. At least there were six city disciples of Isaac Walton all elegantly equipped in the most modern corduroys and leggins strung along the dam and as many more in boats on the pond. Among the latter we recognized the stubby form of the Rev. George W. Bethune, a popular Dutch Reformed preacher, who has an *angling* reputation. It is said that another old lover of the sport who had visited this pond annually every spring for forty years past was there.

Angling is of great antiquity with all ranks and in all ages. Homer describes an angler standing on a rock fishing with a rod and line, armed to protect him from the bites of the fish. Oppian describes the use of a gang of hooks, and the art of spinning the bait. Ælian, A. D. 230, describes angling for trout with an artificial fly. This art like most others was lost during the dark ages, but appeared again on the revival of letters. The first book printed in England was "*The Boke of St. Albans*," 1460, a work on fishing and hunting, generally attributed to Dame Juliana Berners. Dr. Bethune brings us down to Gervase Markham and Thomas Barker in his favorite edition of "Isaac Walton."

It is a curious fact that Walton found his best editor in America. Doctor Bethune has brought to this edition (a labor of love) great and various learning, an eloquent pen with profound love and regard for the Father of Anglers, besides a practical knowledge of the art.

Thursday, July 7, 1853.

We have to record another destructive fire in the Long Island forests. There was a time before the installation of the Long Island Railroad that Long Island furnished vast quantities of fuel for the

City of New York. Sloops and schooners by the mile were constantly going and coming as carriers of wood and other freight. But since the road was opened to Sag Harbor in 1845 there has scarcely been a day, from May to November, in which some portion of these forests have not been burned. Many of these fires destroy thousands of cords of cut cured wood awaiting transportation, and this local commerce has almost ceased. So desperate has the people become that threats have been made to tear up the road.

CHAPTER XV

SWIFT CREEK ENCAMPMENT.—PHOSPHORESCENCE.—REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES,
ETC.—PROFESSOR JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN JOHNSON, A CONTRAST.

Sunday, July 17, 1853.



E are now on our summer vacation. On Thursday last, July 14th, we attended the formal opening of the Crystal Palace, New York, one of the greatest events in the history of New York City. On Friday afternoon last, July 15th, we found ourselves in the company of three New York friends in a smoking car of a Long Island Railroad train bound eastward, our destination being the Great South Bay, our purpose, two or three days recreation in the said bay. The party had been previously agreed upon and consisted of B. Frank Rushmore, and lawyer Dykeman of Hempstead, three city friends, my father, self, boathands and a chef de cuisine, or general utility man. As per agreement, we were to rendezvous at Bedell's Landing, Hicks Neck, where we were to remain until the time of our departure, fixed at one o'clock next morning. On arriving at the landing we found everything ready for our departure.

After a supper consisting of fried eels and bread and butter, with coffee prepared by Mrs. Bedell we strolled about the neighborhood until about eight o'clock, when with our blankets we took possession of an unoccupied boathouse and went to sleep.

At half-past one Saturday morning Tredwell Smith and the chef arrived, called us up and gave the order for departure. No time was wasted in preparation. In twenty minutes we were under way, it then being high water, or early ebb. Our destination was Big Swift Creek where we expected to spend our three days in fishing, gunning, or in doing absolutely nothing (except eating), each after his own orthodox method.

It was about two in the morning of July 16th when the word was given to shove off, and we drifted and poled down with the tide to Miller's Landing when we hoisted sail and stood down the creek toward the open bay with a gentle southwest breeze.

It was a delightful morning. A short distance from Miller's Landing, the creek debouches into the bay. We had scarcely reached the offing, or cove, as it was called, when our attention was directed to an unusual display of phosphorescent light in the water. This appeared whenever the water became agitated.

We had on many former occasions witnessed similar luminousness in the waters of the bay, but never so pronounced as on this morning. We regret that we have not the appliances, or the scientific training to intelligently investigate this most wonderful phenomenon. Scientists have told us that phosphorescence in the waters of this bay is the result of molecular action and yet so far as this information extends, its primeval cause in the molecule is a sealed volume, a secret not yet revealed by nature, or science, to the most favored.

The gentle ripple at the bow of our boat as it parted and broke up the waters seemed like a sheet of white flame. In the distance we could hear a boat which was being rowed; it was probably 200 or 300 yards from us. We could not see it, except at the dip of the oars in the water, when the same phenomenon of light appeared, as that by which we were surrounded. A fish coming to the surface and darting off rapidly produced a streak of light which extended a long way under the surface, not unlike the trail of a meteor, a stick thrust suddenly into the water produced a similar effect.

Some of the various effects produced by our simple experiments improvised from the appliances at hand and others which were merely incidental, as the flight of a duck just above the surface of the water its wings in strokes more rapid than one could count, left a furrow of light a quarter of a mile in extent. And then our little sloop was an interesting factor in our experiments. She was making it lively for the infusorial polyp as she seemed ploughing through a sea of white flame, the traces of which, were distinguishable for 300 feet astern. Nearly every individual of our party had had experiences of similar phenomena, but, none attempted an explanation, or solution of it. B. Frank Rushmore, however, who had much reading and professional experience, vouchsafed to express opinions, and whose ideas enter largely into the following notes:

From time immemorial the phosphorescence of the sea has been observed critically by navigators and the luminosity pronounced due to various causes, principally, however, to the presence of a multitude of molluscs and zoophites which shine by their own light. There are many learned men, nevertheless, who maintain that the emission of light is the result of putrefaction of animal organisms.

Captain John Davis on the occasion of crossing the Arabian Sea in 1612 from Socotra, says:

"After we had parted from the island we were one night surprised with a strange sparkling and glaring of the water all about us. 'T'was just before so dark that one could not see half the length of the ship, when it suddenly became so light that we could see to read tolerably well."

Pliny had observed that certain shellfish gave out a gleaming light in the dark of the nature of certain Pholades.

Captain Cook saw splendid illuminations of the sea on the 29th October, 1768, off the coast of Brazil, the origin of which he ascribed to presence of microscopical animalculae. In 1772 he witnessed a similar phenomenon on a more magnificent scale, near the Cape of Good Hope. He described it as of spectacular beauty, the ocean seemed to be in a lambent blue flame like the Medusa. He collected some of the water and found it full of minute animals of gelatinous substance. This would antagonize the theory of Quaterfagus who says that the seat of the light is in the muscular substance.

But all the above seems to be phenomena of the ocean, or open sea, while we are describing a phenomenon which in all its details is identical with those of the ocean, but which occurred in a land-locked bay, where the depth of the water varied only from four to eight feet at high water, the bottom of which was grown over pretty generally with eel grass (*zastera Marina*), some of which reached the surface. Millions upon millions of individuals of crustaceans, polyps, sea-urchins, jellyfish, snails, etc., for thousands of generations have found a congenial home amid the tangled meshes of this grass, which also served as a protection against enemies. No significance appears to rest upon the depth of water, for there was no change in the manifestations of light emitted when we sailed into deeper water.

We had no means in our power for investigating this marvelous spectacle, a scoopnet captured nothing, but came out of the water radiant with light. A most glowing effect was produced in the water, on the discharge of a gun, the shot taking effect at the distance of about 100 feet from the spectator. The light produced did not differ in color from other effects, but it was more brilliant, more like a flash and passed off sooner.

As we passed along the headlands of the marsh, the presence of those species of nocturnal birds (waders) as the bittern, quock, etc., was betrayed by the slight effect of light produced as they waded along the edge of the sedge in search of food in the shallow waters. The male bittern it is said carries a phosphorescent lamp in his breast. There is a large list of fishes as sharks, sunfish, jellyfish, etc., and many crustaceans which possess luminous organs, many of which, actually swarm in our bays. And it may be that the putrescent theory as certified by Darwin is owing to a fact suggested by a great German naturalist also, that luminous organs retain their power of giving light after the death of the animal and long before putrescence has taken place. This would seem to be a clear refutation of the putrescent theory, as also the more generally adopted theory that the light emitting power of animals is under the control of the nervous system.

Darwin says: "*Voyage of the Beagle*," "Observation has taught me "to believe that the sea is most luminous after a few days of more than "ordinary calm, during which time it has swarmed with vast quantities "of animal life. Observing that the waters when left undisturbed become

"charged with gelatinous particles in an impure state and that the luminous appearance in all cases is produced by agitation of the fluid contact with the atmosphere, I am inclined to consider that phosphorescence is the result of decomposition."

Therefore, from our own very limited experience and all the aggregate available experiences of others who have observed and investigated the subject of the phosphorescence of the sea scientifically—the real cause of the phenomenon in all its phases up to the present is as far from a harmonious solution as it was in the beginning. For while we accept the most popular and, in fact, only logical theory that in our bay and in all the carefully observed cases in the open sea the illumination proceeds from infusoria (and other organisms) the main question of, how is it produced in the infusoria? is as far from a solution as ever, and that we know little, if anything, more about it than Pliny did.

Sunday, July 17, 1853.

We sailed out of the bay into Little Scow Creek and to the head of Long Creek, and down Long Creek to the north end of White Hill Marsh, and thence along the channel at the north side of White Hill Marsh to Swift Creek, and thence to our destination. An Indian shell heap on the west side of the creek marks the spot, it being pretty solid ground. We arrived just as the upper limb of the sun was gilding the summits of the sand dunes of Jones' Beach. This had been an ancient Indian camping ground, or may be a wampum manufactory. No implements were ever found here, however, to our knowledge but it was a vast accumulation of clam shells. The bank is gradually wearing away by the action of the waves and currents, and has been for years. No one can tell how much has gone or how long the balance will remain. The ground is high and dry and covered with a growth of quasi-upland vegetation. It is a commanding point on the creek, with a population of millions of fiddler crabs and devil's darning needles.

The first thing to be done on landing was to prepare for breakfast which was served about seven o'clock, and it was no French breakfast, of one roll and coffee, but a generous American camp breakfast consisting of clam fritters in endless quantities, fried potatoes, bacon, rolls and coffee. After breakfast the company dispersed, each pursuing his own method of enjoyment, some remained in camp for no special purpose, except that it required less exertion than to move about, and they chose to occupy their time in doing absolutely nothing. Some took to the fishing ground about 200 yards distant, some strolled on the beach, another party had selected a likely point of land a short distance from camp on which to lay in ambush with gun for the chance game that might have the rashness to pass within shot.

It was a model day and we were consecrating it with the physical and mental indifference contemplated in the original programme.

There had been no flagrant violations of the do-nothing order of the day up to two o'clock when the signal was hoisted announcing dinner.

An open canvas canopy had been stretched over the improvised table as a protection from the sun and problematically rain, under which was spread a banquet which would have seduced the most sensorious epicure, and all without ostentation. A great feature of the feast was the clambake, the clams were served in perfection.

However, just before dinner was signalled we hailed a yacht passing through Swift Creek having recognized some friends on board, Thomas Welsh, Seaman N. Snedeker, John Henry Seaman, of Hempstead, a Professor Johnstone, of Washington, and John Johnson, of Hick's Neck, pilot and guide. They had been to Fire Island and were on their way home. They immediately rounded up to our moorings and we invited them to dinner which they accepted on condition that they be permitted to contribute from their store of provisions to the meal. This was accepted. But our caterer went into high dudgeons over this unexpected addition to our dinner party, as a great discourtesy to him in sandwiching in five additional hungry guests who had not been provided for. He called it a dangerous precedent. However, he was pacified and we repaired to the dining-room. We were two hours at the table. There was a great deal of talk and gossip, some of which was very entertaining.

Professor Johnstone who had been several years in the government service, in making geological explorations and surveys for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, gave us an account of camp life on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains. These sketches were full of adventure. He was familiar with the habits and customs of both the wild and civilized natives west of the Mississippi, of the latter, the Navajos, Pecos, Moquis, Zuni and Pueblos he had lived among, and entertained us with relations and anecdotes of their habits and customs. The impressions made concerning them were of a character likely to be enduring.

There was no set subject for talk and no set talker, all talked, the conversation unconsciously passed from one subject to another and from one individual to another. Much of it was small nonsense.

The primeval purpose of the gathering was to eat, talking was simply incidental and was indulged in only as there was time and demand for it. But in the present diary conversation is brought to the front and made principal, while in reality it was subsidiary, and we have emphasized the selections.

As representatives no two men in the world present greater contrasts than Professor Johnstone and Captain Johnson who are in relief here. One, a young man possessing the highest culture of the schools, experience, flexible and graceful manner with a chaste and polished style in conversation. The other, an old man, a graduate from the

school of nature, a close observer, a limited vocabulary, a phenomenal memory, a natural and seductive manner and a master of the art of punctuating his story, Professor Johnstone was the delight of the Lyceum, Captain Johnson the oracle of the country grocery store. Captain Johnson knew nothing of the philosophy of finance and was innocent of the bustle of business. He had practically through life carried out the theory that leisure is more desirable than wealth, and he devoted his life to its attainment. He was not usually communicative before strangers, but on this occasion the Bass ale seemed to have had a limbering effect upon his vocal organs. He related local experiences of the South Bay, the marsh and beach, of marvelous catches of fish and hair-breadth escapes from drowning, freezing and murder by pirates of sea and land. He confirmed the astonishing feat of Tom Carman (related in another place in this work), who killed forty-six black ducks by one discharge of his fowling piece. This story was current and well remembered by many present.

The Captain's stories were well told in a natural unaffected way. They belonged to the literature of legend and experience rather than that of history, and so impressed the hearer, with a dry, natural grace, not burdened by the cumbersome entanglements of Lindley Murray.

He gave the following sketch of local history: "This very spot," said he, "upon which we are now sitting, I remember once seeing covered all over with French calico." Whether a pun was here contemplated, or not could not be determined from the context, or evidenced by the manner of the relator, but every one of his audience had misgivings of his construction of being covered with French calico, inasmuch as this spot was an old picnic ground, hence. . . . Said he, proceeding, "There were acres of it in the creek, on the sods and in the mud, whole pieces of the most beautiful calico, one end on the shore and the other floating and trailing in the creek. And it came about in this wise: A French ship called the 'Nestor' (he was a little shaky about the name), was wrecked on the beach right over here on Raccoon Beach. She was loaded with dry goods and when she broke up, boxes of dry goods were burst open by the force of the waves and their contents became the prey of the tides. The beach for miles was strewn with dry goods and great quantities of it found its way inside the inlet all loose and floating loosely about bleaching in the sun, or lying around at random, this point of marsh was literally covered with it.

"Now," said the old man, "the hardest part of it all is, that while these goods were being destroyed by tossing about by the waves, trailing in the mud and fading in the sun and doing good to no one, nobody was permitted to appropriate them, officers of the law were so stationed that every boat coming from the beach or bay could be searched. It was hard," said Captain Johnson, "to keep these honest poor people of the south side, to whom these goods were so tempting,

"from taking them whenever an opportunity offered, and they could not be kept from doing it. Great quantities of them were taken and got on shore without detection. And the manner of doing it in some cases was by concealing the goods between the kelson and keel in the bottoms of their boats, in other cases to stuff the goods down the trunk of the centerboard.

"I never heard of any one being punished for the theft, the goods when found in their possession were taken from them and they were permitted to go, so far as my knowledge goes."

Our own memory confirms the story of the old pilot Johnson. We do not remember the wreck of the "Nestor," but we do remember when it was a reproach for a woman to appear in public in what was called "beach calico," and the history of beach calico was the identical story told by Captain Johnson of the wreck of the "Nestor," and which must have transpired years prior, judging from the fact that we do not remember the shipwreck and there must have been a lapse of some years between the period of the wreck and where our recollection begins. There was no mistaking the calico, it was so Frenchy that everybody recognized it at sight.

The old captain prided himself on Revolutionary history and of the second war with Great Britain, and he, with great swagger, arraigned the patriotism of the Tredwell ancestors. He said the inhabitants of Rockaway, Hick's, Coes and Raynor's Necks had a great love for George III and the mother country during the Revolution, and they showed it; but they were not a breed of martyrs and many of them managed to be on good terms with either army of occupation. He gave some early reminiscences of the Town of Hempstead. One curious quality of the people of the town, and for which duplicity they are quite as remarkable today as they were then, was that Hempstead was a Dutch settlement with a Dutch charter and Dutch government, but was administered by Englishmen in an English manner, and so adroitly that the Amsterdam Dutchman never knew it.* They introduced the manners, customs and civilization of their ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, and more they had entailed upon the people the English hatred of Quakers, witchcraft and the Connecticut Blue Laws, the halo of which will never fade from the pages of Colonial history.

The Town of Hempstead had a remarkable history during the Revolution. Three-fourths of the inhabitants were Tories. "My memory," said he, "goes back to a period just after the Declaration of Peace," and looking mischievously toward my father said, "all the Tredwells were Tories," and qualifying the charge by adding that they

* In the Treaty of Hartford, 1650, it was agreed, "That upon Long Island a line run from the westernmost part of Oysterbay and so in a straight and direct line to the sea shall be the bounds between the English and the Dutch there, the easterly part to belong to the English and the westernmost to the Dutch."

were none the worse for that (knowing as he well did that every Johnson was a Tory). "But," said he, "they came around all right, for in the War of 1812 and 1814 they amply redeemed themselves.

"Among the many stories of Revolutionary times in circulation along the south shore when I was a boy and when loyalists were remembered with bitter resentment, one occurs to me which seems quite in place on the present occasion because it transpired in this immediate locality in 1780, the facts of which are that the British packet ship 'Carteret' with a valuable cargo of goods, also specie and important public papers from the home government in England to the Colonial government at New York, was pursued by an American privateer and driven on shore right over yonder in sight of this spot at Jones' Beach.

"Tradition says that by the assistance and procurement of the South Hempstead Tories the officers and crew of the 'Carteret' were enabled to escape to New York with the papers, specie and other valuables and an empty prize was left for the captors. By the information carried to New York, a British fleet was immediately dispatched in pursuit of the privateer to escape which the privateer was obliged to hurry away under full sail. The 'Carteret' was in consequence left to the mercy of the waves and the king's loyal subjects of the south shore, who completely looted and dismantled her. She was sold by the Town of Hempstead at auction as she lay on the beach for £100.

"I remember," said he, "during the latter War of 1812 when all 'able-bodied men of Hempstead South had been conscripted and were 'encamped at Fort Greene, Brooklyn, fears having been entertained 'that an attack and reduction of New York City was contemplated 'by the British.

"At this time two British men-of-war appeared off New Inlet for many consecutive days and two barges made daily incursions to the mainland to forage for poultry, sheep, eggs, butter, vegetables and any other thing coming within their reach. In the unprotected state of the country they took unlimited license.

"In August, 1814, one of our coasting schooners was chased on shore at Hog Island and burned; another was burned off Rockaway. The British entered Rockaway Inlet and committed depredations upon the inhabitants. Two coasters were destroyed near New Inlet after having been plundered.

"General Daniel Bedell, whose home was Christian Hook, and whose fame was Revolutionary, and who was in command of the troops at Fort Greene was delegated to put an end to this highway robbery, and he consequently called out the home guards with orders to rendezvous on Long Beach, just over there. They appeared to the number of about 200. They formed and were drilling along the shore when the barges again put off from the ships paying no attention to General Bedell and his troops. Now these barges carried about thirty marines, each well armed, and had mounted over the bow of each a swivel gun.

The General ordered his men to form a line on the beach. While this order was being carried out a volume of smoke burst from the bow of one of the barges—then came the boom—then the ball struck in the sand about 100 feet from the General's troops making a tremendous hole and scattering the sand about in all directions. This," said the old pilot, "was a trying moment to patriotism, and having "myself been brought up to the policy that when a thing was to be "done, to do it. I lost no time in placing the beach hills between me "and the British howitzers, and I say it without malice that it became "a foot race between me and two of the Tredwell family who should "get behind the hills first.

"I had often been on dress parade on Muster Day, or General Training, but this was the first time that I had ever been actually under fire in real war. All of General Bedell's troops broke ranks and fled to the hills, except about twenty who stood their ground. Of this twenty, I now remember James Wood, Richard Bedell, Elijah Sprague, Henry Miller and Increase Pettit. And thus ended the great battle of Long Island of the second war with Great Britain. The barges did not land, however, but returned to the ships."

My father received the story and the sarcastic personalities with the utmost indifference and remarked for the benefit of those only who did not know Captain Johnson personally that he had heard the Captain tell that story a great many times and he thought, he (the Captain) believed it.

"I regret," said my father, "that I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, it is a good one. I was at the time encamped at Fort Greene and am now a pensioner of the second war, an honor and an income that Captain Johnson might now be enjoying were it not unfortunately at the time of the call that he was sick in bed.

"In retrospecting the long life of Captain Johnson, I am unable," said my father, "to discover that quality of which he boasts just before his retreat behind the sandhills, he has never been remarkable for doing things. He was gently brought up, that is, no violence was used in his training, and should he ever be arraigned upon the moral perturbations of his youth, he doubtless would implicate Providence and interpose the defence of original sin and the atonement.

"The victories of Captain Johnson's life are not through blood, but by arbitration. I wish the Captain had seen fit to relate the story of his shipping in early life at Sag Harbour as a boat steerer for a three years' whaling cruise to the south seas. His ship was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia, and all the crew who escaped drowning were served up as long-pig by the cannibalistic natives, Captain Johnson alone excepted. This has never been satisfactorily explained by the Captain, whether he was regarded by these epicures in human flesh as an unsavory morsel or taboo and thereby escaped, or his skill in arbitration saved his life. It has been unkindly hinted that he accepted as

a compromise the relation of son-in-law in the household of the reigning monarch Nganamque.

"I apologize for these slight personalities. No offense is intended. It is the Captain's privilege to deny it."

Captain Johnson was happy to accept the apology and here ended the good-natured duel.

The stories told at that dinner would aggregate a chapter of legends and traditions of shipwrecks and pirates and buried treasures, of crews sailing from New Inlet and never being heard of after. The south side of Long Island was the breeding place of superstitions of the sea, and it abounds in that class of oral and legendary literature. It is true, nevertheless, that the south shore of the island between Gilgo and Hog Island Inlets is a marine graveyard and is strewn with wrecks of vessels and treasures, and that every foot of Hempstead Beach has its tale of disaster and death, its sea tragedy. But the traditions which have taken the firmest hold on the minds of this people are those relating to buried treasures or pirates.

From times very remote the belief has prevailed pretty generally that there were treasures buried among the sandhills on the east end of Long Island. A tradition goes that at one time a suspicious looking vessel was lying off and on the coast near New Inlet for several days. Finally, a small boat put off from the vessel and entered New Inlet, went up the West Run to a point near the Hummocks, took from the boat many boxes, carried them out of sight into the hills and returned without them. The only solution put upon this mysterious movement was that the boxes contained gold and silver and were buried in the hills. And consequently a large portion of this beach has from time to time been dug over in search for the supposed treasure, under the stimulus of dreams, visions, incantations and spells.

Many stories have been circulated of great finds and great wealth obtained by mysterious persons.

There is one story only which conservative people of the place regard as fully worthy of credence. It was current a few years ago (1842), that one of our south side neighbors had found a great quantity of money on the beach, which had been exposed by the action of the surf. A state of facts which lend plausibility to the story is that this neighbor was not a chronic fortune seeker by digging. That he was a seafaring man and poor. After the current story, he suddenly left his profession, bought a farm, spent considerable money upon it and to all appearances began a life above want and with little apparent care, and we have heard it said that he confessed to having found a large sum of money on the beach. The money was said to have been Spanish silver dollars. This neighbor still continues to live on his farm, and from his method of living and the yield of his farm, we can reach no other conclusion than that he has other resources.

Every now and then we read accounts in the newspapers of the finding of a pot of money. These reports are mostly untrue. They have their birth in a love for the marvelous.

There is no doubt that during the Revolutionary War, the Tory planters had but little fair play shown them. They constituted the wealth and respectability of the population. Their property was taken from them without law or justice. Consequently, to preserve their valuables they generally buried them and when they did so the place of deposit was a secret known to them only, and in the event of sudden death, with no opportunity to communicate to friends, the secret died with the individual. There is no doubt that many valuables were hid in this manner and we know that occasionally such treasures are being unearthed.

Our Hempstead guests left us at early flood for home, and we betook ourselves to our usual listlessness. We made ourselves comfortable for the night and remained in camp until Monday afternoon and started for home on the afternoon flood.

Tuesday, July 19, 1853.

The remainder of our vacation will be spent about the old homestead with many excursions, no doubt, to the South Bay, which to us is a field of endless attractions, of its fishing, shooting, clamming and of its natural scenery we never grow weary, they are a perpetual tonic to us.

The vast landscape of the South Bay is yet in its wild and untamed state as it came from the workshop of nature. It had suffered nothing from the vandalism of man, wherein is its great attractiveness. No conditions of simple nature can be repulsive or unattractive to the studious man.

Friday, February 24, 1854.

On the 20th of February a violent snowstorm set in on Long Island, and for two days it raged with great fury. Yesterday it cleared off with a northwest gale, and the thermometer has ever since been toying with zero. The storm it appears was of wide extent and unusual severity. Newspapers and telegrams from the west and south report it the severest ever known. From Washington to Charleston the storm was markedly severe.

Through the politeness of Hon. Elbert Hendrickson, of Charleston, S. C. (a former townsman and schoolmate, now editor), we are at the present writing (March 10, 1854) in possession of several numbers of the Charleston, S. C., *Times*, giving a rollicking account of the above-named phenomenal storm in that section.

The above trifling circumstance led to some historical incidents with which we previously were not familiar. The name of Hendrickson is a fixture of Long Island history. The Hendricksons settled

at Foster's Meadow, Hempstead South, in the middle of the seventeenth century, taking up quite a large tract of land. They were thrifty, industrious and influential planters. But during the Revolutionary struggle the most substantial branch of the family adhered to the cause of the crown and incurred the hatred of the Revolutionists in so doing.

Among the freeholders of Queens County who in a petition, October 21, 1776, declared themselves, "His Majesty's Loyal and well-affected subjects of Queens County representing themselves to bear true allegiance to His Majesty, King George III, and are sincerely attached to his person, crown and dignity,"—were Daniel, William, John, Bernadus, Aaron, Stephen, Abram, Albert, Harman and Hendrick Hendrickson. And among the exiles to St. John, New Brunswick, in 1783, the Long Island Hendricksons were fully represented.

In May, 1776, there were rumors of a dire conspiracy among the Loyalists, so-called (rebels) "A plot as deep as Hell to bring the country to ruin." One John Hendrickson was arrested by the Congress. His long examination before that body educed no evidence against him, but it showed very plainly the excited state of Queens County. That the Tories of Hempstead have been in high spirits of late was perhaps the most ominous fact revealed. Peter Curtevis, the Commissioner General of the New York line, calls the suspected design, "A most infernal plot against the lives 'of Generals Washington and Putnam.'"

The hellish conspirators were a number of tories, (says Solomon Drown.) Among them was the Mayor of the City (Mayor Matthews of Flatbush), and three of Washington's life guards. Ninety-eight persons were accused of implication in the plot, the list being headed by that arch traitor, Richard Hewlett, of Rockaway. (American Archives.)

The whole story was probably without foundation, gotten up by the Revolutionists in the hope that circumstances might convict some Loyalist. Among the accused were Stephen Hewlett, of Rockaway, Israel Denton, near Rockaway, Charles Hicks, Hicks Neck, Thomas Hicks, Rockaway, Thomas Cornell, Rockaway and David Beatty, Hempstead.

After the Declaration of Peace, many of the above-named Loyalists removed from the town, or were exiled.

We are assured by our Charleston correspondent that the Hempstead Hendricksons were the originals from which all others of that name in the country sprang. He also informs us that his family, the Hendricksons became widely disseminated after the Independence and that representatives may be found in Halifax, Nova Scotia and Frederickton, New Brunswick. Those who remained were not the wealthiest of the family.

The foregoing interesting historical waifs were the out-crop of a freakish newspaper correspondence travesting the aforementioned snow storm, excerpts of which correspondence

were at the time entered in the diary. They were a running satire on the *Times* bombastic report of the great storm, not regarded as of any special consequence here save as a connecting link, at the same time showing the steady aggressive policy of South Carolina, the culmination of which was characterized as an "Impending Crisis." Its inception followed closely upon the heels of the Revolution.

These disturbing elements of the South were always revolutionary in character, and having survived the crisis of one revolution (of independence) began husbanding force for another.

In 1825, President Jackson saw the perfidy of the Palmetto politicians and by strategic measure averted the evil imminent at the time, but did not stamp it out. He declared that the Calhouns, the Haynes, the Butlers and the Pinckneys were blazing a path for the heresy of State Rights, Nullification and Secession.—A great truth since realized, and for the restoration of things to their normal condition he recommended a little, "healthy hanging." Our surprise was very great on learning as we did through this correspondence of the insidious growth in the South of those notions, the tendency of which was disunion and which President Jackson characterized as nullification, treason and secession.

And further and still more surprising that all the professed patriotism, love and devotion to country failed to divert this crisis which finally bore its fruit in an assault on Fort Sumter and in the establishment of a Utopian Confederacy.

We now again turn to the diary and copy the writer in the "Times" commenting upon the great snow storm aforementioned, who says—"It was the severest ever known along the line of country from Washington to Charleston, and that on February 21st, the snow at Charleston was ten inches deep and the storm still raging with no indications of abating, and he exultingly and with an effort to be funny, or original, or both, asks, referring to the ten inches of snow, "How's that for high?" but affects thankfulness in the exemption "from too frequent visitations of such undesirable luxuries for which "they of the genial south have no use, and no hankering, and prays

"that such favors be relegated to more northern climes where full crops are harvested during five months of the year, and he refers to New York and Boston, where 'ice carnivals reach the boiling point, and the thermometer goes down to forty degrees below zero.'"

The truth is our "Times" correspondent is as much enraptured over the novelty and success of the great obdurate ten-inch snow storm, as we are over our early potatoes.

But the constant type of Southern man concedes nothing which is not Southern—no resultant effects in any phenomenon, or event in which Southern, of austral institutions are not the most significant factors. His geographical boundaries of the United States are south by the Gulf of Mexico, east by the Atlantic Ocean, north by Mason and Dixon's Line, and west by the Rio Grande. Within these bounds he would erect an empire based on negro slavery.

The typical Southerner offensively vaunts his superior social and political attainments on every possible and impossible occasion and like an over-indulged and spoiled child wants everything in sight, and when refused, or if his shrines are not honored and worshipped, threatens apostasy and "baptism of blood," disunion and other calamitous things. He demands that he shall be permitted by Federal enactments to invade free states with his peculiar and obnoxious institution (his negro slave) with no change of status and in contravention of the laws of such free state. And an indiscrete slaveholder made his boast that he would in time call the roll of his slaves from the steps of Faneuil Hall. But we felt it our duty to inform our friend that Massachusetts has as insalubrious an atmosphere for negro slavery as South Carolina has for snow storms, and that the threatened roll call of negro slaves from the vestibule of Faneuil Hall will be a roll call of freedom.

The Southerner also claims that the words "nullification" and "free soil" have no place and ought to be expunged from the school dictionary. And many other unwise things are demanded by these spoiled disciples of Southern demagogy.

Charleston when first settled became a rendezvous for pirates and other lawless characters and they improvised an impossible government which produced so much disorder that in 1729 the Proprietors of the Carolinas sold out to the Crown and good conduct was enforced, but the old spirit of insubordination still survives.

Besides the great disadvantage in which a South Carolinian is placed by his arrogance and unbounded egotism, is that he is vastly wanting in breadth and liberality of ideas. He has rejected the opportunities of advance and recognized sources of information. He has effected the curtailment of free speech and free discussion, even the courts of law have been contaminated. But he is susceptible to development. The Carolinian we meet in Washington is quite a different being, from the stay-at-home Carolinian, not so by heredity, but made

so by a plastic environment, experience, observation and inoculation and by his encounters with thin layers of puritanism.

The swift rotation of prominent representative men from every section of the country at Washington, and it also being the headquarters of the army and navy does to a great extent command the sentiments and manners at the capital. But nevertheless true to inborn instincts the native (originally of the Carolinas) affects epaulettes and cockades of Southern creation—he is a colonel—they are all colonels, and believes that all social excellence and political discernment are products of the South and that Washington is its Olympus.

He fails to see that the great social status of which he immoderately boasts is made up of foreign "left-overs," of Western "samples" and Northern "remnants and remainders." And that his ideal is not Southern at all, except in his Bowie knife method of handling it.

But we are in no mood to wrangle over a matter so difficult to prove, and of so trifling importance when proven. We will concede all that our honorable correspondent covets including Charleston as a storm centre of cyclones and blizzards, if need be. Its spurs as a political storm centre it won years ago.

The physical thermal status of New York and Charleston in the winter months is as 0 to 30, for the political thermometer reverse the figures.

A segment of that same ten inch snow blizzard of which the "Times" correspondent so everlastingly prates raged here on Long Island for three consecutive days, and there is at the present writing more snow on Long Island than would bury the Palmetto state three feet deep.

Ten inches of snow breeds no discomfort here at the North. There is now not a wheeled-vehicle in sight on Long Island, and even in the City of New York, Brooklyn and Boston, all the carrying trade and transportation are performed upon runners which completely supply the place of wheels, omnibuses, stages, hacks, expresses are upon runners and there is a perfect carnival of pleasure seekers in private turn-outs.

And all this transformation takes place without interruption, or suspension. We go to bed on wheels and wake up in the morning on runners. But in Charleston and Washington ten inches of snow, as our correspondent frankly admits means a suspension absolutely of travel and traffic, business suspends, the entire population is confined within doors, so easily are their resources for such a contingency exhausted. With the thermometer at zero and three feet of snow more than one-half of our resources are still in reserve.

We testify with gracious acknowledgments the superiority of these sloppy latitudes in the production of early cucumbers, political *coup d'états* and fevers, but for snow, ice, frosted feet and adult

blizzards, we suspect that we have the right of way, and are content to permit South Carolina to enjoy her unenviable fame as a centre of political cyclones.

The correspondence of which the foregoing are detached excerpts written many years ago, would have been valueless only for what subsequently transpired in the South. Here from actual observation the state and sentiment of the South on disunion are portrayed six years before the adoption of the Act of Secession, also the no uncommon example of a northern man domiciled in the South embracing extreme southern fire eating sentiments.

The accomplished Albert Hendrickson—the companion, the schoolmate and the friend born at Hempstead South, was lost in the vortex of the Civil War. He embraced the cause of the South against his country and passed entirely out of sight, we never heard of him after the first gun on Sumter.

CHAPTER XVI

DAN LANE.—SELAH LANE, MORMONS.—INDIAN SUMMER.—FOSSIL MASTODON.

Sunday, May 11, 1856.



WE shall now turn back to March 6, 1856, to pick up a dropped stitch, or enter, as the lawyers say *nunc pro tunc*, an event made significant by knowledge subsequently obtained.

On March 6, 1856, there was a fearful snow storm extending along the coast of the Middle and Eastern States and the weather was extremely cold, the thermometer reaching ten degrees below zero. At that time we were occupying a cottage in the City of Brooklyn adjacent to a similar one occupied by Captain Dan Lane, a Sandy Hook Pilot.

On, or about the first of March last Captain Lane went to sea on the "Sylph," one of the staunchest pilot boats belonging to the Sandy Hook fleet and of which he was Captain. They were caught in that great storm of March 6, and no tidings of any kind up to the present have been received of the boat or crew. No doubt now exists of their having been lost. Special volunteer crews were organized and sent out to cruise for the missing vessel; every effort was made to obtain some tidings of the fate of the unfortunate boat, but in vain. Everybody but Mrs. Lane now believes that the boat and crew perished in that great storm. Mrs. Lane insists that the Captain is still alive and will some day return. She never hears her door-bell ring that she is not startled and never opens her front door except in expectation of being confronted by her husband. She builds up a hope that he may have been picked up by some outward bound vessel and carried to a foreign port and has not yet had time to be heard from. Slender hope which is fading away day by day.

Dan Lane was more than an ordinary pilot. He was more than an ordinary man. He had qualities which gave him a high rating as an honorable man, a man of great merit in and out of his profession, and his loss has been deeply deplored by a large circle of personal and club friends.

Young Lane had but little of the society of his father in his youth, who, however, had managed to give the boy a university education. In early manhood he was of delicate health and was permitted through friends to experiment in the life of a pilot.

The sea life afforded him relief of which he finally became enamored and adopted the pilot branch of it as a profession. As this is not an

obituary we refrain from further extolling his many good qualities known to us. He became a factor in these reminiscences in being a native of Greenwich or Rum Point, Hempstead, L. I., and the son of Selah Lane, a noted Mormon preacher and prophet at the above place.

Mormonism was an insipient institution and had not developed a creed when the elder Lane espoused and embraced Joe Smith as the great prophet. Lane preached, prophesied, spoke in an unknown tongue, and healed the sick by the laying on of hands. He advocated the establishment of a great Mormon Commonwealth, a New Jerusalem, a Zion in the far West probably before Joe Smith had conceived that idea. He and Brigham Young were the moving spirits in the theory of a great exodus to the West.

Young was frequently at the house of Lane at Greenwich Point which was known as The Temple, and this was the original idea of the great Temple. Lane moved into this house in the early part of 1830, the same year in which the Book of Mormonism was published, of which Lane does not seem to have had much if any knowledge. He called his "The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints." Many proselytes were made to the creed in this section. In 1831, about 1,000, principally proselytes through Lane's preaching settled in Rutland, Ohio. Lane followed in 1833. Captain Dan Lane was but a youth then.

In 1837, the Mormons moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, laid out a great city and built a temple. At this time the communicants in America and England numbered one hundred thousand.

In 1847 they again removed and laid out another great city in Utah. At this period the communicants of Mormonism numbered about two hundred thousand, since which time, it has increased enormously.

Selah Lane whose active and fertile brain furnished a great deal of the original literature of Mormonism in its early stages, was a man of finer texture than any of the early Mormon propagandists, Hiram Smith, Orson Pratt, Sidney Rigdon, Brigham Young. These men were coarse and vulgar. Lane had refinement and learning, and it is a mystery how he could have had the effrontery to insult common sense in advocating Mormonism.

When Joe Smith died in 1844 at Nauvoo, Brigham Young succeeded to the Seer and Apostolship of the Saints.

Among those who left this section of Long Island were many respectable citizens, Jesse Pettit and sons and families, Ephraim Pettit and family, Mrs. Eliza Rhodes, Thomas Doneger, Amos Raynor, Jothan Smith and family, Ira Pettit and many others left for the Land of Promise preached by Lane.

Saturday, July 5, 1856.

Yesterday, visited New York City for a dual purpose to witness a genuine Fourth of July ovation by young America. The other for the purpose of being present at the ceremonies of the dedication of the bronze equestrian statue of Washington at Union Square. This statue was intended to stand on the very spot where the citizens of New York received General Washington on his entering New York on Evacuation Day, November 25, 1783. The First Division State Militia paraded; the Free and Accepted Masons and some other civic societies were in review. The oration was delivered by Dr. George W. Bethune. The day was agreeably and profitably spent.

Monday, November 9, 1857.

Nothing known, or described as weather in the English language can excel in loveliness a genuine Long Island Indian Summer day. We have observed and enjoyed for years this season with its cloudless sky, its hazy horizon and its languor inspiring atmosphere, but never before felt an impulse to record its glories.

Tuesday, November 10, 1857.

Another—This is the tenth of those not enlivening, but days of physical inertness. Only fifteen days ago to-day it seemed that winter had been summoned, had responded, and had actually commenced its reign equipped for the season.

The weather was frosty and nipping with slight sleet and snow. The hoarse northwest wind had stripped the leaves from the oaks and hickories and scattered them over the fields. The crows and blackbirds had held their conventions to vote upon moving. The crows voted to stay and the blackbirds a noisy group by acclamation postponed their departure for another cold snap. The huge corner fireplace in the living and dining-room of the old homestead was dismantled of its summer floral decorations, the brass andirons were wheeled into line for service, a great back log was put on and in a few minutes the hearth was ablaze with a crackling fire which sent cheer and comfort to the remotest corner of the room. All this was on the 25th October and now here we are to-day, November 10th, in the midst of a glorious Indian Summer unlike any other season of the year.

The sweet-scented salt bearing south wind has returned and waltzes with the dead fallow leaves of October's strewing.

Indian Summer seems like a new resolve of nature, a sober second thought to fulfil a violated contract and the bright fiery sun comes back reluctantly and apologetically, he has a kindly look and no longer dazzles our eyes out, but with a softness in his face as if blushing for his conscious inconstancy.

Here we are to-day sitting by an open window the air like that of June while a few days ago we were shivering in perihelion to freezing

in the chimney-corner. The dazzling brightness of the sun is modified by a veil of azure gray atmosphere. We saw his first brilliant flash as he burst above the horizon this morning. It was a beautiful sight, no pigment, no art could imitate his complexion as he grew into a big round red medallion, the haze through which his rays struggled bedimmed his glory, and we could look upon him squarely in the face and at our leisure as he came up slowly behind the trees, large enough to cover ten acres of Tom Carman's farm.

Nowhere else could you witness such glory in a sunrise and nowhere else in the world do they have such faultless Indian Summers as on Long Island.

We have now had ten days of this incomparable hazy weather, no snow, no frost, no rain and not a cloud flecks the sky, and all this immediately succeeding a period of cold, sleety, snowy, northeast weather, than which nothing yielding to atmospheric effects could be more comfortable and soul chilling, the last ragged edge of which inclemency, however, disappeared, bound south down the coast to be thawed out at Cape Hatteras.

This last spell of pinching weather which we have described, the old folks say was the "Squaw Winter," which comes a little before the first of November and without which we can have no "Indian Summer," says the old tradition and due respect must be accorded to respectable old age.

There are people, however, who ridicule the notion of an Indian Summer as fabulous, but I tell you Indian Summer is no myth as a purely Long Island institution. Take the weather reports of a hundred years back for this locality and compare them. No system of fable or mythology will explain why there is not a greater difference in the thermal conditions of October and November, or why the latter should so often average a higher thermometer than the former on any other theory than that of the immutability of law.

When seasons, or periods are so well defined, as in our latitudes and where climatic changes occur with semblance of so much regularity, there are but slight opportunities for airing the sagacity of the "weather wise," or to speculate upon "probabilities," or to send in messages of the weather department from their large stock of remnants always on hand at the bureau, and who from omens of present weather gauges, prognosticate an early or late, long or short, severe or mild winter, or a short, hot and dry summer. Such can have no status in their efforts to degrade so respectable and antiquarian an institution as the Long Island Indian Summer.

Long Island Autumns are of themselves conventionally genial and enchanting seasons, but there is a particular period in this fall, or autumn which comes too regular and is too pronounced to be accidental in the procession of the seasons. It comes in the latter part of October, or the first of November and covers a period of from five to twenty days, and has characteristics wholly its own.

Now what is the query, or is there any assignable cause for the peculiarly warm and balmy weather sandwiched between a Squaw Winter (a cold frosty unseasonable snap in October) and the true winter, the reign of ice and snow. To assign a cause we admit our impotency, but we do know that Indian Summer comes and that it is never served on ice.

The Spring of the year has no season corresponding to the Indian Summer of November. Why the Indian has been coupled with this typical season is also unsolved with us except its remote relation in a legend of the Algonkins, as follows:

A great Manito, son of the West Wind who traveled over the earth and each fall visited the country of his people the Algonkins to see how they were getting along rested himself on a mountain and had a great smoke which settled down upon the hillsides, plains and valleys and caused the beautiful haze which characterizes Indian Summer.

The itinerant Algonkin like the crows and blackbirds never struck a summer wigwam, or went into winter quarters until the son of the West Wind had left the mountain top. And there is a white man's proverb more ancient than the Weather Bureau at Washington, "that if you don't get Indian Summer in the Fall you may look out for it in the Winter." And notwithstanding the vast expenditure of caloric to prove that there is no such season, the entire white population of Long Island ages ago adopted the Indian proverb into a catalogue of their adages, for according to the old Indian tradition, "If the son of the West Wind don't come in November he will come in January," and statistics sustains it. The Quakers brought no whims, or any tales, or weather bureaux with them when they came to Long Island, yet this tradition was common with them "after a fall freeze lookout for a January thaw."

Be the history of Indian Summer what it may, all welcome it when it comes and everybody knows the genuine from the spurious without it being tagged or labelled. And even the migrating animals (many of them) never break up housekeeping in our latitudes for the frosts of October knowing instinctively that mild weather follows the Squaw Winter.

The dreamy blue haze which softens the atmosphere of Indian Summer is too characteristic of the season to be misunderstood, even by the migrating animals, for as soon as the November frosts appear they are off in a moment.

It was in our early colonial days when attention was first directed to this peculiar season and our ancestors believed that the blue haze of Indian Summer in the atmosphere was smoke which came from the burning forests and prairies of the West, or from other burning forests, but familiarity with the burning forests and becoming better acquainted with the peculiarities of Indian Summer this theory gradually faded away and is now entirely abandoned.

It has been said that scientists have gone so far as to maintain that the peculiarities of this season is the result of minute animal life in the atmosphere so minute as to escape microscopic detection, others thought it to be of vegetable origin, but a far greater number of people say it is haze, and any fool knows what haze is, and the populace is right.

The nebulosity of the atmosphere has a very enervating effect upon the human system, but our most recent experience is that the brute creation is unaffected by it. A thieving mush-quash with a back load of plunder was nimble enough, in spite of the atmosphere to escape unharmed a volley from our Holmes and Wesson at a distance of not more than forty feet. And there is on the meadow more than usual activity among the birds. The blackbirds down *the neck* are boisterous and show no languor. They are manifestly happy, active and noisy with no signs of atmospheric depression.

Wednesday, November 11, 1857.

What a glorious day was yesterday? What a change to-day?

The sun arose this morning in a pale white sky. The wind is crispy and from the northwest. Indian Summer is over. There is a stampede of migrating birds and Jack Frost will begin his arbitrary reign to-morrow.

Monday, July 12, 1858.

The bones of a Mastodon indicating an animal of enormous size were discovered in a bed of quicksand in Nostrand's pond, L. I., (one of the sources from which Brooklyn is to be supplied with water), on Friday last by the workmen who are engaged there. Messrs. Brevoort and Lefferts of the Water Commission being apprised of the fact made an examination and concluded that the bones of the entire animal were there and have taken necessary precautions to prevent them being carried away in pieces as many of the parts of a similar fossil found in Baisely's Pond some time ago had been carried away by the workmen and others under the illusion that they were of great value. A guard has been placed over the remains of the Nostrand pond and they will probably be exhumed intact.

Notwithstanding the assurances of Mr. Brevoort, who is a scientific man, this find should be received with much caution until further developments. Quicksand is no place for Mastodon bones.

"The Brooklyn Eagle," says: The statement in some of the New York papers that the lately discovered relics on the Brooklyn Water Works, instead of being the bones of a Mastodon turns out to be the remains of a petrified tree, is a wrong statement altogether. Whether the remains alluded to are those of the ancient monster, supposed, or not, they are certainly the bones of some huge animal. Everything is uncertain about them and is yet to be definitely settled. The bones were struck upon digging through the muck of a pond on the line of the open

canal about three miles southeast of Jamaica and not in any of the water ponds which have been erroneously named as the location of the discovery. The condition of the place where they lie, (a semi-mass of liquid mud, water, refuse &c. of great depth and very hard to work at), make it at present impossible to have an examination of them. But in preparing for the canal the pond will shortly be drained and then we will learn more satisfactorily what the remains are.

Already, however, a sufficient number of samples have been taken to prove that some creature of immense size has there decayed. The remains extend over a length of fifty feet. Parts of what unquestionably have been large bones, and are so pronounced by naturalists, have been taken out from the mass which is far gone in decay. It is not unlikely that a careful examination of the whole deposit would indicate that some of these were the remains of some large marine animal. That indeed is the suggestion of one scientific individual of Brooklyn by whom the bones have been inspected.

No effort will be made at the present age of the world to disprove the theory that animals of monstrous size in past ages traversed the breadth of the American Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The many remains of the mastodon found in New York, New Jersey and at intervals the entire breadth of the Continent is a sufficient confirmation of the existence of such monsters in great numbers.

Did these huge proboscidiens roam over Long Island? What are the evidences of their existence here? Bones of the mastodon have been found in many places on Long Island, but no skeletons to our knowledge have been found here in complete condition, but detached and isolated bones have been found in great numbers, and which it appears to us must have been deposited near where found. There are two methods by which these bones could get to Long Island. One by the animal perishing here on the spot where the bones were found, or that the bones were brought here by water, that is to say,—by floods. The latter seems to be quite preposterous.

Some years ago in digging for the purpose of draining a muck bed at Cedar swamp, Merrick, the workmen struck a hard substance, on removing which to dry land was discovered to be vertebra of some monster, other bones were found, the under-jaw. An audience was not long in collecting. Some of the wise old fellows for which every country neighborhood is noted, pronounced the bones those of a whale, and everybody who knew no better accepted the verdict, until Dr. Wheeler came along and looking at the bones, said they belong to a land animal of immense size. That he was four-footed and his food was vegetable. The Doctor's definition was received with confidence. The bones after a short exposure began to crumble and although nearly a one horse wagon load of them were taken from the muck they soon crumbled to fine earth.

From a critical examination of the premises it has been determined that this swamp is the remains of an old beaver pond, the water of which has been considerably raised by the dam, and that the growth of vegetation had given it a surface of solidity and left a morass of considerable depth under the tangle of surface vegetation. It was the reclamation of this swamp that led to the discovery.

At the time of the above entry we had made no research for information concerning fossils on Long Island. The above came to hand inadvertently, but since, we have heard of a great number of finds, of which we failed to make notes and which would seem to put the matter beyond all reasonable doubt that the mastodon in pre-glacial times roamed over Long Island. But that no complete skeletons have been found here indicates a condition different from that existing in Orange County, New York, and in many places in New Jersey where they have been found entombed in mass. Whether great floods have swept over Long Island and carried away the material which covered the remains and scattered their bones while in the other localities named they have remained undisturbed is probably the question to be answered.

The disappearance of this now extinct mammal some time probably during the age of man has elicited a great amount of inquiry among scientists and the curious. We know of no minutely detached account of the surroundings of the mastodon as found in his burial place, and yet even within the State of New York there has been discovered thirteen in various stages of decay, some almost complete. The most perfectly described (unscientific) exhumation of the mastodon was that by the writer on the fifth July, 1879, and subsequent days, fully reported in the papers of that period and more minutely described in a paper read by the writer before the Philosophical Club. This animal was found at Little Britain, Orange County, New York, on the Kelly farm, and the remains are now in the American Museum of Natural History.

The description of the find and the process of exhumation attached to the remains in the museum is too vague and brief

to satisfy even the ordinary inquiries. The paper read by us which we believe is still extant fairly described every stage of the disentanglement with the surrounding strata; also some speculations on the probable age and causes which led to its entombment. The description given in this paper, read before the Philosophical Club, will answer for all the finds in the country where the remains have been undisturbed since burial. The many detached bones of the mastodon found on Long Island have probably been washed from their burial place and scattered about the country by glacial or other currents.

CHAPTER XVII

TRAILS AND ROADS.—GATES AND BARS.—LONG ISLAND INNS.—HEMPSTEAD A PORT
OF ENTRY.—THOMAS TREDWELL.

Monday, October 11, 1858.



ANOTHER devastating fire among the pines of Long Island. These fires seem annually to ravage the forests on the east end of Long Island and while the experiences of former years have warned the inhabitants to have every precaution taken to avoid the repetition, yet they come annually, but they are less frequent and less destructive than formerly, owing probably to the fact that the inflammable territory has been nearly burned over; consisting of hundreds and hundreds of acres, and thousands on thousands of cords of good pine wood destroyed.

How these fires originate is an unsolved problem. A long continued drought preceding the fire is no doubt a great auxiliary after the fire has begun. The farmers charge them to the Long Island Railroad and the railroad charge them to incendiarism. Not many years ago so frequent and so destructive were these fires that settlers refrained from locating in places within the possible fire district, with the result that the wooded interior portion of the island remains to this day without a population, a wilderness.

It would now seem too late to put forth superhuman efforts to stay the ravages after the work of destruction is so nearly completed, but, unless it is done who can say that the Long Island forests will not be totally destroyed. Of little avail apparently are all ordinary precautions as learned by past experience.

In the early ages of the country it was necessary in order to clear land for cultivation to first burn off the encumbering forests. This is no longer necessary, prudent or profitable. The forests are now the most valuable of the land owners possessions.

A gentle easterly wind now prevails and the air thick to suffocation with smoke which half obscures the sun.

These fires have destroyed not only forests and crops, but farm-houses and frequently entire villages with loss of life. It is reported that several small farmers located in the woods in the interior have been driven from their homes by the present conflagration.

Wednesday, November 10, 1858.

One interesting peculiar social feature of the south side of the Town of Hempstead which has specially interested us, is the structure of its roads and their relation to colonial days. Nearly all the trails or paths under Indian regime (now roads) from the outlying English settlements at Hempstead South, lead directly to the mother colony of Hempstead, also a centre during Indian supremacy. We anticipate that a careful inspection of these roads will confirm an origin co-equal with the earliest occupation. One glance at the early town plans show that the general direction of the roads or trails is northward, and that they all converge at the Village of Hempstead. And that they exist to-day substantially as they did in colonial days. Originally they were simply trails, the most important of which have passed through the stages, or degrees of paths, lanes, roads, highways, turnpikes, etc., as occasion required, or public necessity demanded.

But from the early trails, or paths, designated by marked trees and by slight clearings of the brush and thicket for a passage to the modern turnpike, or coach road, or avenue is a long and tedious evolution. In the earliest times no stream was bridged, no hill graded and no marsh drained.

The Indian trails or paths not well defined at first to the white man, became more distinct and better known by use as travel increased. Finally wheels appeared upon them, merchandise was transported over them, years brought the stagecoach, the most luxurious traveling equipage in the world within our memory.

There is no system of chronology or order in the development of roads. Where the population increased by natural growth the roads also grew in importance. When we see a post road or turnpike running through a country we some way look upon it as a trunk road and that all other roads or highways connect with it as tributaries. This is not correct. The roads and highways were in use first and they it were that made the post road and turnpike a necessity.

A trail marked by blazed trees represents the aboriginal period, unfenced paths through forests and openings represent Indian and early white settlers, intersecting roads, agricultural or mercantile necessities, turnpikes and post roads represent the luxurious age of private equipage with inns at intervals and a traveling people.

In the Dutch settlements on the west end of Long Island these primeval ways were called cow paths. The English called them horse or bridal paths. Fulton Street in the City of Brooklyn from the East River to Bedford, this trail extended to the Indian settlement of what is now the Village of Hempstead. There was also the Canarsie Path, and the path also extending to Midwont, Flatlands and Gravesend. They were indicated by blazed trees usually on the left side of the path.

We have no well-defined geographical limits to the territory termed Hempstead South in this diary. It may be said, however, to be bounded

by the plain-edge or the foothills on the north, by the Atlantic Ocean on the south, Kings County on the west, and no definite boundary on the east. The Indians occupying this territory at the advent of the English were the Canarsies, Rockaways, the Merikos and the Massapeguas, Wantags and the Montauks. These tribes by their own act, the effect of which they thoroughly understood, extinguished all their claim to the territory by deed of conveyance of Old Rockaway, Rockaway, East Rockaway, Cow Neck, Foster's Meadow, Christian Hook, Hick's Neck, Coe's Neck, Raynor's Neck, Fort Neck, Seaman's Neck, Merrick and Wantagh.

The settlers of all these localities extending eastward indefinitely were English, or of English descent, and came from New England to Hempstead, which latter place appears to have been the central or radiating point.

The local government was a pure democracy. All laws were enacted by the people at the town meetings at Hempstead, which was also a church and traffic centre, wampum being the earliest purchasing medium.

The old Village of Hempstead still has an English air about it. The architecture of the old buildings, the shade trees, the quiet of the quaint old streets are characteristics eminently maintained in the old part of the village.

Within the period of our memory the business streets of Hempstead on Saturdays were scenes of animation and bustle. They were lined with wagons from miles around the country in all directions, particularly the south, and every horse post in the village had its tenant. Saturday was a great shopping and market day. This was eminently an English custom. The village square was crowded with wagons of the south siders filled with fish, clams, a great variety of game and other products of the Great South Bay. These saline luxuries being in great demand by the dwellers of the interior.

As before stated all the roads out from the early settlements on the south side and the necks led directly to Hempstead, and they so exist to-day, very little change has been made in the location or general direction of these plantation paths or roads since their establishment, most of which are developments from the old Indian trails.

The earliest means of transportation from one place to another was by the horse trail and on horseback. Our grandmothers went shopping on horseback. Kaigy Rainer's wife, Phebe, is said to have been the first woman who traveled by land from Raynor's Neck to New York, and she followed the Indian path on horseback.

Horses were introduced prior to 1664. Wheeled conveyancing followed, and stagecoaches were introduced soon after the beginning of the eighteenth century. Traveling on horseback continued a fashionable necessity until late in the century.

In the absence of records, or of other positive information on the subject, we suspect and there are corroborating facts that the first roads for common use in the Town of Hempstead were those leading from the necks to the Village of Hempstead, and that they were used for such communication long before any system of east and west roads was constructed. As confirmatory of this theory we would direct attention to the old south side inns as existing now and formerly—all of which were located on the south side main east and west road, and certainly were not established until an east and west travel rendered them necessary and demanded them. But they were all located on a crossroad—that is, where the South Road (east and west) crossed by the road to Hempstead. Neither the roads nor the taverns were accidents. Either the taverns were located upon the roads, or the roads were located for the taverns, the latter of which is highly improbable.

All the inns were built and equipped for the entertainment of travelers, "man and beast," horse and rider, and all the old-time inns which have survived to our day were commodious structures, some of which date back to the very beginning of travel on Long Island more than 100 years ago.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Patchogue, Islip, Babylon and Amityville stages traveled the South Road, and taking into account the number of people who traveled on horseback and with their own private conveyances which were then just becoming fashionable in the country the travel must have been considerable. Private turn-outs were considered a great luxury. One of these old vehicles was for years stored away in the back of our wagon house a monument of decay.

The arrivals at these inns must have been very frequent and the demands for accommodation for "man and beast," consequently great. From Babylon to New York a man would require two meals and a horse one, and these must be furnished by the inns.

The author of the old Journal found in my father's house and from which we have heretofore quoted in these reminiscences stated that in 1784 and earlier, then considered a far advanced age in facilities for travel, the writer by taking, "The Flying Machine Route," a stage-coach line from Amboy, N. J., performed the journey from Hempstead to Philadelphia in a little short of three days and returned in three more. This journey involved five lodgings and eighteen meals, averaging one shilling and six pence each. The above was the best equipped route in the country of the period.

This extract shows the great necessity for inns and also the vast amount of patronage necessarily bestowed upon them. The same journey may now be performed taking breakfast at home (Hempstead) returning the same day. One meal in restaurant, supper at home same day and no inn in it.

The earliest route of the English settlers of Queens and Suffolk Counties to and from the island to the mainland (i. e., the continent)

was over Long Island Sound to some point in Connecticut and this continued to be the route pretty generally used until after the Revolution. Washington came to Hempstead by this route and he came into Hempstead on horseback.

It is a fact well known that all the south part of the Town of Hempstead was studded with well-equipped farms under a high state of cultivation, while the middle island or a strip between the south side and the plain edge was wilderness, and the retreat in early times of wild ferocious animals, a terror to the planter. And the roads still pass through a great deal of swamp and forest and uncultivated lands, the remains of this forest now occupied in numerous cases by squatters.

This middle forest on the southerly half of Long Island began at the Narrows at the extreme western end of the island in Kings County and will be one of the noblest features of the proposed Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The notorious Howards Woods between Brooklyn and Jamaica is a part of the same system of forest and was infested by thieves and highwaymen rendering it unsafe to travelers unaccompanied. Farmers were held up and robbed there almost weekly up to within a recent period, and it is not without its terrors yet.

This belt of woods extended through Queens County and it is a marked feature of the county to-day. In the Town of Hempstead this strip of territory lies between the southern settlements and the plain edge. Much of it is still a source of wealth to the town.

At Raynortown or Washburns Neck, an inn stands upon the ground where the first Edward Raynor built the first house at this place. Inns were the great necessity, whether the traveler, tourist, or itinerant went by stage, private conveyance or on foot. The inn had all to do with making his journey possible. As a rule the Long Island innkeepers were a type of the English innkeepers and were always the leading and influential men in the community as well as men of character, and from their impact with strangers they were kept well informed upon all subjects of public interest.

A structural feature in all of the neck paths or roads or lanes is the bars or gates where they open into main or crossroads. Old people remember when they were common on all the lanes and paths, in fact, some of them are extant to-day. We remember when a boy they were on nearly all of the neck roads and were required to be closed by every person passing through under penalty of law.*

* July ye 3d, 1667.

It is ordered and agreed of By the Constable and overseers that for All Gattes and Loose Bars About ye towne. If any P'son or persons shall goe through the Gattes or bars Afore Mentioned Every such Inhabitant or any other person, yett Not with stand if they y'm find open they shall shut or Close them upon ye penaltie of five shillings upon very such Default and one Witness shall Bee Athentick provided 16 years of age or upward and the fine shall be paid to him or her that Complains. And Every one that makes use to Open them or lett them Down shall shutt y'm up Again upon the penalty. Above Speciefied.

A gate was maintained at Merrick just west of the residence of Doctor Wheeler at the head of a lane leading down the neck. A road or highway beginning at the extreme foot of Washburns or Rainer's Neck runs northerly through a thickly settled neighborhood and crosses the main road at the Raynor's Inn, and continuing still northerly and north-westerly connects with the Merrick Turnpike at Rum Point, now Greenwich Point, and thence directly to the Village of Hempstead. The Merrick Turnpike is the connecting road of Merrick and Wantagh with Hempstead.

Next westerly of the Raynortown Neck Road was the Coes Neck Road which led directly to Hempstead. Next west comes the territory known as Hicks Neck, which is an elongation of the mainland into the Great South Bay, lying between Parsonage Creek and Christian Hook on the west, and the Hicks Neck or Tredwell's Creek and Coes Neck on the east, having a width of upland east and west of something less than a mile, and in length north and south from Scootuck (Bethel) to the Hempstead Bay of about three miles. When the English settlements commenced upon this territory it was completely covered with forests.

Hicks Neck was begun an irregular straggling settlement dating back to the earliest days of the colonization of the town in 1650 and now consists of about 160 houses or dwellings. The settlers located upon the principal paths or lanes running north and south, but without order. These lanes are intersected at convenient intervals by other local lanes leading east and west. All the lanes were kept closed by bars or gates at their junction or outlet into the main south road.

Lott's Inn at the head of the lane leading to Lott's Landing was another of these comfortable old Long Island inns as we remember it when a boy. It was a large commodious house and was sustained largely by the local trade incident to the traffic of Lott's Landing, Port of Hempstead, and its reputation as a sportsman's house, and its good bay fare and bay privileges, shooting and fishing. We remember well the neatly sanded floor of the barroom done up to a pattern. The bright pewter table furniture, although passed out of commission, yet racked up in the kitchen for display, and the great quantities of shining tinware displayed from the dairy room and strung along the picket fence. The furniture of the old house was quaint. We remember the high-back rush-bottomed chairs arranged in stiff order around the parlor or reception room.

There were no glaring notices posted at the threshold of your apartment cautioning you to "Beware of Pickpockets." "Bolt your door before retiring." "Deposit your valuables in the safe, or the proprietor will not be responsible for loss." There was no need for such pre-

cautionary measures here. We doubt if there was a serviceable lock or bolt in the house.

Passing through a gate in front of this inn we enter an unfenced road running southeasterly about a quarter of a mile to Lott's Landing. This place has a history.

The coincidences of events which contribute to the rise and development, or the decline and final extinction of business locations, are no more forcibly traced in large federations, rich and powerful communities than in the simple hamlet or borough.

The same or similar causes lead up to consequence or greatness in the one as in the other, and the same or similar causes contribute alike to diminution and decay. The spot which marks a former habitation, or ruined hamlet, or deserted settlement, the diverted traffic of business centers, if only the junction of two roads or crossroads awaken in us a feeling of sadness, loneliness, always accompanied with the sentiment of mutability, decay and death.

These were our thoughts on meditating over the marvelous transformations at Lott's Landing since our childhood days; no political revolutions, no great scientific problems are involved here. It is simply one of ceased to pay under new environments.

Lott's Landing (Port of Hempstead) at one period was a thriving business center for the brick and lumber trade and general transportation. As we remember it in our boyhood it was a busy bustling locality. Not a vestige of its former significance now remains.

S. C. and I. Snedeker, general merchants of Hempstead Village, maintained a large brick and lumber depot here. The ground about the dock was covered with brick and lumber sheds of considerable extent. This business had been a growth from small beginnings. The transportation business began with the settlement of the country.

The Snedeker firm owned several vessels engaged in the transportation of lumber from Albany and other points and brick from Haverstraw and New Brunswick. This business gave employment to a great many of the working population of the place, and the docks at all times presented a lively and businesslike appearance. Building material was supplied to all the adjoining country for miles around. But the greater bulk of these goods was carted to the Village of Hempstead, the principal distributing depot. In this service many teams of oxen were employed, and in all seasonable weather were kept constantly engaged in hauling lumber and brick from the dock to Hempstead, one boy usually having charge of two teams.

At Lott's Landing (Port of Hempstead) during the palmy days of its prosperity, were at all times one or more vessels at its wharves unloading. We have seen six there at a time unloading at the two docks,

Sworn to this 10th day
of Sept 1806.

By appointment of the Board of Directors

Dr. Keeney

District of New York,—Port of New York.

District of New York, — Port of New York.

Benjamin Frothingham Master of the *Sloop Aqueduct*
of *Hempstead* having as the law directs to the annexed
Manifest, consisting of *ten* Articles of Entry, and deliv-
ered duplicate thereof, permission is hereby granted to the said
Sloop to proceed to the port of *Hempstead* in the State of
New York — *4 Oct 1861*

Given under our hands at New-York, this
11th Day of Sept^r 1807.

My dear Mary

SOLD BY PHILIP BURTSELL, NO. 16, WALL STREET.

MANIFEST of the Cargo, on board the *Ship Regulator*
Burthen, 33 1/2 Tons, bound from *New York*

for *Benjamin Franklin* Master,

Marks and Numbers.	No. of Entries.	Packages and Contents.	Shippers.	Residence.	Consignees.	Residence.
1		One hundred & ten boards.	Marr	on board	Marr	on board
2		Twenty five planks				
3		One Cask Salt				
4		One C ^o Flour -				
5		One C ^o Sugar				
6		Two Stds. Rum				
7		Two Stds. Molasses				
8		One Keg Spts				
9		a number of Watermelons				
10		One C ^o Spts				
Ten. Malab						
					10 Sept 1888	
					By J. J. J. J. J.	

or waiting their turn to unload, and a long string of tradesmen's and other wagons taking their turn for goods from the vessels.*

A large portion of the bulky merchandise for the country stores about here, such as sugar, molasses, liquor, etc., was shipped from New York on these packets. All the country stores kept an assortment of gross wares, as bar iron, wagon tire iron, and all the supplies for wheelwrights, shipwrights, millwrights, blacksmiths, ship chandlery goods, as well as fertilizers and machinery for farmers reached the consumers by water.

The captains of these vessels were some of the most respectable of the people. Captain Henry Jackson, Captain John Jackson, Captain Daniel Bedell, Captain Joseph Johnson, Captain John Thomas, Captain Thomas Raynor, Captain Benjamin Tredwell and others. All this is changed; not a vessel now enters these ports; the docks have fallen into decay by disuse. The large country inn which flourished as an accessory of the traffic has long since been converted into a country boarding house, and the once lively dock is as silent as death, as near the condition in which the white man received it from the Indian as the imagination can conceive.

Now all this is not without a cause, or a combination of causes. In early times the beginning of transportation of goods was by water. It was cheaper and, in fact, the only means of transportation. Building material was furnished the builder in its rough state, and the entire structure was worked up by the mechanic from the rough timber as it came from the sawmill. A revolution took place on the invention of the planing machine and the clapboards for the exterior of the structure were prepared for use and other stuffs were tongued and grooved, as flooring. These were followed by supplying manufactured sash already glazed, and blinds for the entire house, only to be fitted. The above again were followed by ready-made doors, stairways, wainscoting, and in fact the house was made in the factory and had only to be put up on the grounds by the builder.

About this period of the innovation of machinery in building houses the Long Island Railroad was introduced as a competitor in transportation, and it was found that the manufactured goods being more compact could be carried by rail and delivered at the door, and the

* I have in my possession an original Manifest of the Cargo on board the Schooner "Regulator," of the burthen of 38 tons, Benjamin Tredwell master, bound from the Port of New York to Hempstead.

(Here follows a list of cargo sworn to by Benjamin Tredwell, September 10, 1808.)

Permit granting to said Schooner to proceed to Port of Hempstead in State of New York.

Given under our hand at New York this September 10, 1808.

JOHN KEANNY, G. C.
DAVID S. LYON, C. G. L., N. Y.
(D. M. T.)

storekeepers also could get their goods much sooner and as cheap by rail. Consequently, all transportation by water ceased.

Lott's Landing is in no sense a ruin. It has no interest for the antiquary. It simply ceased to live, its activity withdrew, went out of business and reverted back as near as may be to its primitive condition when first discovered by the white man.

Again reverting to the Hicks Neck Road, it continues northerly and crosses the main south road near the residence of Thomas Tredwell, at which junction there is an inn, thence direct to Hempstead.

The course of all the south side roads is in a line direct to Hempstead. They were first through necessity used to open communication between the south side and Hempstead, the mother colony, a service which they are as faithfully fulfilling to-day as then. These roads were never laid out by any authority, except that of necessity. They laid themselves out.

The next road westerly leading from the neck to Hempstead crosses the main road at the Baldwin's Inn, one of the most typical on the south road, large, commodious and of the pure English model. This road connects with the Hicks Neck Road last above named, about one mile north of the inn and continues along the line of the old path to Hempstead.

The next westerly road is from Christian Hook, which crosses the south road at the Jonathan Baldwin Tavern, and pursues a nearly direct course northerly to Hempstead.

The next westerly road, which also originates at Christian Hook, crosses the main road at Rockville Centre (upon which stands the Wiggin's Inn, a stage house) and runs direct to Hempstead.

The next westerly road originates also at East Rockaway, a trafficking port with considerable shipping trade. This road crosses the main road at Sand Hole at which a Temperance Inn is maintained by Dr. Sally DeMott; whence the road leads a northerly course to Hempstead and crosses the main road at the public house of Tredwell Pearsall and runs northeasterly to Hempstead. There are other roads both east and west of those named which terminate at Hempstead. One from Merrick on the east, and one from Far Rockaway and Hewletts Landing on the west.

The distance from Rockaway to Fort Neck, the west and east extremes, is about twenty-one miles, and is the periphery of a circle of which Hempstead is the center.

Friday, August 6, 1858.

This is one of the most memorable days in the history of the United States. Queen Victoria congratulated President Buchanan on the completion of the Atlantic cable. This congratulation passed through the cable. It was a transport over the whole country which no

ordinary event could create. Many accidents had happened to the cable in the process of construction and laying, but thanks to the perseverance and skill of Cyrus W. Field it is now an accomplished fact.

Wednesday, September 1, 1858.

The celebration of the opening of the ocean telegraph was one of the most unbounded enthusiasm. New York City from the Battery to the Crystal Palace was impenetrably thronged with spectators to the procession.

The procession was the finest ever seen in New York City. It far exceeded the Erie Canal or Croton Water Celebration to which New Yorkers refer with great pride as the greatest of civic festivals.

The speeches at the Crystal Palace by David Dudley Field, Captain Hudson, Cyrus W. Field, Captain Dayman and Mr. Everett were historically and scientifically interesting, and none of the addresses were tedious, containing as they did a vast amount of information viewing the benefits to be derived from this great work nationally, from the individual standpoint of some of the wisest men of the country.

The fireworks at the City Hall were the most brilliant ever seen in the city.

In Brooklyn the day was observed generally as a holiday, everybody having gone to New York. All places of business were closed, private residences were decorated with flags and streamers and mottoes; and in the evening were illuminated. It was a day of general rejoicing.

A salvo of 100 guns was fired from the government ships in the bay at 1.30 P. M. The procession moved from the Battery at 2.00 P. M.

Tuesday, April 12, 1859.

The shell heaps or Indian mounds on the south side of Long Island, so long the marvel of the native people, are beginning to attract the attention of scientists, several wise-looking individuals have been seen exploring them recently.

At present a corps of government or Smithsonian experts are engaged upon that work. No remarkable finds, however, have yet been reported as a reward of their efforts. Their search has been nearly fruitless of results of scientific value, except the determination that these accumulations of shells were the results of wampum manufactures, as this conclusion confirms all the traditions concerning their origin as well as the conclusion reached from an examination of their physical character, this may be said to be a decided advance inasmuch as it pretty conclusively determines the question of their origin.

We, however, shall probably have a detailed and exhaustive report from the government in the near future. In the meantime we will not anticipate its report.

Friday, May 6, 1859.

Attended the funeral of Thomas Tredwell, of Millburn.

Thomas Tredwell was born in 1778. He was the son of Benjamin Tredwell, a well-to-do farmer of the south side. It is uncertain if Thomas Tredwell's scholarship extended beyond that of Master Elison of the district school, who, however, had the reputation of a thorough teacher. It is quite probable that he did attend one or two terms the Academy at Jamaica. His love of literature later in life was indicative of an early training in that direction. He had behind him generations of thrifty, industrious, high-minded ancestors.

In early life he acquired the confidence of neighbors and townsmen, and was promoted to positions of honor and trust. He was a man of great personal magnetism. Prior to 1820 he was several times elected Supervisor of the Town of Hempstead. But his career as a public man may be said to have begun in his election to the Legislature of the State of New York for Queens County in 1819. To this position he was continuously elected until 1832, having as his associate member much of that time Hon. John A. King, of Jamaica.

Thomas Tredwell was just under the average stature, stout, brusque and with a wonderful flexibility of manner, courteous, not always of the Chesterfield studied order, but natural and graceful, probably rather profuse, but never offensive. His speech was marked by the same spontaneous frankness and candor, more remarkable for its gentleness, good sense and freedom from all vulgarity and offensiveness than for its strict compliance with the rules of Lindley Murray and which like his movements was quick, nervous and entirely without study or affectation. In his early life farming was not suited to his tastes, he was enamored of the sports and pursuits of the South Bay, and it was with deep regrets that he contemplated the final destruction of these bay products through wantonness and vandalism, unless stayed by the power of the legislation. He proposed and advocated stringent measures for the preservation of the game and products of the South Bay. Through his long service to the state and country he had the interests of his constituents continually at heart, and he introduced and secured the enactment of many laws, the tendency of which was the preservation of the fisheries of the south side of Long Island and to prevent the wanton destruction of game.

All this was duly appreciated by his constituents, the people of the south side whose principal means of sustenance were the treasures of the South Bay, and at the end of his last term in the legislature, a great mass meeting and clambake was given in his honor by the people of the county, especially those of the south side, at Baldwins Inn, at Hicks Neck. Three large tents were erected on the open in front of the inn, one each for Jamaica, Hempstead and Oyster Bay.

Thousands of people attended this great gathering and partook of the clam chowder dinner which was served in the tents. Benjamin

F. Thompson, of Hempstead, presided, and John A. King responded to one of the toasts. This was one of the great occasions of Queens County, entirely spontaneous, and independent of all party feeling, both Whig and Federalist freely mingled in the demonstration.

Thomas Tredwell's service in the legislature did not improve his financial condition, and he retired from office poor. The people of Queens County realizing this, he was nominated and elected Sheriff of Queens County, then the most lucrative office within their gift. This office he held for nine years. His son, Elbert, was elected for the second term, and Thomas becoming again eligible for the third term. On retiring from the office of sheriff he was in easy financial circumstances and he retired from all active business up to the time of his death at the age of eighty-two, which occurred on the third day of May, 1859, at the house of his son-in-law, Christopher Miller, in the City of New York.

An old resident and friend informed us that Thomas Tredwell injured his chances for political preferment by his association with Elias Hicks, Lucretia Mott, Lewis Tappan and other Quakers and abolitionists who were frequently entertained at his house. This is not likely to be true inasmuch as his election to sheriff seems to confirm the good opinion of the people for him. That he became an open abolitionist in the latter part of his life there is no doubt.

He was also with many others of the prominent men of Long Island a strong personal advocate of the admission of Long Island in the constellation of States of the Union. After summing up all the qualities which go to make a man respected and honored we believe no man aggregated higher than did Thomas Tredwell in the small sphere in which he was called upon to act. His warm attachments were not from great public achievements, his popularity did not arise from his advocacy of great questions of state, but to measures of practical benefit to the common people; and personal magnetism.

Thomas Tredwell was not a great man in the broad sense of heralded greatness, but of that greatness arising from unselfish devotion to the common welfare, in this he had few peers. His popularity was phenomenal among those who knew him personally.

Sunday, August 14, 1859.

We have just completed another pilgrimage to our favorite playground in the Great South Bay. Yesterday and the day before was spent at Fire Island, and returning called at Swift Creek to refresh our memory of a spot rendered sacred in being the site of an encampment held there six years ago. The spot was as comely and inviting as ever. Some physical changes have taken place in the creek and adjoining marsh. The currents have wrought inroads in the marsh which has been undermined and large masses of rocklike looking sods have fallen from the banks of the creek.

It is surprising with what persistence these masses of fallen turf resist the swirl of the currents and the never-ceasing ebb and flow of the tides. They are nearly as indestructible as granite. But this little spot of solid earth, less than an acre of redeemed territory, an oasis, an infringement in a wilderness of sloppy marshes, is not a sham attraction, it has been the choice camping ground for picnics, social parties, chowders and clambakes for a hundred years of English rule. It attracted the Algonkin and he admired and occupied it and left his indelible imprint there in the shell remains long before the white man came.

We remained only a few hours at Swift Creek (until flood tide set in), solacing ourselves in the meantime with the present prospect for fair weather for the next few days, and finding entertainment in watching the endless fleet of coasting vessels making their way, some east and others west, along the outside close under the beach with a good substantial full-sail breeze from the north. They will not all reach ports before dark, but the weather is fine and "probabilities" say will remain so for many hours to come, and then a night voyage has all the charms of a voyage in broad day light. Although fleets of coasters as great as the present have been dispersed and some lost without tidings on a sudden change to tempestuous weather.

We recall many pleasant reminiscences of our former encampment on this little knoll of solid earth amid miles on miles of unstable, salted marsh, and turn again and again to indulge a sentiment born of earlier days, a love for the unique and untamed beauty of the scene. We got under way for home at three o'clock with a strong flood tide and a strong headwind, and we are making these notes while under sail.

Tuesday, September 15, 1859.

Met father at Hempstead and attended a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Queens County.

An address was made by William H. Onderdonk. It was a very appropriate address. Met a great many acquaintances there, was introduced to Ananias Pratt and amused ourselves a long time with the genealogies of our two families in order to satisfy each other that we were related, which was not entirely satisfactory to either. We never took kindly to the subject of genealogy, although a member of the American Genealogical Society. We believe, however, in its great value and importance.

Wednesday, November 2, 1859.

The Indian summer has again come and gone. It set in earlier than that of two years ago and was less marked and of shorter duration, but unmistakable in character. The just-closed Indian summer, although short, was an ideal one. The air was balmy, the sun shown with subdued radiance, the atmosphere was languid and restful. As usual it fol-

lowed closely upon the heels of the Squaw winter. The contrast was heightened from the fact that the latter was unusually severe, and longer, the winds more blustering and the earth more sloppy than the average, but it closed on October 27th and the 28th was ushered in in full summer attire. It was the first day of Indian summer, and it continued up to and through yesterday, and now, November 2d, it is all over. The contrast was very great and the transition almost instantaneous from the Indian summer to the normal fall with its clear frosty northwest winds, and it has come to stay. Vegetation has yielded. The trees all save the oaks are naked of foliage. The canna, the salvia have succumbed and dropped flat to the earth. The great leaves of the castor bean are hanging on the stalks, a mass of brown rags. There is nothing now to look forward to but the pleasure indoors for the next four months. The outdoor pleasures are few and full of alloy.

Saturday, November 12, 1859.

Attended a meeting at the law office of Charles Condit, on Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, having for its purpose the organization of a Skaters' Club. There were present Ethelbert S. Mills, David B. Powell, Daniel F. Fernald, Charles Condit, Francis D. Mason, Charles Blossom, Abraham Lott, Daniel M. Tredwell, Edward D. White.

Mr. Treffenberg, who had had experience abroad and now of Philadelphia, laid before the meeting the form of organization and the method of operating The Page Skaters' Club of Philadelphia on the Schuylkill. He gave us his experience in similar organizations and showed the advantages of a combination of effort and action to secure a maximum amount of skating during a season.

The subject was discussed during the evening when an adjournment was had for one week. The second meeting resulted in the organization of the Nassau Skating Club with Abraham Lott president.

The club occupied the Steinbokkery on the farm of John Lefferts until 1866. This pond consisted of about ten acres and was located between the present Lincoln Road and Sullivan Street, Bedford Avenue running through nearly the middle of it.

CHAPTER XVIII

ELDER ISLAND.—NATURAL HISTORY.—ADMONITIONS FEATURE.—COPPER IN
THE CLAM.

Tuesday, March 6, 1860.



ODAY closed an unusually long skating season on the Nassau Club Skating Pond at Flatbush. The diary shows that there have been fifty-six skating days, the greatest ever known in the history of club skating in this region.

Monday, July 23, 1860.

We have this day closed the preliminary arrangements toward the consummation of a long-cherished desire to spend a two or three weeks' vacation among the familiar scenes of our boyhood in the Great South Bay of Hempstead, Long Island, to visit and recall the association of localities once so dear to us, now barely recognized through physical changes consequent upon wearing down and building up processes of nature, to wander over the sand dunes of the south beach at our own calm deliberate will, to ramble upon the banks, or drift around the labyrinthian creeks and inlets, and to live a life free from all care, a kind of vagrancy for one month, regardless of office or shop.

The location and plans of an encampment had been mapped, compact signed according to the pre-arranged protocol of a few friends who were yearning for a season of like complete immunity from the tension of business life, from conventional propriety and the arbitrary restraints of good behavior and stagey decorum.

The parties to the agreement were Mr. McPeake, an actor of moderate repute and a companionable man, with one very pardonable weakness of believing that he was a "crack shot." Although his sporting experiences had been confined to upland small game.

Mr. Walton, a young lawyer who had formerly been a teacher. He is a scholar and has the possibilities of a brilliant professional career.

Mr. Lewis, a student, and although an unprofessional, and who has no distinguishing weaknesses that we are aware of. He is an amateur naturalist and an intelligent, unassuming companion.

Mr. Condit, a lawyer of Brooklyn, now in the flush of professional prosperity.

Dr. Buckley, of Cuba, now on his vacation north.

And three others who did not answer the first day's roll call.

We have a cook named Smith, who was chistened "Over" by Dr. Buckley in consequence of having fallen overboard before our boat left the dock. "Over," our caterer, is a good honest unpretending fellow on all subjects, except cooking, and in this art he has unpardonable conceit, although he is absolutely ignorant of the great professors of his craft. He has never heard of Apicius, Roqueplan, Brillat, Savarin, or the great entertainment of Talleyrand. His talent is local and entirely the result of experience, conceit and some good judgment. Dr. Buckley said his was an incurable case of hypertrophy.

We have secured a comfortable and safe vessel, sloop rigged with cabin shelter for our entire party in case of an emergency, belonging to Mr. Thomas, of Hicks Neck, an old friend and schoolmate who also accompanied us as one of our party and as supervisor. A very desirable man for such service in consequence of his perfect familiarity with the waters of the bay. He is called Captain in these reminiscences.

We also have another, an accessory whose business is to look generally after things and take the blame for everything that goes wrong, his name is Joe, the sloop caretaker, and he also assists the cook.

The above constituted the family as reported at my father's house on July 25, 1860. On consulting the Captain we learned that such was the state of the tides that by getting away early the next morning and taking the first of the ebb out it would save us six hours at least. So all agreed to an early bedtime and to be up and ready to start at one o'clock A. M. next morning, July 26th.

All our equipment had been put on board the boat, consisting of two tents, one to live in and one for stores, provisions, water, straw, cooking stove, wood for cooking and baking clams, cooking utensils, table furniture, rubber blankets; guns and fishing tackle were put on board at Lott's Landing where some of our party remained during the night.

We got an early start and reached our destination, Thursday, July 26th.

Thursday, July 26, 1860.

The spot selected for our encampment was a piece of high marsh about an acre in extent on the southwest corner of Elder Island in the Great South Bay. All around us for miles stretched a vast plain of shining green inlaid with a sinuous cordon of creeks. Our storage tent was first erected and a trench dug around it to insure drainage. Our dwelling, sleeping apartments were next constructed and a trench dug around the outside for the like purpose in the event of heavy rains. Next was a kitchen, in the architecture, material and construction of which "Over" was high priest.

The kitchen and dining-room, both open structures and adjoining, were covered with a stout awning as a protection against the sun and peradventure rain.

These things being completed, a safe harbor was found for our sloop on the south side of the island about 200 feet from our encampment, while the two skiffs were hauled upon the marsh, bottoms up and formed accessories to our hamlet which for all the world looked like an Eskimo settlement.

We named our settlement "Camp Elder." Elder Island is situated northwest from New Inlet about one mile, and is due north from that portion of Long Beach known as the Hummocks. On the north it is bounded by Sea Dog Creek.

Daniel Denton, of Hempstead, published a book in London in 1670 entitled "A Brief Description of New York, Formerly Called New Amsterdam." In speaking of the game of this division of Long Island embraced in this journal, he says: "Upon the south side of the island in the winter the store of whale and grampusses which the inhabitants bring with small boats to make a trade of catching to their no small benefit. Also an immeasurable number of seals which make an excellent oyle. They lie all winter upon some of the broken marshes and beaches or bars of sand and might be easily gotten were there some skillful man to undertake it." Hence Sea Dog Creek.

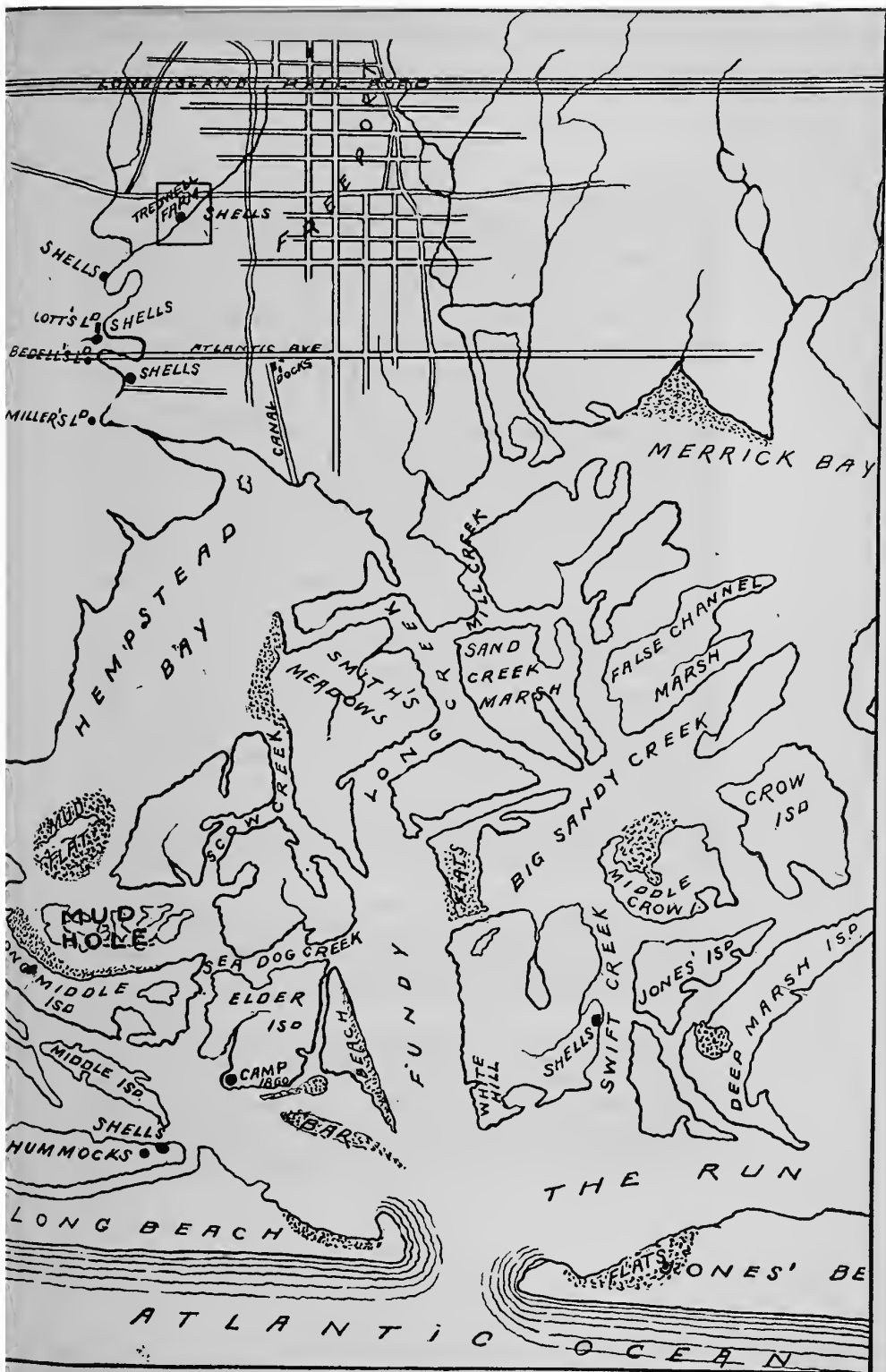
How our new selected home got its name of Elder Island we are unable to determine, unless from the number of elders growing upon it. A degenerate specimen still existing there which is probably the *Sambricus pubens* (Marsh Elder). This plant flowers in June. Consequently, we did not have the opportunity of seeing it in flower. There is another dwarf elder sometimes called *Danewort Sambricus ebulus*, which of these two varieties the stunted shrubs now growing on Elder Island belong to we forbear to decide.

Friday, July 27, 1860.

Three of our party who failed to connect on the 25th came into camp by special train this morning, viz.: A surf boat propelled by the sturdy effort of two fishermen.

Simultaneously with this second instalment of campers arrived the material for the construction of an emergency building or hut. This, when completed, furnished a very comfortable room nine feet by seventeen, with accommodations above the crossbeams for storing light things. This hut was considered good for any emergency and into which was stored our most valuable goods of every character, it being believed to be absolutely waterproof. It was indeed a unique structure. The only opening faced the south, except one in the top for ventilation. This completed our equipment, and we began to feel that we were sovereigns of the free territory of Elder Island.

An interesting incident noted in the Journal of today (July 27th) is too characteristic of the situation to be passed over in silence. Mr. Lewis who commenced the study of the natural history of Elder Island the moment he landed, had captured a real live horsefoot crab (*Lumulus*



MAP OF HEMPSTEAD BAY AND VICINITY

polyphemus, or king crab), of which, however, we shall say more presently. At the moment this entry was being made in the Journal he was giving his time and study to the customs and habits of the fiddler crab, *Gelasimus vocator* (pugilator), the only indigenous inhabitant of the island. This little crustacean was regarded by Mr. Lewis as a creature of infinite humor, a wonderful invention. The fiddler is a real double ender. He seems to have no choice of precedence, but locomotes with equal ease and grace with either end in advance. Our naturalist, however, assured us that when he advanced with his one great claw elevated, it was a declaration of war, but if advancing with the other end foremost and the aggressive weapon sheathed his intentions were peaceful. Mr. Lewis would stretch himself on his stomach and watch these queer little creatures for hours at a time, close their burrow and interest himself in teasing and provoking them and in seeing how they would act under a changed environment where hereditary instinct could not possibly be counted a factor. He said they were very ingenious in strategic movements. That at first they were shy of him and nearly always approached him on the warpath. They finally became reconciled to him and his methods and lost their shyness.

This crustacean, the fiddler, as a species of crab, is about three inches long when fully extended, with one powerful claw and nine smaller ones or legs. He is allied to the lobster, cray fishes, hermits, shrimps, etc. He burrows in the marsh, the hole into which he retreats on the slightest alarm is about as large as one's little finger. When he is cornered, or his retreat to his burrow cut off, he brandishes his great claw, his only offensive and defensive weapon in a most threatening and Hudabrabastic style.

The eye of the fiddler is one of the most remarkable structures known in the whole category of animal anatomy. The two pairs of feelers in front of the eyes known as antenna and antennulea are of peculiar interest as examples of combined organs, for apart from acting in the capacity of feelers they seem to subserve the functions of smelling and hearing, the auditory apparatus being lodged at the base of the smaller pair.

The high ground of Elder Island was actually honeycombed with the burrows of these little creatures and in walking it seemed impossible to avoid crushing them under the foot, but they managed to get out of the way. Mr. Lewis while he was on the island spent the greater portion of his time in the study of the nature and habits of the fiddler and horsefoot.

On returning to camp in the afternoon from a tramp down the beach, we found Mr. Lewis had returned to his first love, the horsefoot crab before mentioned, with which he was in dalliance. Mr. Lewis does not seem to know how to enjoy himself at anything but work and while he came here for recreation and rest he is probably getting both to the fullest extent out of his work. Physical or mental inertness is a condition entirely antagonistic with his organism. He has for the first

time in his life been placed in the freest communication with that department of nature which most delights him, and of which all his knowledge heretofore was obtained entirely from books.

No dissent will be interposed to the statement of Mr. Lewis that of all crustaceans the horsefoot crab (*Limulus*) is the most interesting. He eats with his feet, and walks with his mouth. He has managed by hook or crook to reverse the general order of things and get his backbone on the outside of him. He has true gills like a fish and yet he has been known to have performed long journeys on land. Should he lose any of his members, as a leg, another will sprout in the place of it like the broken branch of a tree or cactus. He sheds his shell, or vertebra once a year. The horsefoot occurs on our coast from Maine to Florida, and in the West Indies. Also on the eastern shores of Asia. No examples have ever been found on the western shores of Asia or America.

He has a long line of ancestry. We trace his genealogy back to the lower Carboniferous and Silurian,—yea to the Cambrian periods. He is the only living representative of the *silurian trilobite*. In the coal measure there are eight species of limuloid crustaceans or trilobites and most of them of the American form.

Mr. Lewis has given us orally his account of these curious crustaceans, whose homes are in deep water, but in the spawning season they crawl upon the shore to spawn. They go in pairs. The male parasitic to the female. They come upon the sand bars during the flood tide and go back on the ebb. Not always, however; they sometimes remain, bury themselves in the sand and go out on the next tide. The female is twice as large as the male crab and she will lay 1,500 eggs per day for many successive days. The eggs are very small and occupy the whole space in the female between the carapace and the nervous organism. The eggs are deposited in the sand and are fecundated by the male after deposition and then left to hatch, which takes about two months. The spawning season is from May to August. The average sized horsefoot

adult female is about twelve inches across and about twenty-two inches in length, including the tail. The tail is bayonet shaped and is attached to the body by what is in effect a socket joint and can be moved in any direction. From a careful examination of the eye and optic nerve of the horsefoot crab, we have determined that he has but an obscured vision, that is able to distinguish between light and darkness, and indefinitely of mediate objects.

Formerly these crustaceans were taken in great numbers on the sandy bars in the Great South Bay, two or three hundred were not an uncommon catch at night when the tide suited. The farmers broke them up and fed them out to pigs and poultry.

It may be here said that a rigid classification of the limulus by some of our noble naturalists, Milne, Edwards, Darwin, Spencer, Bate, Packard and a few others has left the question whether he is crustacean or a scorpion unsettled.

Saturday, July 28, 1860.

My father, who was to supply our commissariat visited our camp bringing supplies of potatoes and a great variety of other vegetables and fruits with fresh meats; also pork and bacon. Of the latter, we used great quantities. "Over" garnished all his cooking, roast, broil, or stew, with pork, bacon, or sausages, and the absolute scorn with which he regarded the naturalists' theory of trichina in pork was nothing less than scientific blasphemy.

Pork, hog, sus-porcus has been a favored flesh by gormands from a great antiquity. Pliny speaks of hog flesh being served with fifty different flavors. Petronius mentioned a hog barbecue in which the carcass was filled with venison and fowls, another with thrushes. The sausages of Athens were considered a great luxury, and we have an account of Leo's sausages. They were filled with the flesh of peacocks and hog. And if the ancients who made strict investigation and experimented on the effect of various kinds of animal flesh upon the human constitution failed to make this great discovery, then like "Over" we are inclined to accept the status of the ancients who attest to the uniform good health of communities who consume vast quantities of pork with little, or no other animal food. So in consideration of the classical writers and classical eaters of antiquity we accept the deductions of "Over" and heed not the sensational cry of *Trichina Spiralis*.

We received to-day a curious missal, the purport of which is that we shall be expected to observe the Sabbath in an orderly Christian manner. This notice was accompanied by a list of Sabbath breaking things and the penalties therefor. Either some jealous natives per-adventure, who obtain their livelihood from gunning and fishing in the bay, regard us as invaders of their rightful domain and prerogatives, or some over zealous sabbatarians have been told that we are going to convert Sunday into a day of carousal and revelry, had caused these notices to be served upon us by a local Sabbath Closing Society.

It appeared to us that they were apprehensive that our camp was another of the many subterfuges for avoiding the Sunday Liquor Law, and consequently gave us timely warning that they were on the war-path.

Now in order to allay any such apprehensions and to show our disposition to meet the highest moral obligations to a community into which our lot has been temporarily cast, we caused a notice to be put up in our camp that a lecture would be delivered at our camp on Sunday, with an invitation to attend.

The propriety of this step was discussed and approved by every member of the camp, and a defect in our organization at once remedied by the election of a Chaplain who immediately set about preparing himself for his Sunday discourse.

Sunday, July 29, 1860.

Unexpectedly at ten o'clock this morning our camp was reinforced by the arrival of six typical Long Islanders who had landed on the east side of Elder Island and walked over to our camp for the purpose as they said of attending meeting. They were civil and well behaved people but whether they had come expecting to get liquor in consequence of the stringent tie-up on shore, or as spies to see that we did not sell or expose for sale we do not know. They kept their purpose to themselves. But as Sabbath breakers they far out-flanked us.

Our novel announcement had brought others from the main land who came directly to our camp. At half past ten an audience consisting of thirty-one persons all told had gathered and being seated, or reclining, or lying as suited individual tastes on the ground grass or straw. Chaplain Walton arose and entered his apology for being compelled to quote from memory.

"While the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath and they brought him unto Moses, and Moses commanded that he should be taken without the camp and stoned to death, as the Lord had commanded, and it was done." A short dissertation followed. . . .

He next took up the story of Jesus and his disciples as they went through the cornfield on the Sabbath. "And they were an hungered and they began to pluck the ears of corn and to eat rubbing them in their hands." The Pharisees murmured at this,—not the act of taking

the corn but for taking it on Sunday. The Jews were boisterous in their demonstrations of Sabbath breaking, but not one word of reproof for the wanton spoliation of the farmer's corn by twelve hungry disciples. . . .

Another count was the converting of water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana where Jesus went with his disciples. The discourse was upon the above topics spirited and unique, never once transcending the moral attitude. It was a noble and scholarly composition and exactly befitting the occasion. . . . We do not deem a full report to be justified here.

In the course of which he said, I have specially selected the above events because they seem to fit so pertinently as a rebuke to the meddlesome notices of the Sabbath Closing Society of Rum Point, (more recently Greenwich Point, now Rosevelt). . . .

"Never has it been demonstrated to me," said he, "with so much force as during the present camping, and by the scientific gentlemen associated with us at Camp Elder that the whole scheme of nature from plant—from monad to man is filled with life, rising one above another by an ascent so gradual and gentle and easy from one to another as to be almost insensible to us. Now if the scale of being rises by such insensible degrees from plant to man—man may raise to a higher state. We have no authority for declaring that man is the highest of the series. A knowledge of this higher state, however, we have yet to attain to. But when it does come, if at all, it will not come through the cloister, the burning bush or the lightnings of Sinai but through the laboratory, the mine and the dissecting room and of such devotees of science as have honored the little Camp Elder and not by the prophets who flooded this camp with their brainless missals. . . .

The lecture was a complete, dispassionate discussion of a rational Sunday and a rational liquor law, questions which we did not go to Elder Island to discuss, but the issues of which as a matter of defense were forced upon us.

After the sermon the crowd dispersed, the strangers for home and the campers for dinner which was served at once. During the afternoon the Captain delivered at camp six barrels of beach sand to be used to carpet our dining-room, which added much to its looks and a great deal to cleanliness and comfort.

Several pairs of teal had been seen flying up the lead around the north end of Elder Island this morning, rather an unusual thing, the Captain said, for this season of the year, their flight being later. The teal is smaller, but is a type of the common wild goose and is a salt water bird, is a swift flyer, and usually fly in pairs one behind the other about ten or fifteen feet apart.

The Captain and Mr. McPeake had arranged to equip themselves for Monday morning and bag some of this game, if any ventured out.

We refrained from shooting on Sunday as the report of guns might be attended with unpleasant consequences with the Committee of Sunday Preserves.

Monday, July 30, 1860.

This morning Capt. Thomas with his single barreled fowling piece and Mr. McPeake with his glittering double barreled Damascus twist proceeded to the point a distance of about 250 yards from camp, the purpose being to arrest in the flight any of the feathered web-footed tribe, and particularly teal, that might venture down the lead against such odds. To prevent confusion it was stipulated between the two sportsmen that should any birds come along in pairs McPeake should take the head bird and the Captain the second. This was to guard against both shooting at the same bird.

They were not long in suspense; a brace of beautiful birds appeared and came fairly down the creek at lightning speed. They passed at a distance of not more than one hundred feet from the cover of the sportsmen, who were both on the alert, both fired simultaneously. The spectators at the camp could not distinguish between the discharge of the guns, when down came the hind most bird. This seemed strange at that short range. Any ordinary marksman ought to have taken his bird.

No more birds appearing within range, the sportsmen returned to camp with their game. McPeake was crestfallen at his defeat. He was certain that he must have shot ahead of his bird and that his allowance on the bird in flight had been too great and he would never make so great allowance again. He however got but little consolation at camp, and less when the true state of facts became known, for Capt. Thomas informed us aside that his gun had missed fire, which he discovered when he commenced the act of re-loading. He kept the fact from McPeake but disclosed it to the rest of the camp on his return.

After every conceivable torture had been inflicted upon McPeake and his valueless gun, which he was advised to trade away for a pair of clam-tongs. But when he came to know all the facts he was inconsolable and entirely broken up, and like the little girl who on discovering that her doll was stuffed with bran, wanted to be put in a nunnery.

From this time forward little was heard of McPeake's prowess, but he nevertheless did good and valuable service to the camp with his much maligned, though truly magnificent gun, among the small game. We were indebted for many a dinner of yellow-leg snipe (*Tolamis*) and duck, and he more than purged himself from the folly of thinking that he could kill whales with putty balls.

In this easy manner day after day passed, every device was adopted for entertainment and every phenomenon that presented two sides was bound to find partisans for each, and discussions followed regardless of the merit of the question discussed.

Tuesday, July 31, 1860.

Capt. Thomas made a successful trip this morning to the east side of New Inlet for the purpose of obtaining a mess of soft clams (*molluscs mya arenaria*) said to be the finest to be had on the South Bay. This is the clam which figures so largely in the New England clambake. The Indian, however, long before the advent of the New Englander had discovered the high comestible qualities of the soft clam and the clambake also had an Indian origin. These bivalves "Over" had prepared as a surprise on our return to camp from an excursion to Hog Island. They were served up in the simplest style known to the cuisine. The effect of the cooking is as near as may be that of the New England clambake. It was a royal dish with plebeian accompaniments and everybody appeared highly gratified and thanks were extended to "Over" for the unique manner in which they were served.

But no good thing can escape criticism. Lawyer Condit thought that he had detected a coppery flavor in these molluscs. The idea was at first ridiculed generally, but he insisted upon the correctness of his diagnosis, and Mr. McPeake was also more than half convinced that there was a peculiar flavor about them which might go for copper, and even the prudent and matter of fact Mr. Lewis thought that there was an unnatural flavor, very slight, however, about the clams which might come from the presence of cupric compounds and which flavor was made more manifest by the particularly plain method of cooking. Complex cooking would probably have disguised the cause of criticism. But the query of the entire camp was: Whence the copper? How did it get in the clam? and all looked to the savant Lewis for an explanation, which he thought might be accounted for, but the origin of copper and the other metals are unsolved problems and quite as great a mystery as the copper in the clam. Mr. Lewis was unanimously voted the chair. He said the question, whence the copper in the clam while it differed materially from the question of the origin of copper must nevertheless meet its solution according to the scientific method, and I cannot explain without going back to the genesis of human knowledge on the subject of cupric molecules. There is no pedantry, or vanity in my illustration, my only desire is to give an explanation which explains.

The problem coming up here accidentally is one of great scientific importance. Its simple origin in no wise dwarfs its great scientific significance. There was a period in the cosmic history of our earth when it was an incandescent, a gaseous diffusion of atomic matter. In absolute quantity it was the same then as now; nothing has been taken away. The waters, the rocks, the metals, were all there in their elemental gases in the beginning. The waters were simple oxygen and hydrogen with the salts. Air, oxygen and nitrogen and the metals iron, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, mercury etc., were then in simple gases,

or in complex combination with the other gases, and silicon, sulphur, potassium, sodium, etc., were there. These imponderable forms, gases, vapors, the elements out of which our solid globe was to be formed were diffused into space, the utmost boundaries of which were far beyond the limits of our solar system. All the elements were in a state of incandescence, glowing with heat. An atomic state, a state into which human knowledge has not yet intruded. The atomic, or nebulous condition is the first state of matter conceived by human knoweldge penetrates no farther into the mysteries of matter. This is the borderland. We cannot doubt its essence.

How long the elemental waters, the gases and the metals remained suspended in a state of fusion about the earth in a pavilion of cloud we know not. But when the earth had cooled to a point where condensation and precipitation began their work, not alone the waters, but chloride of sodium, which formed the common salts of the sea and ocean were precipitated with it; hence the salt of the sea.

These are but skeleton facts with which we are dealing and do not cover in detail the great cataclysmic period of the earth. But they are sufficient for the illustration of the subject under consideration regardless of time.

It shall be our purpose to follow the copper atom which we have introduced suspended above, now precipitated to the earth, or the sea in solution through the cooling process where it seeks out sulphuric acid with which it readily combines and forms a molecule, or an aggregation of atomic units. It is now a cupric sulphate and is soluble in sea water and in this form all the seas and oceans of our earth hold in solution copper, or its pyrites and the other metals as well, with which, however, we are not now dealing. The primeval seas held these elements in solution in vastly greater quantities than at present for all the copper which has been taken from our mines and all that remains there was once in a gaseous state floating above the earth. Afterward it became a solvent of the sea and remained in its firm embrace until a new energy appeared, viz.: the vegetable life forming great gardens of algae concentrating and lying up vast quantities of carbon destined to pull to pieces the cupric sulphate and liberate the copper pyrites which fell to the floor of the sea in particles of native copper or cupric sulphides, but not until the death and dissolution of these vegetable fields and the release of their carbon did this take place and set the copper free.

Another and a greater change took place when animal life appeared on our earth. First in the waters of the sea and of the lowest forms of molluscs and polyps. These animals in the process of respiration took into their organism the waters of the sea which contained the cupric atom in solution.

No mollusc possesses greater power of breaking up the molecules of copper sulphates than the clam and jelly-fish, hundreds of the latter

we see in the waters all about us. Their organism is largely carbon, living molluscs have far greater chemical powers for disorganization than dead plants and hence the process of the precipitation of pure copper was more rapid after animal life appeared.

It seems strange that this sluggish bivalve should possess the potency of breaking up the molecules and wresting copper atom from the strong embrace of its sulphide and make it an element of its own blood. But it is true. This power exists in every marine mollusc. All the copper sulphides and all the native copper on our earth have been collected and deposited by either decaying vegetable organisms or assimilated into the blood of living organisms and thence deposited in insoluble grains of pure metal on the floor of the sea to find their way into the earth's strata by some process not under discussion here. But no doubt now remains that the deposition in veins, fissures and pockets was from the surface and was accomplished through the action of moving water. Now it appears that the soft clam does take the copper particles in greater or smaller quantities according to circumstances into its system when the carbon of his organism disentangles it from all former chemical alliances, and deposits it upon the bottom of the sea in pure metal. And that under peculiar conditions of health, or slow digestion this mollusc should taint his flesh with an element taken in daily with his food is in nowise remarkable. Hence the copper in the clam.

Now, if iron and copper exists in the other planets of our system, we have no reason to doubt that they were produced in the same manner as on our earth, then we have reason to believe that a common constitution and common laws apply throughout the solar system, and hence the planets must be inhabited.

Copper held in solution by the sea is fluent and circulates freely with its waves and currents. In this form the present seas hold copper and in the primeval seas it was held in larger store. This is also true of silver and gold. No metal will be precipitated until the sea is tenanted. The sea-weeds, molluscs and polyps break up the restless molecules of the metals and take the atoms into their own fibre. When death takes place then the little crystals, or speculae begins to accumulate on the floor of the sea. Living molluscs have greater powers than dead plants. But this power exists in every marine mollusc, and through countless ages these metals diffused throughout the sea, have pulsed through the blood, or the organism of all living creatures. The millions of square miles of algae banked in mid-ocean and gifted with the same powers as the molluscs or polyps and through countless ages this algae has taken into its fibre the metallic molecules which on its death are released. This is as true of gold as copper.

A thorough inquiry into the processes of which the above is a skeleton will confirm more fully these truths.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEORY OF TIDES.—COMMON SENSE AND REASON.—THE CHAPLAIN AND THE
FLOUNDERS.—HERMIT CRAB.

Thursday, August 2, 1860.



COMPANY of native picknickers consisting of three boat loads of men, women and children representing the Methodist Church of Hicks Neck and Christian Hook were invited to land at our camp to-day. The freedom of the place was accorded them, and for half an hour the camp was absolutely in possession of this wonderfully inquisitive company. If they left without a thorough knowledge of the true inwardness of Camp Elder and the genealogy of every member of the camp it was not because they had neglected any phase of energy which ingenuity could suggest in invading every hidden corner of the marvelous settlement and the unaccountable cranks who took pleasure in such half civilized enjoyments of life. Some of the women were much impressed with "Over's" unique kitchen and showered questions upon him about smoky chimnies. We saw a party of half-grown boys struggling with the problem of a cork life preserver hanging out to dry which McPeake had in his providence included in his outfit. One boy thought it an Indian relic, antique armour which it undoubtedly was suggestive of.

The picnickers when they left gave three cheers for the savages of Elder Island.

Friday, August 3, 1860.

To McPeake the tide had been a source of unceasing mystery. He seemed entirely absorbed in the phenomenon of its ceaseless ebb and flow. It was a novel experience to him. His early life had been spent a long way from tidal waters. He would sit for hours in the most thoughtful attitude from the first of the flood to high water and watch the procession of the tide eddies as they swept around the headland of the island. And as it rose and the waters gradually closed around our little camp he felt as he afterward confessed, an uncertainty, an insecurity, apprehension of being engulfed by the invading element, and was wonderfully relieved when the waters began to recede. But the regularity of the rise and fall (ebb and flow) the uniform height to which the waters rose, remained as great a mystery to him as it did to the great philosopher, Aristotle, who strove to discover the true cause,

and in his failure and despair was heard to utter the following prayer: "O Thing of Things have mercy on us."

One evening after dinner when the whole camp was sitting on the highest bluff of land and smoking our pipes, the full force of an half ebb tide whirling and circling in graceful and majestic eddies at our feet. McPeake (it being entirely in order) inquired if the tide did not sometimes (as he had read) cover the entire marsh to a great depth, even including the elevation upon which we sat. He recounted great catastrophies from tidal floods and thought that such here would entirely depopulate the island. It seems that there are never any extremely high tides here. How is that? inquired he. Captain Thomas's response was prompt and explicit. No catastrophic tides occur here, nor could such occur.

Chaplin Walton suggested that a free talk be had upon the subject of tides, which was an old and unsolved problem in the days of Aristotle and Strabo. "I am not," said he, "without ample warning that our peerless camp protege of Thespian distinction has great solicitude about floods, tidal waves and inundations, of which he has a kind of premonition. I did not observe until to-day that he took the precaution of including in his original outfit one of Adie's Patent Cork Life Jackets. But whether in the event of a cataclysmic overflow, which he regards as imminent, he intends to pop up in the role of a hero of a Noachim, or Deucalion flood, we are not sufficiently advised. Maybe, however, we are all in error and no such spectacular effect is intended, and the piece of intricate machinery is no life saving jacket at all, but a simple padding contrivance and belongs to the Sock and Buskin of his stage properties for use on special occasions to swell his Lilliputian form to the stage dimension of Falstaff. I therefore submit that our worthy Captain from out his knowledge and experience explain to us the hazzards of a flood and immolation of the population of Elder Island under existing conditions." There was promptness and boldness in the Captain's answer which betokened that he was master of the subject. But we think his audience had misgivings that he was invading territory of labyrinthian darkness from which he would have difficulty in extricating himself. We had, however, underestimated the prowess of our man as the sequel will show.

The Captain had a peculiar voice. It came from the lower regions of his stomach and made its exit from his mouth through a great volume of saliva, and was consequently thick and guttural, full-flavored with nicotine and difficult to understand, and when greatly in earnest it was only by strict attention that he could be understood at all. His head, however, was all right, and when asked to explain his apparently untenable theory, he delivered himself somewhat as follows:

The Great South Bay, the portion I particularly refer to, would be more properly called the Great South Marsh (between the points above named), is a territory of sixty-five square miles intersected by

creeks, leads, coves, bays, etc., which occupy a little less than one-thirteenth of its entire surface. The flood tides from the ocean flow in to miles and miles of tortuous creeks and bays. After running flood for six hours the waters in these creeks have reached an altitude of about five and one-half feet above mean low water, and that is about the maximum uniform capacity of New Inlet for the six hours flood, and that has been its work for the past 150 years.

You will understand that the average work of New Inlet for six hours flood will supply water enough to raise high water just about to a level of the marshes. Sometimes it runs flood for seven hours and on extreme occasions it has been known to last over nine hours. This happens at the equinoxes when the moon is in perigee. At such times, of course, New Inlet delivers a larger body of water. Now, were it to run flood with the uniform supply per hour for nine hours, the water ought to reach an elevation of eight feet, which would make our little hummock very uncomfortable in a storm for the sea would break all over it. But fortunately this is not the true state of the case. The moment the water has reached a height equal to the surface of the marsh then it commences its distribution over all the marshes a territory thirteen times greater than that included in the creeks so that instead of the water rising two and a half feet above the ordinary high water, calculated on the basis of the creek territory, the supply of water distributed over this vastly additional territory would only rise two and a half inches above ordinary flood of six hours, a nine-hour flood does not happen once in twenty-five years.

Thus you see one of the extremest occasions cannot flood the marsh more than two and a half or three inches, and even this might be troublesome for our camp in case of strong wind for the waves would break all over it, as at present, however, the grass would break up or subdue the waves in the severest gale.

It sometimes happens that at the mainland of Long Island, four miles distant, that the tide during severe southeasterly gales will rise two or three feet higher than usual and it will remain high water all day. This is caused by the driving force of the wind, but such a thing cannot happen at Elder Island, the opening of the inlet is not sufficiently broad and deep to be more than slightly affected by the winds. I mean the flow of water. Now the capacity of New Inlet may have been greater at one time and may become greater in the future, but I think not. It just does its work and that is all required of it, and it is as with all the inlets on the south side of Long Island. They are graded according to the work they have to do. Were the territory fed by New Inlet to be enlarged suddenly the currents of the inlet would become stronger, and this would widen the channel which would continue until the present status were reached, and I think Mr. McPeake may be assured that there is no present, nor prospective probability that the denizens of Elder Island hummocks consisting of

mice, fiddlers, air-breathing snails, spiders, gnats, worms and some other insects need have fears of an immediate deluge. The explanation explained.

Captain Thomas called our attention to the southeast and just inside of New Inlet was a large school of porpoises sporting and playing; in some instances jumping clear out of the water. They were heading up Long Creek toward Fundy. The Captain said we would probably get rain to-morrow. We laughed at him and wanted to know what the porpoises knew about it. He admitted there was but little reason in it, but it was an old saying and he believed it had met with verifications enough to make it an adage.

Saturday, August 4, 1860.

The porpoises were right. We crawled out this morning at six into a drizzly rain with the wind southeast and every prospect (there were no porpoises in sight), of a protracted rain. Our camp was consequently arranged for a day within doors. Fortunately we last evening received an invoice of newspapers and books, a class of supplies which had been overlooked in the beginning. None seemed more pleased than our chaplain who seriously felt the need of a few books to vivify his theology.

Mr. Lewis left camp to-day, being called away consequent upon a pressure of business in the city. This was deeply regretted by every member of the camp. Mr. Lewis was held in high esteem by his associates, both for his easy quiet manner and his high scientific attainments. He was devoted to the natural sciences. They were his great hobby. His health is not good.

Sunday, August 5, 1860.

Sunday preaching was becoming a matter of consequence. The reputation of our novel Sunday entertainment (regarded at first as only a bit of harmless humour to offset the foolish exactions of the inhabitants on the mainland) had spread to the surrounding country and the influx of visitors was truly alarming. Twenty-three, had probably, for a variety of reasons come from the adjacent mainland and eleven from the hotel at Jones' Beach.

Our assistant chaplain on being presented to the audience, said: "My sermon will be short this morning, and for two very good reasons, one is, I don't much like to preach, and secondly, I desire to lose no time in the enjoyment of this beautiful morning and the novelty of the scenery about me.

"The subject of the few remarks which I shall make is 'Common Sense and Reason,' and which will be treated as interchangeable terms. Reason conceded to be educated, or trained common sense.

"We do not favorably entertain the theory that of all created things man alone was endowed with reason. On the contrary we know that at the present day the broadest thinking men and scientists

of all countries, those who establish the standards of thought, consider that the faculty of reason is held in common by man and the higher order of brutes, as the dog, horse, elephant and many others of the vertebrates. But we shall not descend to a consideration of this phase of the subject, but shall confine our brief remarks to reason and reasoning man.

"Common sense is spontaneous and dogmatic and captures by assault. But reasoning is the power, or faculty, by which truth is apprehended through processes deliberate and cautions by regular approaches. It is the act, the doing, and represents a higher state than mere abstract reason or common sense, and operates by system and method, which method is the philosophy of reasoning. Every man accustomed to thinking has fallen into habits more or less methodical which are either natural, or acquired, and this is his philosophy, and according to which he arraigns the facts which appear before him, his common sense eliminating all absurd and irrational evidence—to illustrate:

"The highest demonstrable truths are of mathematics, and there is but one method, formula, or philosophy by which mathematical truths may be reached. There can be no pseud-issues or false formula, no element of the mysterious can enter here. And this is true of all phenomena in the physical universe. It must be investigated by physical methods and formula alone. No physical phenomenon can be determined by sentiment, or emotion, or Divine revelation, miraculous interposition, or inner consciousness. They are not the solvents of physical truths, or any truth.

"Now, I mean to affirm that all the phenomena of this world belong to the physical, are perceptible to our senses, or reasons, through physical methods and all those phenomena claiming spiritual or miraculous agencies are no phenomena, and unreal."

The chaplain applied the above method of reasoning to illustrate the aggressive means of the Sabbath Closing Society of the mainland, and he was just warming up to the subject when suddenly. . . .

At this point the chaplain who was suffering greatly from the heat bolted leaving manuscript half read. He stopped short. It was evident that his wind was gone and he was exhausted as a gymnopus.

When reproached for his sudden collapse he said he came to Elder Island for enjoyment and preaching has not panned out to be one of the agreeable refreshments of the place.

After the collapse of to-day's lecture a meeting of the camp savants determined that of the enjoyable and pleasurable things of Camp Elder lectures on Sunday was not one, and would in future be discontinued. And it was unanimously agreed that should an audience attend next Sunday that they should be entertained with a free lunch at twelve o'clock instead of preaching.

Monday, August 6, 1860.

To-day brought some recruits to our camp.

Mr. Thomas who had gone on shore in the morning for that purpose (and for supplies) brought with him in the afternoon some friends who had heard of our famous encampment, and had come to spend a day or two with us, among whom Counsellor Ray, of New York, was either a native of or had lived at Greenwich Point, or had some consanguinous relations with Raynortown. He was especially interested in the scientific attitude the camp had assumed. Two other guests were the friends of Mr. Condit.

Tuesday, August 7, 1860.

To-day is the first that we have had a regular old-fashioned clam-bake (hard clam) we have depended upon the native fisherman for our supply of this bivalve and up to the present our supply has been limited. Yesterday, however, we received a large invoice, and to preserve them have dropped them in the waters near the camp to be called for as the occasion may require.

Wednesday, August 8, 1860.

In front of Camp Elder on the south, the receding tide each day left a lagoon or pond covering about an acre. The bottom was sandy with a little sediment of mud on top of the sand. The depth of the water ranged from nothing to maybe five feet, averaging not more than a foot and a half. In this pond and the flats adjoining Lawyer Walton took much pleasure. He had been in pursuit of razor clams (*Ensis Americana*) for more than a week, but they had eluded him. He declared the razor clam to have more traits common to the lawyer than any other mollusc known. He was a slippery cuss, and could pull himself into his hole more quickly than any other living creature, except a lawyer. He undertook to dig one out with a spade, but that also failed. He followed him more than three feet and gave it up. The razor burrowed faster than he could dig. Walton, however, had his successes as well as defeats. To-day he had captured a large flat fish, flounder or fluke in his favorite lagoon. He discovered it by stepping on it and the creature slipped from under his foot with a suddenness that came near upsetting him. The chaplain was remorseless for he knew the instinctive cunning of the animal with which he had to deal, but he had determined to take him, and so waited until the rife had cleared away, then carefully surveyed the ground. The water was about ten inches deep. He discovered the whereabouts of Mr. Fluke by his eyes, his skin being so exactly the color of the mud that detection was impossible in that manner. But his eyes were exposed and they betrayed him into the clutches of the wily professor. The bottom upon which these fish lie becomes a differentiating medium for their safety.

That many animals escape their carnivorous enemies by avoiding obtrusiveness and loudness of dress is demonstrable. All these matters prove incontestably "the relativity of things," as the philosopher puts it, or as the lawyer would say "circumstances alter cases."

Having once determined the true location the professor walked cautiously up to him until near enough for the commencement of hostilities, then dropping upon his victim with his whole weight, his thumbs extended with the intention of penetrating his gills. This last strategy was a success. One thumb went clear through him, then commenced the struggle. *Bella! horrida bella!* the professor maintained his grasp, but terrific was the contest. By degrees the professor worked his way toward the shore, when with one grand effort he landed his game high and dry upon the beach. After recovering from the fatigue the professor brought his prize to camp, changed his wet clothes (for it was a sea fight) and posed for a sportsman, and when we returned, that is Condit, McPeake and myself, in the evening, he triumphantly exhibited his catch. It was indeed a magnificent fish, more than eighteen inches long and nearly twelve broad and weighed eight pounds.

Holding up his prize he addressed us as if addressing a recalcitrant, or contumacious jury: "Now, you learned and lettered pundits in naturalistic lore, who have aired your pantology on fiddlers and horsefeet and other crusty crustaceans, *ad captandum vulgus*, turn your attainments to some account. Here is the opportunity of your lives. All men cannot become sportsmen, nor all men scientists, nor all men cooks. It takes all three, however, to make a chowder. This gamey brute the evidence of whose prowess is in scars I bear, is not a mollusc, or shellfish, or a crustacean. It is a specimen of the kingdom *Pleuronectidae*, a study of which will take you from your familiar field of clams and mussels into the realms of ichthyology, a territory into which no imperious amateur, or Hotspur in science dares to enter. Now tell me, if you please, what is the name and genealogy of this beautiful creature. Let us know his manner of life from his youth up. This gentleman is no ganoid, but belongs to that class of vertebrates whose backbone is inside of him and who is known under the sub-title *edibulis*. And I have advice for my Thespian friend to lay aside that gilded specimen of Damascus twist and other equipments of sporting dress parade and trust himself to the weapons offensive bestowed upon him by nature to supply his daily wants. Who knows but I have saved our worthy 'Over' from a fate similar to that of Atel, the head cook of the Grand Monarch who was driven to suicide because the seafish did not arrive in time for the banquet of his royal master.

"This breed of fish, gentlemen, runs into the classics. In so much estimation was this celebrated fish held by the ancient Romans that Octavius purchased one for 5,000 sesterces (\$100), Seneca, Juvenal and Tertullian mention others which sold at a much higher price. Macrobius

bought one for the fabulous price of 7,000 sesterces and Suetonius remarks that the Emperor Tiberius raved terribly because he was defrauded out of one."

"But," replied McPeake, "there is an old Italian proverb 'That he that catches a flounder is a fool if he eats it.'"

However, it was an acquisition to the natural history of Camp Elder and to gastronomic science. It is the *ne plus ultra* of all that is significant in the word chowder in its broadest native Malayan acceptation.

In the whole range of ichthyological science no more interesting specimen exists than the flounder or fluke. Of all the vertebrates none have so far departed from the original type. In the first place, however, let us disabuse our minds concerning his good looks made so conspicuous in the oratory of his captor, for he is no beauty. On the contrary, he is an inellegant, awkward and deformed fish. In his youth, when he strutted about upright in gaudy colors, his mouth and face models of symmetry, he might have laid claim to good looks, but his adult state brought to him conditions quite unlike those of his youth, and which have deprived him of any such claim. But it was his own selection, and unquestionably the wiser part not to peril his life for the sake of appearances, for finding that he could with more certainty elude the vigilance of his many enemies than when standing upright, he just turned over on his left side, hugged the oozy bottom of the bays and estuaries, and floundered along through life contentedly to a good old age. It would thus seem strange that this non-symmetrical condition of the flounder was a matter of deliberate choice on his part, or his ancestry, and this meets with confirmation in the fact that some flounders have been found with their left side uppermost, and all else following the general rule, but reversed, so that the whole matter appears dependent upon a whim of his and the way he lies down, or in other words, the way he selects, which, when once decided and acted upon, the under side, whichever it may be, begins to turn white, the osseous development of the nether side suspends the left or right eye, as the case may

be, starts upon its transit around the head, one lung ceases its functions, and he loses the elegance of his early and more gracious estate.

It has been said that the primitive ancestor of the human family, the ascidian, passed through similar transformations.

The individual flounder under review swam flat on the bottom, and of which he sought to pass himself as a part and parcel; he did not so swim, and he did not practice this deception in his youth. In youth his position was vertical, upright, and he had an eye on each side of his head, and his breathing apparatus; his gills were of equal value on both sides of his body, and both sides of his body were uniform in color. His mouth, however, has undergone no transformation. It is the same as in youth, and consequently a vastly awkward organ under his present environment. When he eats his jaws move laterally like the blades of a reaping machine. Here is variability, or divergence in type, but so far as our observation goes, strict adherence to heredity is observed.

In thus sacrificing grace, symmetry and freedom to the exigencies of existence, he did no more than follow the tendency of all organic creation known as natural selection, but his transformation is more pronounced than in others, nor does it seem to conform to his individual comfort otherwise than safety. However, in this habitude he soon developed some distinct characteristics of onesidedness, yet still preserving many features of ungraceful lopsidedness.

In this efficient example of pleuronectidæ this subject until to-day had escaped all his enemies and would have lived and no doubt died of old age but for the intrusion of a new and more diplomatic enemy in the person of Counsellor Walton.

Thursday, August 9, 1860.

For the programme of to-day a trip was proposed to the Hummocks and to go prepared to explore the mysteries of the great shell heap at that place. On arriving at the Hummocks, it being low water and a large surface of the heap exposed, we reconnoitered the surface for relics with no success. We then made excavations in several places

to a depth of two, three and four feet, but found nothing of importance, there being some broken spear heads all of flint. Saw no shells of other than existing species, and obtained no information above the fact that the heap of shells was not the result of wampum manufactories, but the clams and other molluscs whose shells composed the heap had been used for food; in other words, it was a refuse heap. We remained there some hours and as the tide began coming in we prepared to depart.

Just before leaving, however, we observed among the other shells a periwinkle shell about three inches long which appeared to be in motion, crawling up out of the advancing tide. It was of the tribe *Fulgar Canaliculata*, and on investigation found the shell in the possession of a good-sized hermit crab (*Upagurus*) a true crustacean, who had either taken possession of an empty shell, or had removed the rightful owner and seized his domicile. Anyway he was now the proud and peaceable occupant of a home three times too large for his insignificant body, and to which he was the felonious owner. On our approach he made desperate efforts to get away from us with his awkward tenement. He is more active with his back load while in the water, the buoyancy relieves him. It was amusing to see the struggle of the little freebooter to hide himself in his great bungalow and when he despaired of escape he showed fight. That a creature with so much apparent wisdom and forethought as to make provision against his own natural defects seeking to overcome them by strategy in selecting the shell of another, shows so little discretion in the selection of his covering is a strange feature in his character.

It may be, however, that the market of desirable tenements was limited, and he did his best under the circumstances. We took possession of him and his borrowed garment wrapped him tightly in our handkerchief to keep him from abandoning his house, for he would desert anything to preserve his miserable little half-developed body and take his chances on finding another covering.

On reaching camp we prepared a cage for our captive in which to send him to the museum for embalming and preservation.

The hermit crab is a curious study. He is only partially covered with armour. He has great solicitude about his unarmoured parts. And from the time of his first setting out in life, or begins to shift for himself, he must provide shelter and protection for the vulnerable portion of his anatomy, and having no resources of his own he does the next best thing in quietly, strategically, or forcibly taking possession of the first stronghold that comes to hand. He does not wait for tenants to get out, he ejects them. He has no scruples of making forcible entry of occupied premises, providing he has the power to dispossess the owner.

It is the rear end of his body which is unprotected, and in getting a new house he goes into it stern foremost and inserts the soft part of

his body up into the coils of his new habitation. He has two large claws; one for crushing his food, the other for aid, and he has four ambulatory feet which close up within his shell when at rest.

In his youth his house hunting usually culminated in accepting the unoccupied shell of the deceased nassa, a snail, although small, it is large enough for his small means. Should he select an occupied shell and meet opposition in obtaining it, which is not usually the case, he drags the owner from his abode, built by his care, and devours him, and takes possession of his empty apartments and goes off with it on his back. But all sympathy is wasted on the nassa who is a most relentless cannibal himself.

When the hermit crab gets too large for the nassa shell he again goes about in search of more commodious quarters. Which on the shores of Long Island he finds in the discarded shell of the natica, or larger snail, and this is fairly as appropriate a shelter for him as he could pick up ready made. They are never a perfect fit and always awkward to get about with. Locomotion must necessarily be faulty with any creature who carries his house on his back.

These little creatures when looking for a new home seem to form no conception of their size, or the space they occupy. They will try every great whelk shell unoccupied that comes in their way regardless of size, and are never content until satisfied by experience that they can neither fill it or move it. The dexterity with which they will whip out of their old shell and slip into a new one is marvelous, but like many other *people* in this world they frequently bite off more than they can chew.

In the case under consideration it was amusing to see the little selfish, conceited brute struggle to get out of our reach, which he might have succeeded in doing had he have had an economical house instead of the great one which his vanity made him believe was just his size, but it was really three sizes too large for him.

And hermits labor otherwise under social disadvantages, for were they in better fitting jackets they could move more freely about, enjoy themselves and have some chance of escaping harm when pursued, instead of being obliged to stay at home and keep house because it is too large to carry with them on dress parade with ease. The hermit has little regard for his kind. He has an eye for show, as well as bulk, and if he meets another of his craft in a more attractive habitation, in brighter colors, he would invite the owner to move out and if he refused, proceedings would immediately be taken to occupy by force, and a fight to the death ensues.

All naturalists say that the hermit crabs are of great interest to the scientists. They are original and distinctive in many of their habits and mode of living; are very arbitrary and cruel in their expulsion of rightful owners for their own selfish needs, and will not occupy a

dead shell if by the invasion of another's rights they may become the possessor of a live one, and neither from a moral or legal point of view is the forcible eviction looked upon as a misdemeanor by either party. The weak have no rights with them.

Sometimes matters are not settled so pleasantly. Two house hunters meet and both desire the same tenement, then comes the tug of war. Live together they neither can nor will. They have no two-family houses. The affair is settled by wager of war in which the stronger proves his claim, just by the Carlylean logic of morals—might.

Finally the hermit has forebodings of death. 'Tis then a sad sight to see the little creature that is Eupagurus, when his time has come and he knows it. However droll and cruel his life may have been he is grave now. And what a strange fact it is. The little fellow comes out of his home to die. To us upland bipeds home is the only place in which to die. But the hermit crab dies a vagrant and homeless. At his own free will he quits his home which he fought to acquire and fought to retain. Those antennæ that often stood out so threateningly and provokingly and were so often poked into everybody's business now lie prone and harmless. There lies the homeless hermit on the shells stone dead.

Friday, August 10, 1860.

Affairs at camp to-day were not eventful, a listless, enervating sensation pervaded. It was too hot to put forth energy. Consequently everybody lay about the camp with scarcely energy enough to smoke. And to all outward appearances the intentions of parties were peaceful.

Sunday, August 12, 1860.

We were yesterday unexpectedly honored by a visit of the schooner yacht "Arago," Captain Joseph C. Dimon, owner. His guests were John Dimon, Colonel Alfred M. Wood, Hon. John G. Shumaker, Frank L. Dallan. The "Arago" sailed from Sandy Hook yesterday morning and early in the afternoon anchored in front of Camp Elder.

The Captain and guests spent the day (Sunday) here and took dinner with us at the camp. The day was agreeably spent with Captain Dimon and his company, the weather being too hot for exertion.

The "Arago" will sail to-morrow morning, August 13th, at four o'clock for Greenport. She is expected to make the circuit of Long Island and will stop at Port Jefferson, New London, Oyster Bay and New Haven.

Courtesies were exchanged.

Wednesday, August 15, 1860.

Events at the camp for the past few days have not warranted noting.

At 2 P. M. to-day, very warm, although a good stiff sea breeze is blowing. There are indications in the northwest of a brewing

storm. A great bank of dark white-capped clouds is gracefully rolling up dome-shaped over a background of marvelously clear blue sky. They move slowly and cautiously like living things. At three o'clock these great leviathans of the air have closed over the face of the sun. However, a strong ebb tide is now making which will tend to deflect the cloud masses in conformity with a well-observed, but little understood law of nature. A few moments later it is evident that the storm center wavers in its course, and with great apparent reluctance moves off toward the north and east following the waters of the East River and Long Island Sound. Later, a great change has taken place in the northwest. A brighter sky succeeds in the trail of the late menacing storm.

Altogether the alternating phases of the northwestern sky for the past two hours has been a marvelous panorama of changing tints and forms, from somber black to dazzling carmine. But it failed to impress the *locum tenens* of Camp Elder as a thing very extraordinary. Glowing sunsets have but an indifferent audience at Camp Elder. Darkness closed around and we retired to our tent to escape the pestiferous gnat for which there seemed no antidote but tobacco smoke, or a breeze of wind.

CHAPTER XX

THUNDERSTORM.—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.—CROMWELL AND MILTON.—EAST
HAMPTON.—FIRE PLACE.—ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Thursday, August 16, 1860.



THE day opened hot and sultry. The threatening thunderstorm of yesterday which had so provokingly toyed with our hopes had in no sense improved the oppressiveness of the atmosphere. The weather was too hot for exertion and the day was spent about the camp. Our larder was replenished to-day by four large sheepshead of over six pounds each, brought in by an old fisherman familiar with their haunts. The sheepshead has but a limited geographical range seldom appearing further south than Florida, nor further north than Massachusetts. The sheepshead reaches the greatest perfection in the waters of Long Island where he has been taken weighing twelve pounds. The Florida sheepshead seldom weighs four pounds (*Diplodus probatocephalus*).

At about two in the afternoon solid masses of clouds made their appearance again in the northwest with threatening mien. This was at young flood (half flood) tide and a stiff southeast wind is blowing. In the absence of a more exciting topic we devoted ourselves to a study of these cloud phenomena with which we were not entirely unfamiliar, and into which we were joined by some of the members of our camp. The conversation turned to thunderstorms, tornadoes, cyclones, cloud bursts, great hailstorms, with hailstones as large as goose eggs. Some wonderful freaks of lightning were related. The old story of raining toads was related by one of our own party for our edification, the relator having been an eyewitness to this strange phenomenon. It required great gall to invent this story, but greater for an eyewitness to tell it.

As the clouds we have referred to arose above the horizon they presented one of the grandest spectacles in nature, and one impossible to describe in words. Phenomena of like character have been reproduced on canvas, but such efforts have always been feeble representations.

At half-past three it was evident from the direction the clouds were taking that there would be no divergence to-day, as yesterday, they were coming directly and threateningly toward us. Except from the direction and the extremely agitated nature of the clouds the approaching storm was a repetition of yesterday, but wonderfully unlike it.

The rolling and rounded white caps, the beautiful cumulus which came up to fill the broken and decimated ranks of cloud which had been beaten down by the strong southeast wind (now almost a gale), were again themselves beaten back, again and again reappeared behind the shattered ranks of the advancing storm cloud, like a battalion of resolute warriors, as portrayed in the storm myth of Hindoo mythology. More and more formidable the storm appeared as it approached. The thunder became louder, more frequent and more awe-inspiring, the lightning more vivid as it flashed from behind a somber mass of cloud black as Erebus, extending from southwest to northeast and moving upward as if its extremities were hung on hinges and of which Camp Elder seemed the vortex. It was what a sailor would call a dirty sky.

By the aid of a powerful field glass we had noted every act of this phenomenal drama for many miles inland, and we had it under careful observation when it struck the bay three miles northwest of us, the waters of which were lashed into a white fury in a moment. Finally all distinction of sea, land or sky were swallowed up in the black impending storm which was now fast moving toward us. The herald of its approach was a swirling mass of cloud which swept along just above the earth whirling, writhing, gyrating along with the velocity of a cyclone in counter directions. It did not seem to be fifty feet high. On it came and on, when suddenly, as quick as thought, the southeast wind which had been blowing a young gale ceased and a dead calm followed. Everything was motionless save the tumult overhead. The intervals were deathlike, the sensation choking, suffocating and hot as a sirocco, daylight was shut out, chaos reigned and the moment of dissolution appeared to have arrived. Then came the crisis, the storm in its ferocity burst upon us. It was appalling. The first blast leveled every structure in Camp Elder, except the hut, into which every one now sought refuge. Fortunately, we were all completely within when the second act of the drama opened with a tremendous hailstorm. The hail was of short duration, but it was severe while it lasted. Just at that moment when the hail was being superceded by rain there came a crash. It was stunning and every one knew that the thunderbolt had struck something near by, and all thought was centered on the sloop, that being the only conspicuous mark worthy so much consideration in the immediate vicinity. Nothing, however, could be seen ten feet from the spot where we stood. We were in profound gloom. It is the simultaneous flash and crash which suspends breathing and stops the pulsations of the heart.

The hailstorm was momentary and rain followed in torrents. In the meantime the alternate peals of thunder and flashes of lightning were fearfully sublime. The fury of the storm, however, began to subside in about fifteen or twenty minutes, but the electrical activity lasted much longer. As soon as the storm had sufficiently abated we ventured out expecting to find our sloop a mass of kindling wood, but

she was unharmed, the bolt had wreaked its vengeance on an innocent chestnut pole about twenty feet high erected by the United States Government Coast Survey, which was made visible at a great distance by a shining tin drum over the top of it, in the triangulation the drum being a conspicuous object in the sun.

In repairing to the spot less than 200 yards distant, we found that the pole, about ten inches in diameter, was shattered from top to bottom, and the tin drum was 100 feet away. It was fearfully broken up. The tin had been melted and was standing in drops on the surface.

Here again our science is in default. We have no pliant theory, nor is there any known, of which we are aware, in science defining the power, or locating the agent which shattered this pole. Scientists who have promised us enlightenment on this subject have stopped just short of explanation. Some few have confessed ignorance; some have attempted explanations which do not explain. A greater number have evaded the subject altogether, so that no comfort comes from science.

We have seen an iron rod fifteen feet long four inches in diameter which sustained the cardinal points, a large weather vane and some decorations upon the cupola of the academy at Rockville Centre after it had been struck by lightning and thrown to the ground in a bent and contorted condition that would have required the combined efforts of at least three ironworkers and a blacksmith's forge a week to accomplish what had here been accomplished in half a second and left no trace of the agent save in effect. A blacksmith could not have bent this rod without reducing it to a white heat, and even then it would have borne marks of the sledge-hammer, but here it was bent, twisted and contorted in the most fantastic manner and not a visible mark of the workman. We demand that the scientist give us an explanation or give up the subject.

Nor are we satisfied with the explanation given by science of the cause of hail with the thermometer at 85 degrees, the theory given does not satisfy all inquiries, or answer all questions concerning this phenomenon of nature.

There are other questions upon this subject the scientific explanation of which is not wholly satisfactory. The storm, or cyclone clouds which appear many times so shapeless and confused spread out on the northern sky like a great mantle, or rolling along with so much grandeur and regularity on the wings of the wind have been subjects of the interest, study and solicitude of men of science. The composition of these wrathful messengers of disorder, as accepted by science, is, that they are the aqueous accumulations which arise from the ocean, some from the moist earth, and which pass over our heads borne on the south and southeast winds in a transparent and heated atmosphere, invisible to us and which remain invisible, sometimes reaching to a great altitude, or until coming in contact with cooler atmosphere where its transparency is lost by its condensation into minute molecules of

fluid and the cloud formation begins. Light cannot pass through these particles of water when combined with our common atmosphere as it does through atmosphere and humidity, or moisture, hence clouds. This is generally true of the formation of all clouds. Clouds sometimes break up and mingle with the dry and heated atmosphere which takes up all their moisture and they become invisible again. A hazy kind of cloud known as *Cirrus* floats along in the rarified atmosphere at a height in our latitude sometimes of 30,000 feet, a height which the thunder cloud or the *cumulus* seldom reaches. The thunder cloud rarely attains an altitude of over 8,000 feet, and sometimes laden with wet trails along with its straggling rags of blackness but a few feet above the ground.

The material of which clouds are made is not vapor in its first state, which is simply moisture, humidity, the particles of which are infinitesimally small. It floats invisible in the transparent atmosphere; so long as the air remains hot the presence of moisture is not perceptible to our vision, but so soon as it comes in contact with a lower temperature its form changes into molecules of vapor¹ and becomes opaque, in other words, condenses and becomes visible in the form of cloud.

Now, the molecules are small, invisible particles of water scarcely one two-thousandths of an inch in diameter, yet they as individuals are heavier than common air at the surface of the earth and a thunder cloud which in many instances four or five miles thick carries along with it suspended in air tens of thousands of tons of these minute molecules of water, every one of which is heavier than common air.

In humble acknowledgment of our ignorance we ask what is it that sustains this vast quantity of water in an atmosphere which has much less gravity? These questions remain unanswered. They have been slurred over by meteorologists. Some have essayed verbosity where reason failed and they are not solved. In some atmospheres maybe electrical complexity has brought it about. But by what astonishing chemistry of the air is so vast a body of water upheld? We must confess that with our utmost knowledge we are only trifling with the surface of things. Their inner workings defy us. These vast traveling reservoirs of water, this aerial ocean at the bottom of which we live, has many wonders too vast for us to explore.

Friday, August 17, 1860.

The demoralizing effects of yesterday's storm was clearly marked on the morals and the physique of Camp Elder. True the wreckage had been cleared away or piled up in as much order as the incongruous mass would permit, but no effort was made to reconstruct above what absolute and immediate necessity required. Some of our party are anxious to get away. And it was given out that Sunday would be our last day and that we would entertain on that day.

Saturday, August 18, 1860.

Notice was posted yesterday that Monday, August 20th, would be the closing day of Camp Elder, and that a free entertainment would be given on Sunday afternoon and a distribution on Monday of all such properties of the camp as the company did not intend to remove. This matter was left entirely at the discretion of Captain Thomas.

Sunday, August 19, 1860.

A large orderly company assembled at Camp Elder on Sunday and partook of a mammoth clam chowder prepared by "Over" for the occasion, and who took upon himself a vast amount of glory in both the chowder and the service. Our company consisted mainly of friends and excursionists from the summer hotels and boarding houses of the mainland and guests from John C's. The weather was delightful and some remained with us all night.

Many of our visitors were persons who had been in touch with us almost daily during our stay on the island, and we left with their assurances that we had made ourselves very popular through our courtesy to every one coming in contact with us socially or through curiosity, that the people on the mainland had been entirely satisfied with our conduct and that no breach of good behavior had taken place on the island during our stay and that we would be welcomed again next year.

Monday, August 20, 1860.

At ten o'clock A. M. it being early forenoon we bade adieu to Elder Island probably forever, having spent twenty-six days of unremitting pleasure amid its barren attractions. Never was so much pleasure crowded into any other twenty-six days of our lives. "Over" was left in charge of the properties, and Mr. Thomas to immediately return after depositing us on the mainland, and take charge of, remove or dispose of assets.

At twelve o'clock we landed at Bedell's Landing. Our party immediately dispersed; many probably never to meet again.

Friday, September 20, 1861.

The Long Island Railroad was a great convenience to us and to other hundreds. To-day the last train passed over its track on Atlantic Street to South Ferry. The road has made its terminal at Long Island City and its future line lies entirely without the City of Brooklyn. This was a serious and expensive blow to the railroad company, and not less to the City of Brooklyn, and nobody was benefited. During the past years the company had constructed many extensions and branches to the trunk line and laid some double tracks. Back in 1851 the road was giving pretty general satisfaction to its patrons and was

seeking to extend its usefulness. It had constructed a tunnel under Atlantic Street in the City of Brooklyn from Boerum Street to the South Ferry, a distance of nearly a mile, at a vast expense to allay the tumult created by a small number of agitators about a surface steam road in a business thoroughfare. This seemed to have given satisfaction and friction ceased for a while. The road became prosperous and the shopkeepers and the retail trade of the City of Brooklyn were being vastly benefited by the success of the road.

In the course of a few years agitation again began and many foolish and inequitable exactions were imposed upon the road, none to the credit of the City of Brooklyn. Finally, a movement was started to compel the removal of steam from Atlantic Street altogether, or surrender its charter. The objections raised were, that steam was unsightly, dangerous to life, smoke from the engines unhealthful and detrimental to the growth of the city, and injurious to values in real estate.

In consequence of this continual agitation of public opinion upon this subject the railroad company became satisfied that there could be no lasting peace, determined to abandon Atlantic Street and frame a route entirely without the city and thus end the relentless war.

And as no railroad can be successfully operated without a terminal at a water front, the company selected Hunter's Point, Long Island City, for the future western terminal of their road. All this was a great injustice and hardship to the railroad company, considering the efforts made by it to give satisfaction to their patrons and the public generally. All having failed, to-day the last locomotive passed over the tracks between Flatbush Avenue and South Ferry, and Brooklyn is now to be deprived of the vast amount of traffic and trade brought into the city through the now diverted travel on the Long Island Railroad.

Many patrons of the road doing business in the City of Brooklyn and the lower part of the City of New York, and having homes either temporarily or permanently in Jamaica, Rockville Centre, Freeport and Hempstead and generally along the whole line will necessarily be obliged to give up their residences in consequence of the great inconvenience of reaching them by the new route.

, 1865.

Last evening was our first attendance at a meeting of the Ethnological Society after our election as member. The meeting of last evening was also a social one and was held at the home of Hon. George Fulsom, on Second Avenue, New York. A paper was read by Professor Albert S. Bickmore. This society was founded in 1842 by Hon. Albert Gallatin, for many years Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. He was the first president of the society and continued so until his death in 1849.

In the organization of the society he was aided by Edward Robinson, John H. Stephens, John R. Bartlett, Theodore Dwight, Dr. Hawkes and others.

The objects of the society are the prosecution of inquiries into the origin, progress and characteristics of the various races of men, especially into the origin and history of the aboriginal American races and all phenomena connected therewith, the diversity of language, the remains of ancient art and traces of ancient civilization in Mexico, Central America and Peru; the arts, sciences and mythology of the pre-Columbian people of America, their earthworks and other remains.

The officers of the society at the present are:

George Fulsom, LL.D.	President
Thomas Ewbank	}	Vice-Presidents
John Torrey		
William H. Thompson, M.D.	Corresponding Secretary
Henry R. Stiles	Recording Secretary
Henry T. Drowne	Librarian
Alexander I. Cotheal	Treasurer

Among the active members of this society and who were named upon its various committees were: E. George Squier, E. H. Davis, M.D., Prof. Louis Agassiz, J. Hammond Trumball, J. C. Nott, M.D., Paul Du Chaillu, J. Carson Brevoort, Ivan N. Navano, M.D., George Bancroft, Charles L. Brace, Charles E. West, Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., Daniel G. Brinton, Charles Rau, John G. Shea, T. Stafford Drowne, the writer, and many others, representative men in the learned pursuits and professions.

The paper read by Professor Bickmore last evening was of unusual interest to us, giving a synopsis of his residence of five years in the Malay Archipelago and of his pursuits during that period. The great library of Mr. Fulsom consisting of about 10,000 volumes was also thrown open for the inspection of guests.

Wednesday, July 5, 1865.

Went yesterday to Jamaica for the dual purpose of escaping the tumult of Independence Day in the city and of paying our respects to John J. Armstrong who had been selected by the village committee of Jamaica on Fourth of July celebration to deliver the address.

The address was in all respects a genuine historical resume of Queens County, noting in periods, its great advancement in the arts of social life, agriculture and politics from the earliest settlement of the country down to commencement of the great Civil War with the southern states.

John J. Armstrong had been an uncompromising national democrat, but his address rose above all party prejudices, and he closed in a stirring appeal to his hearers to stand by the national flag at the present trying moments of the government in reorganization with the same rigid determination that they had during the war, the last gun

had been fired, Galveston in Texas the last southern port in rebellion had surrendered and raised the stars and stripes over its ramparts one week ago to-day. But the work is not over yet to form a healthful and lasting peace requires more diplomacy in rulers and steadfastness in the people than to carry on a successful war.

He complimented Queens County upon the promptness with which her citizens responded to the call of the country for aid in the suppression of the national disorder. His peroration was a most eloquent eulogium upon the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. His oration was in the highest degree typical of the man and the true patriot.

We took dinner with Mr. Armstrong and returned the same day benefited.

Wednesday, June 12, 1867.

This season the South Side Railroad has been completed and opened from Babylon to Bushwick and Long Island City with connections at Jamaica. This new south side route is through Springfield, Valley Stream, Pearsalls, Rockville Centre, Amityville, etc. The road lies through the most densely populated portion of Long Island, and both road and population anticipate great results from this enterprise. It is a boon to us individually. Work is also progressing on the road to Patchogue and will be open to traffic next season.

A road is also being constructed to connect Valley Stream with Far Rockaway, and is expected to be opened next season, being the first railroad to reach this very popular summer resort. All this will innure much to the opening up of the country to settlers and much to the emolument of the railroad company.

December, 1865.

After 1861 we had become more closely identified with city life and affairs, consequently fewer entries were made in the Journal having relation to Long Island matters and things, although much of our time was spent at the old homestead. These visits continued up to my father's death in 1865, after which our visits were no less frequent, but for another purpose, to visit my mother, and were without other incident. After my father's death the South Bay lost its attractiveness, and we have visited it but once since.

From 1861 our Journal had become a record of city events and but little opportunity was afforded for noting affairs of Queens County, except on very rare occasions, and when events were exceptionally important from our point of view.

Sunday, April 19, 1868.

Attended the funeral of Hon. George Hall who died April 16th. Henry W. Beecher preached the funeral sermon from the front stoop of Mr. Hall's residence, 37 Livingston Street. The street was crowded

with people for nearly a block. It was the largest funeral that had ever taken place in this city.

Mr. Hall was the first Mayor of the City of Brooklyn. He was born in New York in 1795. While he was yet a child his father purchased a small farm at Flatbush, and moved there, and George continued to live there until the war with Great Britain broke out.

The first office held by Mr. Hall was that of one of the trustees of the village of Brooklyn in 1826. In 1833, he was elected president of the village. The following year he was elected mayor of the city. In 1844 he was the temperance candidate for the same office, and was defeated by Joseph Sprague. In 1845 he was the voting candidate for the same office and was again defeated.

After the consolidation of Williamsburgh with Brooklyn, and during the "Know Nothing" excitement, Mr. Hall being identified with that order did again in 1854 receive the nomination for mayor and was elected over Martin Kalbfleisch who strongly opposed the "Know Nothings."

Thus Mr. Hall was the first Mayor of the City of Brooklyn, after incorporation and as first mayor under its consolidation with Williamsburgh.

During his term of office the cholera prevailed in Brooklyn to such an extent as to cause a panic, but Mayor Hall by prompt measures did much to prevent the spread of the disease and allay the fears of the people. He went personally into the thickest of the scourge, caused the prompt removal of victims, had houses cleaned out, fumigated and adopted other measures to suppress the disease in which he was successful. For his noble efforts in behalf of the people he was presented by his fellow citizens with the house No. 37 Livingston Street in which he died. A volume might be filled with the noble acts of Mayor Hall. The people had faith in him. He was well known on Long Island. His summer vacations were spent at various points on the south side when unencumbered by public office. We met him at Quogue in 1843. He was as popular with the plain south side baymen as with the aristocratic citizens of Brooklyn. Many anecdotes are told of him while dwelling among them. He was personally acquainted with Raynor Rock Smith and attested to his generous and unselfish character. Mr. Hall visited Hicks Neck at the time of the wreck of the "Mexico" and rendered all the assistance in his power as mayor, and otherwise to alleviate the distressed condition of the relatives of the unfortunates.

November 28, 1869.

On the 16th of November, 1869, Hon. E. George Squier, Chairman of a Special Committee, heretofore appointed by the American Ethnological Society, submitted the following preamble and resolution to the society at its rooms, New York City:

"WHEREAS, At a late meeting of the American Ethnological Society of New York, in view of its limitations and inefficiency under its present organization for profitable scientific work, your committee was appointed to consider the feasibility of a reorganization to broaden its field of usefulness and give it rank and efficiency for scientific work. Now, in consideration of above, it was

"Resolved, That the American Ethnological Society be dissolved and that all moneys and other property belonging to said society be transferred to the new organization to be called the Anthropological Society."

This resolution was adopted and a committee appointed by the meeting with power to call a meeting of the members of the old society and all persons interested in anthropological studies to decide upon a method of organization for the new society, and also to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the government of the proposed new society and to do other acts for its proper management. This resolution was adopted and the following committee appointed: Hon. E. George Squier, William H. Thompson, M.D., Hon. Chas. P. Daly, Prof. Charles Rau, Hon. Chas. C. Jones, Jr., George Gibbs, Prof. Charles E. West, Alexander Cotheal, Daniel M. Tredwell and Henry T. Drowne, D.D. On the 28th of November, 1869, the new society was organized under the title of the American Anthropological Society of New York, with E. George Squier, President, and Henry T. Drowne, Secretary.

The committee recommended that the society at its next monthly meeting take up for discussion the special subject of the various Indian tribes of Long Island and that Judge Chas. P. Daly read a paper before the society upon the subject, and that the members prepare themselves for its discussion, thus eliciting all the known facts within the body of the society at once with a view to publication, and to adopt other methods for obtaining information which may result in a better knowledge of the habits, mode of life and civilization of this interesting people prior and subsequent to the innovation of the white man.

These papers were probably in the possession of Secretary Drowne at the time of his death; we have been unable to find them, but we were present at the discussions, which were protracted through several meetings, and heard all the discussions, and all that come within the limits of these Reminiscences have been embodied, as we remember them, in another place of the work.

Saturday, April 12, 1873.

"Home, Sweet Home," is the product or property of Long Island; hence we deem a transcription of this entry from our diary worthy of

insertion here. On the first of April last F. Dana Reid, Fred T. Hoyt and the writer were appointed a committee of the Faust Club of Brooklyn to visit the home of John Howard Payne, at East Hampton, Long Island, to collect and report facts which may be of service in the erection of a monument to the memory of the poet, dramatist and statesman.

The Faust Club of Brooklyn was organized to provide a place for the social gatherings of gentlemen belonging to the several professions, artists, actors, authors, lawyers, physicians and musicians. There are some ministers in the club, but its atmosphere is not theological.

One charming feature of the Faust Club is its Saturday night entertainments embracing exhibitions in art, music, drama and original readings. On one of these occasions Gabriel Harrison read a paper on the life and work of John Howard Payne, which aroused an interest so intense in the neglected author and dramatist among the members of the club that a movement was set on foot at once to erect a testimonial to Payne in the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, hence this committee.

The trip of the committee to East Hampton was without incident. East Hampton is an inconsiderable village of straggling houses, wind-mills and wells with oaken buckets, identical with the old well at Stockbridge which inspired Samuel Woodworth to write the song of "The Old Oaken Bucket," destined to an immortality equal to "Home, Sweet Home."

The first marked feature of the place to a stranger is the legions of geese there, and flocks of these white-fledged bipeds dotting the pretty green landscape of the main street is a picturesque sight. A large goose pond is maintained on this one street for the pleasure of this privileged class. It certainly was never intended for adornment. In fact, East Hampton is satirized as a goose paradise. And why not? India had her sacred Ganza. Egypt worshipped and embalmed her Abu Hanza. Rome feasted and sacrificed to her sacred Anser. Ancient Germany had her miracle performing Gans. Any why should East Hampton not even up with the ancients and have her Gander heaven?

The original grant for the territory on which East Hampton stands was obtained by Theophilus Eaton, Governor of New Haven, and Edward Hopkins, Governor of Connecticut. It was purchased for a party of Puritans. The grant embraced 30,000 acres. In its administration of early law the Blue Laws of Connecticut were vigorously enforced and the whipping post was in vogue. Their first dwellings were of very rude construction, without glass in the windows, with straw roofs and wooden chimnies plastered inside. Its government was under the jurisdiction of Connecticut. In its early history whale oil became a staple product of export.

The modern village is about one and a half miles long, consisting of one street 150 feet wide on the nether end of which is Pudding Hill, so named from an incident of the Revolution in which Peggy

Hedges resented the familiarity of some impudent British soldiers by opening fire upon them with scalding hot pudding delivered from a long-handled ladle. It is said that in their haste to get from under fire the soldiers forgot to take their guns.

Legend says that this land was visited by Europeans long before the Pilgrims set foot upon Plymouth Rock. Thorvold, son of Eric the Red, sailed from Vineland, Rhode Island in 1003 A. D. to explore new lands west and south. In describing the first land touched, he says: "All the shore was shoal and free from rocks and covered with fine sand. The country was flat and the forests extended down to the ocean." This description answers for the south or ocean side of Long Island at East Hampton, there being no other place it fits so well, or fits at all, and hence for this and other reasons it is claimed to apply. Be this as it may, the well-groomed East Hampton of to-day does not appear to us a place calculated to awaken emotions like "Home, Sweet Home," in a man with a temperament of John Howard Payne. It seems to us like a place stunted in its development, unfinished, as compared with other known places. It has but one side to its character and morals, it is all goodness. Its one shady street, its closely-mown lawns, its neatly-kept cottages, always in its Sunday clothes, and on its good behavior. No side streets where filth and vice lurks, leaves you in a sea of doubt if smoking, chewing and spitting in the street is not a public offence. The geese are immune. And yet we believe East Hampton to be one of the most charming places in the world to spend two or three months a year at, just to recuperate from bad city habits, but as a village hospice or hamlet the place is defective, incomplete. It was never finished. It is not all there.

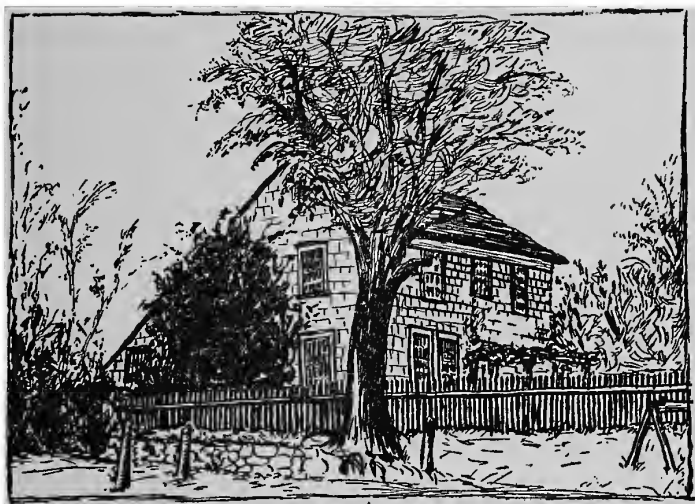
It is deficient in the elements which go to make up a healthy community; there are no antagonisms. It has a positive, but no negative pole, there is no vice, no crime, no impiety—no police, no courts of justice. But there is a record showing that in 1656 a woman named Netty Strange was brought before a tribunal and fined £3 or to stand one hour with a cleft stick upon her tongue for saying that her husband had brought her to a place where there was neither gospel or magistracy. The woman must have been in error. The impetus of East Hampton, or Maidstone as it was first called, to be good began with its origin. It came to be settled as follows:

Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, his cousin, and John Milton, his Latin secretary, and a band of Puritan brothers were destined for America, and Cromwell, Hampden and Milton were to accompany them, and who had actually shipped for that purpose, but were arrested just as the vessel was to sail. The band of Puritans, however, bearing the signet of Cromwell succeeded in reaching Salem and thence to Long Island (a few years later) founded the village of Maidstone in 1649. The first meeting house was built in 1652; thatch roof. Had the Pretender, the Commoner and the Poet, three of the greatest men

of their day, succeeded and got to East Hampton, the wildest Quixotic postulate could but feebly express the probable political results on the country had such an event taken place, and as to "Home, Sweet Home," it probably would have been mistaken for a paraphrase on "Paradise Lost."

However, the one great fact that everywhere on earth where "Home ever so Humble" is honored and revered, East Hampton is embalmed in song.

Among those known to us and to whom East Hampton stood for home, were Hon. Alfred Conklin, Lyman Beecher, who long resided here. Of others whose home or birthplace it was, were Lyon Gardiner, John Osborne, Roscoe Conklin, T. DeWitt Talmage and Thomas Moran, the latter a painter of world reputation. The names Milford, Talmage, Osborne, Hedges, Conklin and Dayton are survivals. Lyon Gardiner and several of the above named were of the Cromwell school of politics.



Payne's Cottage

The old homestead of Payne, the object of our search, was easily located. It is a typical building of its period. It stands nearly opposite the ancient residence of Lyon Gardiner, adjacent to the Clinton Academy (now Town Hall).

The latter, the first institution of the kind on Long Island, once occupied high rank among the educational institutions of the state. It was founded by Samuel Buel, in 1785, and of which William Payne,

the father of John Howard, was many years principal. Payne's mother was a Jewess. Her maiden name was Isaacs. Representatives of the Isaacs family still survive here. The largest country store we have ever seen is located here and bears the name of A. M. Payne on its modest and faded sign.

The committee reported to the club on Saturday, April 12, 1873. The following are some of the many things reported:

John Howard Payne was not born in East Hampton. He had two sisters and one brother born here, but he was born at 33 Pearl Street in the City of New York, June 9, 1791. In his youth Payne was undoubtedly a prodigy on the stage. He never, however, became a matured actor.

Payne's love for good old East Hampton was very great, and that affection followed him in all his wanderings and breathed through all his vast correspondence during his entire life, to the last old letters shown us (and we were shown many souvenirs of the kind), he writes endearingly of his loved old East Hampton, of the people, remembering many of them by name, the old festivals and often referring sorrowingly to his painful exile. Many letters were presented by individuals to the Faust Club through its committee. These letters afterward became the property of Gabriel Harrison as the biographer of Payne, and finally fell into the hands of Thomas J. McKee, the great dramatic collector, and were sold by his executors in 1904 by John Anderson, Auctioneer.

There is no doubt that Payne's "Home, Sweet Home" was an effusion of that affection which he felt for East Hampton, but the song was written in Paris "when he stood homeless amid a thousand homes, a stranger amid the throngs that sway and jostle and rush madly past him, or cheered the streets of laughing Paris." These thoughts of loneliness we are told, moved the young Ishmaelite to tears and produced that plaintive song, "Home, Sweet Home," which is destined to linger in the world's memory with a pathetic affection to the end of time.

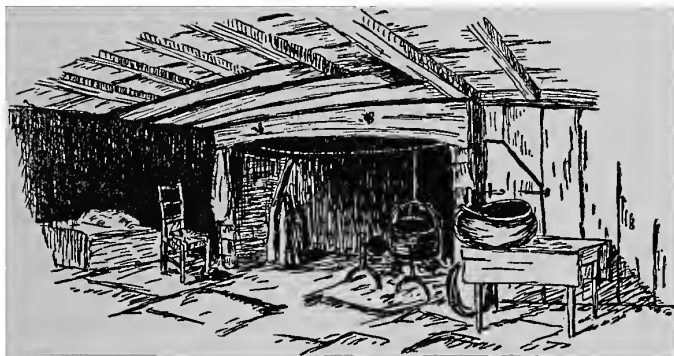
Payne was little more than a boy when he left his home and began the life of a nomad. He wandered in Europe and Asia, and acquired fame and success, but he never lost his love for his old home.

It is a somewhat singular fact that "Home, Sweet Home" should have had its first hearing and success in the old world. It was on the occasion of May 8, 1823, at the Royal Theatre, Covent Garden, that Miss Maria Tree, a sister of the famous actress Ellen Tree, first gave voice to the wonderful song in the first performance of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a play written by Payne with musical settings by Henry R. Bishop. It is characteristic that although this song won a wealthy husband for the singer, and made a fortune for the theatre and the publisher, it netted little to Payne. The words and not the melody gave the song its fame, for the air was not new, Bishop had used it on another work without success. The simple eloquence and beauty

of Payne's words with the "lump in the throat" made the song immortal.

"Home, Sweet Home" was first heard in America, December, 1823, at the Prune Theater, 518 Locust Street, Philadelphia. The play "Clari" was produced there about seven months after its performance at the Covent Garden. Mrs. H. A. Williams sang the song which was received with marvelous enthusiasm by the countrymen of the homesick poet.

Payne died in 1852 at the consulate at Tunis in Algiers, sighing to the last for the rural simplicity of his loved East Hampton. And in 1888, fifty-six years after, his remains were brought to this country and deposited in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington. Of the many monuments in the Federal City none is visited by so many pilgrims as the shrine of the wandering, homeless actor.



"Home Sweet Home" - Payne's Interior.

We were courteously received by the inmates of the homestead, and who offered every facility to us in acquiring information and in taking photographs and drawings. Every old inhabitant of East Hampton knew Payne personally, or believed that he did, and each had some reminiscence of him to relate. An old citizen of the place, a relative, said that at the same time Payne was a pupil of his father's at the academy (now town hall), he was being taught the English language and literature by private tuition, and that beautiful chirography which characterized all his manuscript through life was acquired while a pupil of Miss Phebe Filer, a very worthy but pessimistic old lady whose method for moral instruction was to interest pupils by the relation of stories of ghosts, hobgoblins and haunted places, some of which were of very questionable moral tendency. On the whole, however, it is probable that her methods inflicted no evil, but aggregated good on Payne.

One of the old citizens whom we interviewed, said that Howard Payne was the handsomest youth on Long Island. He was older than me, said he, and he walked about with his head down. He was a very thoughtful and precocious boy. William Payne, the father, was much opposed to young Howard going on the stage, and it is said that on the first night he stood behind the scenes weeping, while the audience was in a frenzy of applause.

The very atmosphere of the east end of Long Island is full of marine and Indian legends. The Montauk Indians who occupied the territory in their day were a proud and warlike sub-tribe of the Algonkins, and many queer traditions concerning them have been preserved. On the Sag Harbour Road, north of East Hampton, is a spot called Whooping Boy Hollow. At this place an Indian chief's son was brutally murdered many years ago, and ever since, after dark are frequently heard there the screams of a child for help. Many of the people about here have full faith in this story.

East from East Hampton is a remarkable Lebanon cedar tree, whose flat table-like top is a mass of foliage, and the great strength of its outlying branches can support thirteen persons at one time. Why the magic number? "This tree," says Payne, "is immortalized by the old tale of an Indian massacre and miraculous escape." This seems to be another version of the Fort Pond, or Kongonok legend. In old colonial times near this place an Indian pow-wow was held at which the Devil presided. (So said the Puritan whites.) Two Puritans, however, smuggled themselves into the banquet and they succeeded in making it so uncomfortably hot for the Devil that he quit the feast and the salvation of three souls marked by his satanic majesty for destruction were saved.

These fugitive relations of East Hampton might be multiplied indefinitely were we to include the annals of its seaboard. For the legends of its disasters by sea (shipwrecks), in the oral literature of the yocemen of East Hampton are voluminous and pathetic, but these annals or legends are fraught with painful associations and are not pertinent to the inquiry.

The following instance, however, appeals to us a remarkable coincidence: Twenty-six graves in the East Hampton burying ground tell a tale of suffering with a humane and merciful setting.

On the night of January 19, 1858, during a fearful snowstorm, the clipper ship "John Milton" of 1,500 tons burden, from the South Pacific bound for New York, was wrecked at this place. She had a crew of twenty-six persons, all of whom perished during the night, and their bodies were found scattered along the beach the next morning. The performance of the sacred act of gathering their bodies and giving them a respectable burial redounds to the glory of East Hampton.

From East Hampton to Montauk Point a history of the south beach would be a continuous tale of horrors. The coincidence which impelled the relation of the above catastrophe is, that, as John Milton, the poet and philosopher was not permitted through political interposition to reach the shores of Long Island; 200 years later the noble ship bearing his name, came to an inglorious end at the very spot destined for Milton's home and final resting place. So terrific was this storm that not a vestige of the ship "John Milton" was to be seen the next morning.

On the 3d day of September, 1873, was erected in Prospect Park a colossal bronze bust of John Howard Payne. It was erected by the Faust Club of Brooklyn, and was presented to the city by Thomas Kinsella, President of the Club, and Gabriel Harrison, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and received by James S. T. Stranahan, President of the Park Commission, on behalf of the City of Brooklyn.

Hon. William C. De Witt was the orator of the unveiling.

Tuesday, April 15, 1873.

After finishing our labors at East Hampton, the Faust Club Committee took their departure for Fire Place, where an entertainment, gotten up by a friend of the members of the committee, awaited them. This journey, a distance of about forty miles, we elected to make by private conveyance, there being no direct railroad connection. We consequently made an arrangement and left East Hampton at five o'clock this morning, and after one of the most delightful drives, at easy stages, much of the time in full sight of the bay and ocean, and passing through many charming small settlements, we arrived at Fire Place at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Fire Place, also known historically as Setauket South, Conetquot and more recently as South Haven is a little hamlet whose frequent rebaptisms have failed to invest it with a spirit of advance in its commercial or political life. It is a group of dwelling houses, Suffolk club house, schoolhouse, church, a public house and many mills clustered about an artificial lake on the Carman River. Historians and geographers have sadly confused Carman's and Conetquot Rivers, using indifferently one for the other.

Fire Place was aboriginally known as the camping ground of the Long Island tribes for purposes of exchange, barter or renewing the council fire.

It was an aboriginal clearing house on standard wampum, under the great Sachem of Patchogues, Chief of the Exchequer, but he moved

away and the people followed the traffic, and public spirit seems to have gone after the retiring inhabitants. But the place is not in decay, it is neat and clean, everybody is well dressed, healthy and happy.

In the early part of the present century a whaling crew, more than half of whom were Indians, was maintained here. Their huts and lookout were on the beach, but their allegiance was to Fire Place. They lived on the beach through the season and watched the sea day by day ready to put to sea when they saw a whale blow. Their supplies came from the mainland and a watch was set for the signal fire to send a boat over when supplies were low. When a light flashed up at night the crew would row across the bay heading directly for the light. After they had shipped their supplies the fire was put out, and a corresponding light was seen on the beach to guide them back. In this way Fire Place got its original name. These fires were lighted at Fire Place Neck.

Strolling about the place in the afternoon of our arrival we were attracted by a pair of loons sporting on the mill pond, and no doubt trout fishing, when a native in an effort to be agreeable—and successfully so, addressed us—"Them's a queer bird neighbor," said he, "you might spend a life time gunning for them and die of old age without bagging a bird. They are dreadfully long lived, some of them live two or three hundred years." We were now getting interested and asked for his evidence of their great age. "Why," said he, "about thirty years ago Jim Horton, down east here, killed one of them loons who had an arrow head in his neck just above the shoulder. Now, no white man ever used the bow and arrow to shoot loons, and it has been 150 years since any Indian did it; that will make, allowing for the age of the bird when killed, nearly 200 years." That is a strange story thought we, and we pursued the subject no further.

P. S.—But since the above was told us we find the same story repeated in Giraud's "Birds of Long Island," published in 1844. Giraud was an ornithologist and was collecting specimens for his book at Mastic, and this identical bird was brought to him by Horton, or some other person. He bought it and made an incision in the neck and removed the stone; the shaft was very small and of the same variety used by the Long Island Indians for small game; it was imbedded between the *cervical vertebra* and the *cutis vera*, two skins, completely healed over, and to all appearances had been healed many years. The arrow head was preserved, and it is believed by experts that that kind had not been used on Long Island for





JOHN HOWARD PAYNE STATUE
Presented to the City of Brooklyn by the Faust Club

at least one hundred years. Had it not been for our familiarity with Giraud's "Birds of Long Island" this singular coincident would not have been brought to light. We remember when Giraud or Ward went over Long Island collecting natural history specimens it was about 1841 or 42.

During the short stay of the committee at Fire Place we did not learn that it was much noted for anything except as a rendezvous for sporting men, for gunning and fishing in which sports it greatly excelled.

Wednesday, April 16, 1873.

This morning we were treated to a drive over a very sandy road to an Indian reservation at Mastic Neck, distant from here about two miles. The reservation consists of about 200 acres of land belonging to a remnant of the Setauket or Poospatuck Indians, there are not more than forty or fifty of them left, none of pure blood. They have a schoolhouse, church and about fifteen or twenty little shanties scattered over the reservation.

Mastic Neck is located on the Forge River, the Poospatucks at one time extended their domain from Fire Place to Pouquogue. General Nathaniel Woodhull owned a large plantation on Mastic Neck, and General William Floyd one of the signers, owned a large tract adjoining. About thirty miles east from here at Old Fort Pond in the Shinnecock reservation almost exclusively occupied now by negroes with little or no Indian blood.

Tappen Reeve, son of Rev. Abram Reeve, who graduated at Yale in 1731, and who preached at Fire Place in 1735, was born here at Fire Place in October, 1744. Our host was a representative of the ancient Long Island family of Reeves. Tappen Reeve, above named, graduated at Princeton in 1763. He here formed an agreeable intimacy with the daughter of President Burr, and sister of Colonel Aaron Burr, and granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, whom he afterward married. He studied law in the Eastern States and entered upon his professional course in 1779.

In 1798 he was appointed judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut and afterward chief justice. He was the founder of the Law Academy at Litchfield, which was the most distinguished and successful in the country, over which he presided for forty years, and sent forth pupils to every part of the United States. Judge Reeve was distinguished for simplicity of manners and purity of principle and conduct. He died December 13, 1823.

Thursday, April 17, 1873.

Our host had prepared for us another surprise. To-day was to be devoted to further sight-seeing.



The St. George's Manor about three miles from here bordering upon the Great South Bay was assigned for to-day's entertainment.

This manor was founded by Colonel William Smith in 1693. Colonel Smith was known as Tangier Smith, from the fact of his having been governor of Tangier, Africa, under Charles II, and more particularly as a distinction from the Bull Smiths of Smithtown and the Rock and Waite Smiths of Hempstead, Queens County. St. George's Manor is described as extending from Fire Place (Carman's) River on the west, Mastic River on the east, the common Indian path on the north and the Atlantic Ocean on the south. A tract of probably the finest agricultural land on Long Island, consisting of 40,000 acres, a large portion of which is yet covered by a primeval forest. It is on the easterly terminus of the Great South Bay, being a neck extending entirely across the bay, except a narrow strait between it and the beach. It was conveyed to Smith by the Indian Chief Tobascus, and is now in the possession of the seventh generation of Smiths from the original Tangier Smith.

The manor house, now standing, which is the third on the same site, was built in 1810, and is a noble specimen of aristocratic home of that period, the outside being entirely of shingles. It is about eighty feet front and forty-five feet deep, and two full stories high, the front faces the west and has a clear stretch of twenty-five miles of water in front. Everything about the dwelling and other structures on the premises is in elegant repair, and nothing mars the impression

of it being the abode of comfort and luxury which lingers about those old well-preserved homesteads, and although the interior may be affected by the innovation of modern decoration, trimmings and furniture, yet enough of the antique remains to make it a most desirable place to see. The big hall, twelve feet wide, runs through the house in which there are pieces of attractive furniture belonging to the last century, some much older which came from England with William Smith 200 years ago, not a room in the house but contains some attractive piece to the lover of the antique. The present occupants are very agreeable, and show without reserve and with apparent pleasure their treasures.

They take great pride in the dignity of occupying the homestead of six generations of their ancestors who were born, lived, died and are buried there, and all had peaceful and happy lives, some of whom were farmers, sailors, lawyers, judges, legislators, etc.

According to tradition in the family some friction grew up between the Smiths and the Floyds, the latter of whom resided on the east side of the neck, and when John Smith of the third generation from Colonel William came courting Miss Betsey Floyd, her mother refused to entertain his suit and Betsey like a dutiful daughter acquiesced. John persevered some time, but finally gave up Betsey and married Lady Lydia Fanning, daughter of Lord Fanning, Governor of Prince Edwards Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Canada, and brought her home with him to the manor. She died at the age of fifteen, one month after her son, William, was born.

The bereaved widower's thoughts again turned toward Betsey for consolation, but she still persisted and would have nothing to do with him, and he married Mary Platt, daughter of Judge Platt of the upper Hudson. Meanwhile Betsey became the wife of Edward Holland Nicholl. When the wedding took place Mrs. Floyd the mother sent word to John Smith, that now he would never get her Betsey. Mr. Nicholl, however, died and Mrs. John Smith also died, and John again renewed his suit with Betsey, and with success, and they were finally married.

The little boy, William Smith, who was one month old when his youthful mother died was the great grandfather of the present occupant of the manor.

Major Richard Bull Smith, of Setauket, Smithtown of "Bull" rider fame, was a soldier in Cromwell's army, and bore no relation to the Tangier Smiths of St. George's Manor.

Friday, April 18, 1873.

Left Fire Place early this morning for Patchogue, the railroad terminus, and ostensibly for home. A cold penetrating fog from the Atlantic hangs like a glacial sheet over Fire Place and Mastic. The wind is bleak and raw, and penetrates to the shivering soul. To allay

these comfortless conditions without, the committee applied a miscelany of mixed comforts within.

At half-past five A. M. we bid adieu to our friends, and the land where clambakes were invented. Reached home at ten A. M.

And gave a verbal account of the work of the committee to the club on the same evening.

CHAPTER XXI

ELDER ISLAND.—MUTATIONS.—SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.—COL. C. C. JONES.—
GOVERNOR SPOONER.—PROFESSOR C. E. WEST.—ACCOUNT OF HEMPSTEAD.

Thursday, June 10, 1875.



LEMENT D. NEWMAN, George W. Sheldon and the writer met at private apartments to discuss the feasibility of organizing a local club or society for free discussion on all philosophical subjects. Much discussion was had but no immediate plan was laid out for an organization.

On the 10th of November following a meeting was called at the Law Office of William M. Ivins, and a form of organization was agreed upon, at which meeting the following gentlemen were present: Clement D. Newman, C. F. Adams, R. B. Eastman, William M. Ivins, William E. S. Fales, F. Dana Reed, John H. Hull, Daniel M. Tredwell, J. C. Robinson, W. T. Bradford, C. J. Stork, G. W. Sheldon and others. An essay was read on "What has called us together?" To which Mr. Newman responded, and Mr. Ivins at some length spoke on the desirability of an organization not limited in its purpose to creeds or parties.

This meeting resulted in the organization of the Philosophical Club of Brooklyn, with Daniel M. Tredwell, President; William M. Ivins, Vice-President, and J. C. Robinson, Secretary.

This club continued for a period of seven years. Many of the papers read before the society found their way into print through the local papers, and a pretty full report of its proceedings were published in the *Boston Index*.

Friday, July 30, 1875.

Made an excursion to the Great South Bay. Once afloat the old love for the scenery of the bay and its sports returned. Visited dear old Elder Island now scarcely recognizable. How physically unlike

the Elder Island of a few years ago. Fifteen years ago to-day we made one of a party of friends encamped amid the barren beauties of this island for a summer outing of one month (July, 1860). It was a most agreeable vacation, physically and intellectually, that it has ever been our fortune to have participated in—but how sad to review the lapsing period. Elder Island, it is true, remains here and its flora and fauna are unchanged, but we note the mutations of time upon its profile and contour. But greater still and sadder are the changes wrought upon the members of the little party of happy friends then associated for pleasure and intellectual exchange. My father has since died. Condit is dead, Chaplain Walton is dead, B——, a noble young man, a law student and one of our party sacrificed himself to his country during the Civil War. Our country was then (at the former period) upon the eve of a great and cruel civil war, the result of which no one could foretell, but of which many of the truest patriots had forebodings of evil, and many noble men were immolated upon its altar. Out of which civil war the country has now happily arisen in great majesty, and the great political heresy of Secession and State Rights settled forever. All future efforts to nullify that postulate which was the dream and idol of our ancestors, popular government, will be as futile as an effort to scrub the spots from the face of the luminary of day. McPeake is performing an engagement in Australia and Dr. Buckley (if alive) is somewhere in the Island of Cuba.

Great physical changes have also taken place at Long Beach and Jones' Beach since our familiarity with them, and judging from the inroads of the past the day is not far distant when many of these old familiar landmarks will be entirely wiped out.

Some forms of wild life hold their own through all the vicissitudes and transformations of nature and persecutions of their kind, and still present an absorbing interest to the lover of animated nature. As we stepped from our boat to the marsh at Elder Island a pair of horsefeet crawling up the shelving bank attracted our attention. There has been no change in their habits. The scene was a duplication of thousands in our experience of forty years past and of other experiences for a thousand years. The horsefoot has passed through the longest line of descent of any extant creature, whose genealogy we have heretofore traced back to the trilobite of the old Silurian, and here he is yet recognized as a survival of his race. We meet with many happy reminders of that encampment of 1860, an event never to be repeated.

The gulls (the Tern) are here yet performing the like gyration, and they seem to be the same gulls, noisy and boisterous as fifteen years ago. They appear to recognize us. Four of them are now sailing or floating high up in the air over our heads and screaming at the top of their voices, either to welcome our return, or trying to frighten us away.

We have sometimes thought the gulls from their elevated position give warning to other birds of approaching danger. We have seen them performing their graceful evolutions in the sky and screaming until the air was thick with their discord directly over a flock of yellow-leg snipes feeding on a mud flat and which a gunner was approaching stealthily. This din they kept up incessantly until the snipe became alarmed and took wing when the gulls dispersed.

The flood tide was flowing in the same graceful eddies around Elder Island Point as in 1860 when it gave so much uneasiness to the chivalric McPeake.

The sun and moon were exercising the same tidal force upon the ocean as in the days of Galileo and La Place.

Friday, September 10, 1875.

A great compliment was intended us (and we so regarded it), when in August last, 1875, we were invited by a friend prominent in official and social life in Brooklyn to become a member of the "Sons of the Revolution," an order, society or club having for its object the perpetuation of the memory of that event. This is purely a patriotic organization and meets our highest approval. The usual qualifications of character were necessary for membership, and further, that one's ancestors were loyal to the cause of the American Independence. On the latter qualification of my ancestors (not our own) we had some misgiving and determined on an investigation rather than to have a committee on membership make, after inquiry, an unfavorable report, or to be rejected on the vote for membership, or becoming a member under false representations.

It has been said by a writer on the history of Long Island that the well-to-do settlers, or planters of the main thoroughfares of Queens County resembled much in their habits and methods in social life the English country squire. Queens County was typically English (Flint). But another has said that the people of Long Island in their life resembled the old school Virginian and none the less in consequence of the ownership in negro slavery. The presence of these picturesque hereditary household servants which was pretty general among them of large landed estates lent an air of respectability. Be that as it may there is no doubt this marked nationality was the cause of so many loyalists in the revolt against English rule in the county of Queens during the Revolution. Let it be understood, however, that Independence was not the original object of the war with Great Britain, and there were thousands who favored the war as disciplinary to the mother country, believing that a calm and firm resistance would rectify all the evils complained of and memorize her that we were no longer in swaddling clothes, but were of adult age, and desired a word in the management of our affairs, but in no consideration was Independence thought of originally.

The Declaration of Independence was a breach of faith with the great mass of the American people as well as the statesmen who had in Parliament championed the American cause. And hence Queens County for its high sense of honor and respect for law and order, and love for the mother country, was characterized as the hot bed of Tories, "And every Tory is a coward," said the *Crisis*. "He that is not a supporter of the Independent States of America in the same degree that his religion and political principles would suffer him to support the government of any other country of which he called himself a subject is in the American sense of the word a Tory, and the instant he endeavored to put his Toryism into practice, he becomes a traitor, a banditti of hungry traitors." And these men thus branded ignobly as traitors were the best and most respectable citizens of the country.

It is not strange that men of Long Island, of Queens County, of Hempstead, men of conservative mould and careful nurture clung to the crown and to the established government under which they were reared and which they had sworn to maintain. It is hard to brand as unpatriotic those whom love of country stood the supreme test, but to this test these much maligned men were subjected.

Again, it is the great fallacy of writers and public men on the Revolutionary era to class every citizen who escaped the stigma of Tory, as an ardent adherent of the Revolutionary Cause of the Colonies. An exact canvass can never be known, but the best evidence can be shown that more than one-third of the best people of the country were thoroughly opposed to the Revolution, and of the other two-thirds more than one-third withheld their hearty sympathy. And that after the Revolution it was the conservative elements which remodeled the government, and not the fiery element of the Revolution, which was entirely unequipped for such work.

There were brave and honest men in America who were proud of the great and free empire to which they belonged, many of them ended their days in poverty and exile, as the supporters of a beaten cause. History has paid but a scanty tribute to their memory, and they composed some of the worthiest and ablest men America has ever produced, and they were contending for an ideal as worthy as that for which Washington fought.

It is intelligence and refinement which suffers most in times of great political revolution. Conservatism runs in the blood of the educated and refined, and a great public upheaval is their destruction. The opprobrious epithet of Tory, like all party nicknames, was used indiscriminately and as the expression of party hatred. Abuse is the argument of the ignorant. "Every Tory is a coward, for a servile, slavish, self-interested fear is at the foundation of all Toryism, and the man under such influence, though he may be cruel, cannot be brave," was the language of the Revolutionists.

This was the ordeal through which these honest men were obliged to pass, scoffed at by the ignorant rabble, and Queens County has been villified by a careless tradition, and by superficial, or prejudiced historians.

Queens County has not been from the earliest times a hot-bed of Tories, but a nursery of the noblest political principles. Honest men seeking only to do their duty to their King and native land. And let it be remembered that whatever the position of honor attained by Queens County up to the time of the Revolution, that honor was wrought by the very men who were ostracised and sent in exile.

The preamble to The Tory Act of Congress passed January 3, 1776. WHEREAS, "A majority of the inhabitants of Queens County in the Colony of New York, being incapable of resolving to live and die freemen and being more disposed to quit their liberties than to part with the little proportion of their property necessary to defend them, have deserted the American cause by refusing to send deputies as usual to the convention of that Colony, etc." Nothing could more pointedly prove the low grade of a legislative body than the use of the above language, and besides it is untrue. A large portion of the expenses of carrying on the war of the Revolution was borne by those whom the revolutionists branded as traitors. My father held in my time what represented \$1,500 in continental money which my grandfather had been forced to take at par for the produce of his farm. This purported money was not worth ten cents on a hundred dollars, nor did the government ever redeem a dollar of it.

It was also resolved as follows:

"That all such persons in Queens County as voted against sending deputies to the present convention of New York and named in a list of delinquents in Queens County published by the convention, be put out of the protection of the United Colonies, and that all trade and intercourse with them cease, and that none of the inhabitants be permitted to travel, or abide in any part of the United Colonies without a certificate from the convention, or Committee of Safety of the Colony of New York, and if found out of the said county without said certificate shall be apprehended and imprisoned for three months."

Gouverneur Morris wrote to Washington in regard to the great number of persons from Queens County now confined in our jails, of the inconvenience of crowding them, "As well as the mistake of filling their minds with the sourness of opposition and at the same time severing and enraging all their connections and giving a just claim to every person suspected of holding similar principles, and raise up numerous enemies actuated by revenge and despair. While if security be taken for their peaceable demeanor, Congress will risk much it is true from their correspondence with the enemy which cannot be avoided anyhow."

A resolution was passed stripping them of all arms and ammunition on oath.

"No lawyer shall be permitted to practice law who refused to vote," says the resolution.

We have lived to see the same blood of Queens County which was loyal to its government in the days of the Revolution stand by the government under which they lived with equal resolution in the trying days of the Civil War for secession under similar conditions. Not a descendant of those who were true to their government in the critical times of the Revolution were untrue to the country in the time of the Civil War, taking names as the criterion and the names branded as traitors in the Revolution made up three-fourths of the Rostra of Queens County in the Civil War. These families were composed of real men, solid men, patriots and not adventurers. Therefore, for the above reasons and the respect in which we hold our ancestors, and our thorough approval of their act would not permit us to misrepresent them in order to secure a membership in the "Sons of the Revolution," however desirable such fellowship might be to us. They believed they were right, and believing acted upon it, for which we respect and honor their memory. We, therefore, respectfully decline the honor.

Some years, *i. e.*, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1892, after the above entry in the Journal we travelled during the summer vacation, visiting consecutively important historical localities from Newfoundland to the Pacific in the Canadian Provinces. These were tours for pleasure and investigation on the above subject into which we had become very much interested. These tours resulted in obtaining many facts little dreamed of when the first invitation was extended to us to apply for membership in the "Sons of the Revolution." But the subject interested us and we pursued it.

First, we believe that the Declaration of Independence was far from being as popular a measure in the colonies as it was represented to be; coercion made more proselytes than conviction. Immediately on the Declaration of Independence many loyalists left the colonies, some going to Canada and others returning to England. Early in 1782 bands of loyalists had begun to leave New York and Long Island for the adjoining provinces of Canada. But the migrations which most sensibly affected Long Island (Town of Hempstead) were

those of 1783. At this latter period about three thousand emigrants, mostly from Long Island, landed at the mouth of St. John River, New Brunswick, and founded the City of St. John. Another fleet arrived a few months after with two thousand exiles who sailed directly from Huntington, Long Island, to New Brunswick. On founding the City of St. John, New Brunswick, the territory of which was a wilderness before the landing of the loyalists, Colonel Gabriel Ludlow, of Hempstead, was elected the first Mayor of the City of St. John, and remained so until his resignation in 1795.

We visited this city in 1892. It still bears many sacred memories of its early history. Its graveyard is one of the most interesting revolutionary relics on this continent. It is in the very heart of the city, and is about five acres in extent, and is the resting place of many thousands, some of whom were men of great prominence in their day in the Old Colonies. The City of St. John was the distributing centre of the early population, not only of New Brunswick, but throughout the entire Canadian border, where we find distributed some of the best blood of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Long Island, New York and the Eastern States. We trace the names Seaman, Hicks, Denton, Hewlett, Carman, Dorlan, Tredwell, Platt, Hendrickson and others scattered over Prince Edward Island, Halifax, Annapolis Royal and many other points, all of whose ancestors were presumably exiles from the States.

We of Long Island never knew the destination of our exiled families. There are families by the name of Tredwell now (1888) living in New Brunswick, about twelve miles above Frederickton, who have a tradition that their ancestors came from Long Island. The place where they landed on the St. John's River is yet known as Tredwell's Landing.

We found Tredwells in Ottawa with a similar tradition. At Pembroke, one hundred and fifty miles northwest from Ottawa on the Ottawa River, was found a considerable family of Tredwells who claim a like descent. It was the emigration

or exile of the loyalists from the different States of the Union which peopled Halifax, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and the border provinces of Canada. Some of the best blood of Massachusetts migrated to Canada.

It is estimated that over one hundred thousand were driven over to Canada from the thirteen colonies on the close of the Revolutionary contest.

FOREWORD.

The great pertinence of the following entry, beside its general interest and the exalted character of Colonel Charles C. Jones, the subject of the sketch, is, the service he rendered to the archæology of Long Island. He made a thorough comparison of the stone remains of the State of Georgia with those of Long Island, the result of which he embodied in a paper read before the American Ethnological Society of New York, in which he demonstrated the identity in structure of the Long Island remains with those of Georgia, and also the contemporaneity of the stone age of the two sections. During the ten years of his abode North Colonel Jones spent his summers at a little hamlet on Long Island, where he pursued his studies and produced his greatest works.

Wednesday, June 14, 1876.

Had the honor of attending the Centennial at Philadelphia as a delegate to the International Archæological Congress from the State of New York, my associate member from New York was General L. P. Di Cesnoli.

The right to name a permanent president for the Congress was accorded to New York, and Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D., of Georgia, was selected and qualified. Colonel Jones was at that time a citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y.

He was by inheritance a wealthy planter, born in Savannah, Georgia, October 28, 1831. His early education he received from his father and a private tutor. He entered South Carolina College, at Columbia, in 1848, and matriculated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., in 1850, and received his A.B. in that college in 1852, and subsequently graduated at Cambridge, Mass.



Charles C. Jones, Jr.

Having selected the law as a profession he attended a course at Columbia, N. Y., and went as a student in the law office of Samuel H. Perkins, Esq., of Philadelphia, and afterwards received his degree of LL.B. from the Harvard University, at Cambridge, 1855. Besides his regular course he attended lectures of Professor Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes, and commenced his professional life a member of the law firm of Ward, Owen & Jones.

At the time of the breaking out of the Civil War he was Mayor of the City of Savannah. He resigned the mayoralty and attached himself to the Chatham Artillery, July, 1861. He afterwards became Colonel of Artillery with headquarters at Savannah. In this capacity he came in contact with all the notables of the Confederacy, and at one time was tendered the rank of Brigadier-General of Infantry, which he declined.

After the war and in 1865 Colonel Jones removed to New York having been despoiled of his property in Georgia, and became a member of the commercial law firm of Ward, Jones & Whitehead of the City of New York, making his home at Brooklyn, however, at number 212 Clinton Street. He was a dignified and high-minded citizen, and with his family identified himself with the important charitable, benevolent and literary institutions of the city. He devoted himself, however, more seriously to history and science than to law. He was a prolific writer and his name appears as author to more than forty volumes of no inconsiderable bulk in History, Archæology, Ethnology, Biography and Mythology, many of which related to the aborigines of the Southern States. His works have all had a wide circulation in this country and in Europe, and on archæological science Colonel Jones was recognized as an authority. He also produced a vast amount of literature in lectures. He was a member of many learned societies both here and in Europe, and has twice been complimented with the degree of LL.D.

In 1878 Colonel Jones left Brooklyn and returned to Georgia, and was subsequently created Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature of that State, and died in 1893 before the expiration of his judicial term.

The following account of the seizure of a portion of the archæological collection of Colonel Jones and its restitution and final disposition was current at the Ethnological Society in 1865.

During the famous march of General Sherman through Georgia, one of the plantations or country seats of Colonel Jones fell into the hands of General Sherman's troops, and a sergeant reported to General Sherman that an abandoned

residence within their lines contained a museum of Indian relics. Sherman knew the significance of such property, and immediately repaired to the mansion and found a carefully and well arranged collection of several thousand specimens of Indian stone implements consisting of stone axes, arrow heads, celts, spears, mortars, chisels, gouges, spindle wheels and other works of aboriginal art and industry, chipped, ground and polished with pipes and pottery arranged in complete chronological order representing the stone or neolithic age of the Southern States. They were the product of one hundred and twenty Indian mounds or tumuli of Georgia and adjoining States, which Colonel Jones had personally opened at his own expense of time and money. It is said that the objects in his private collection amounted to over 20,000.

The builders of these mounds were the Creeks, Seminoles, Cherokees and Choctaws, who spread over Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama. All of these tribes have been removed to a reservation in Oklahoma. These relics were labelled and numbered, forming the most extensive and probably only scientifically arranged collection ever brought together covering that territory.

General Sherman took possession of the precious evidences of an archaic civilization, and had them packed with scrupulous care and exactness, avoiding the displacement of a single example, and sent them to Washington, D. C. They were placed in custody of Professor Charles Rau, curator of that department of the Smithsonian Institute, who was a close and personal friend of Colonel Jones, being a co-worker in the American Ethnological Society of New York.

After the war, friends interceded, and permission was granted to restore the collection to the owner, as not being contraband or subject to confiscation. Professor Rau, curator of the Museum at Washington, and the officers of the Ethnological Society in charge at New York, arranged that the collection should be delivered at New York at a special meeting of the New York Society. The collection was conse-

quently delivered by Professor Rau to the Society, was unpacked and displayed on tables in its rooms in as nearly the same order, as possible, as found in the Jones mansion in Georgia, and a call issued for a special meeting for the formal delivery. Of all this Colonel Jones had no information.

On the evening of the meeting, which was attended by only a few members of the Ethnological Society and personal friends, Colonel Jones was conducted to the rooms and confronted by his life-work—a work which had engrossed the intellectual side of the man for years. No language, says our informant, could adequately describe that meeting, which it is believed was a complete surprise to Colonel Jones, and appeared to overwhelm him with emotion, and in a few choking words attempted to answer Professor Rau's presentation and express his gratitude. In the course of his remarks, he said, "I am struggling to determine what disposition to make of these relics that will best serve my friends and their usefulness, and while standing here I have hastily resolved to (with your approbation) present them to the American Museum of Natural History of New York, as a humble testimony to the American Ethnological Society of New York of my appreciation of their uniform kindness to me for the past ten years."

"It was never my fortune," said the relator, "to attend so remarkable a meeting—not for the words uttered as for the eloquence of the sentiment unuttered."

The Museum accepted the donation, and the collection is now on exhibition in the archæological department of the American Museum of Natural History of the City of New York, and may be known and identified by the signature in initials C. C. J. and numbers on each piece in Colonel Jones' characteristic handwriting. Their identification is beyond any possible dispute.

How many objects there were in this restored collection or what relation it bore to Colonel Jones' entire collection I am unable to say.

One word and we close this little episode of side history. We believe that Colonel Jones, with whom we were personally acquainted before the Civil War, was not an enthusiastic supporter of the radical measures of the South, but that he was influenced or coerced by associations in deserting his Alma Mater and throwing his influence with the seceding States.

Be that as it may, immediately after the war he sought Northern associations, and during ten subsequent years lived among us, respected and honored. He produced his greatest works and obtained his highest honors during these years identified with Long Island.

Thursday, March 18, 1880.

For many months desultory conversations were had at the bookstore of Fred Tredwell on Fulton Street concerning the formation of an art club for the City of Brooklyn. It being felt that Brooklyn was sufficiently interested in art to sustain such an institution in modest form.

The first formal meeting in furtherance of this object was held at our home, 22 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, last evening, March 18, 1880. There were present at this meeting Henry T. Cox, W. W. Kenyon, Lewis D. Mason, Fred Tredwell, W. W. Thomas, James Northcote, D. M. Tredwell.

D. M. Tredwell was made chairman and Fred Tredwell secretary. The determination of the meeting was to form an organization having for its object the cultivation of art. Various forms and methods were proposed and discussed, but it took no definite form.

At a subsequent meeting, held at the residence of I. W. Stearns, First Place, the organization of the Rembrandt Club was perfected, with Henry T. Cox, President.

This was the beginning of the Rembrandt Art Club, now the most aristocratic art association in the Greater New York, a historical sketch of which was prepared and published by Lewis D. Mason, M.D., in 1889, for private circulation.

Monday, May 10, 1886.

Mr. Abraham H. Bascom, of Philadelphia, President of the "Muskoke Fish Club" called upon us to accompany him to some of the noted fish preserves on Long Island, he desiring to study the methods of artificial cultivation and preservation of brook trout.

We had made the acquaintance of Mr. Bascom at Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Canada, in 1883, where he had successfully experimented with a newly patented lure upon the finny denizens of Hunter River, a delightful stream babbling over a bed of feldspar and garnet. And whom we subsequently met in the wilderness at the head of Lake Nipissing about 300 miles northwest from Ottawa, Canada, in an ideal place for trout fishing, beyond the reach of telephones, stock quotations and Special Term defaults, where one sleeps on a bed of balsam amid the odor of pine and hemlock, and awakes in the morning with an appetite equal to anything short of pine knots.

But all the pleasures of life, of which trout fishing in the Northwest is one, are fraught with perils and pains. Oftimes in the eager pursuit of the game through streams full of rapids and whirlpools, one drops into a hole where he must either swim in water as cold as a Siberian cocktail, or drown. And then there are perils of insects, reptiles and wild beasts, for every fishing adventure is supplemented with a marvelous bear story, and many other delectable things, a remembrance of which one may cherish as long as he lives. But we are thunderstruck with the announcement of Mr. Bascom, and if he is thoroughly resolved on retiring from the forests and lakes of the Northwest and accepting society fishing in an artificial lake, we can say to him he will find the latter unutterably tame. However, if he is firm in his resolve our advice is to sample Lake Massapequa in South Oyster Bay, which is probably the best trout preserve in the United States. It is owned by William Floyd Jones, Esq., who is one of the finest specimens of American gentlemen. This preserve covers an area of eighty acres and is fed by a spring brook seven miles long, entirely on the Jones' estate.

Tuesday, May 11, 1886.

Accompanied Mr. Bascom to the delightful home and grounds and fish pond of August Belmont about two and a half miles south from Deer Park, Long Island. This pond covers about sixty acres. Its supply of water is from two or three inconsiderable streams, the greatest of which has its source not more than three miles distant, but principally the springs in and about the pond furnish the supply. The depth of water in some places is considerable with a general average of about six feet. The bottom is gravel. It is a well selected and ideal locality for a private trout preserve. There are traditions in the neighborhood of trout having been taken from this pond weighing three pounds. Few are taken from it at the present day of over nine ounces.

After spending a couple of hours at this pond with Mr. Bascom we returned to the city, he to visit other preserves. As the Litchfield Pond, near Babylon, R. B. Roosevelt's just beyond the village of

Bayport. The Dunn Pond at Wantagh, and the great club pond on the premises of W. E. Vanderbilt at Oakdale. There were many others on Mr. Bascom's list, some on the north side of Long Island.

In accepting the elegant surroundings as an average we would say that preserves may be a success as a supply of delicacies for the table of a private gentleman, but as to fulfilling the ideals of a true sportsman, this kind of fishing does not captivate any one of the many sides of a real fisherman whose faith is grounded on the gospel of Isaac Walton. It wants the blendings of nature, the rapids, the waterfall, the merging of torrents and the impenetrable thicket, where the game is wily and coquettish.

In fishing in the virgin waters of the great West, innocent of the devices of man (steam and electricity), you are ever buoyant with the golden dream that your next strike may be a phenomenon of five pounds, breaking all previous records in brook trout. No surprises of this character haunts the Long Island private pond fisherman, where the fish are known and catalogued and the ultimatum of your catch cannot exceed an average of six ounces, gross feed and easy pond life enervates and depraves the game, to which afflictions the members of fish clubs are not wholly immune. The pleasures of fishing in artificial ponds are monotonous and soon become secondary to the associations of the club house: Hence decline. And we, too, for ourselves as sportsmen and epicures must say that if forced to the alternate of taking our supply of these delicacies from a fish preserve, or Fulton Market, we much prefer the latter. And yet such is the inevitable tendency of things that the artificial method of raising these luxuries for us must supercede the natural, and we may venture the prediction that in the next century the descendants of the Belmonts and the Vanderbilts will be constructing trout preserves in the primeval wilds of the great Northwest with territory and possibilities limitless. But the history of brook trout such as flourished once on Long Island and nowhere else will be a legendary one only.

Tuesday, August 2, 1881.

Attended the funeral of Alden J. Spooner at Hempstead, Long Island.

Alden J. Spooner was born at Sag Harbor, Suffolk County, Long Island, February 10, 1810. He was a prominent figure in literary affairs in Brooklyn and Queens County for nearly half a century. He was a scholar and of fine attainments in the classics, an accomplished writer and journalist and a ready speaker, and stood high in his profession of the law, during the period of his active practice. He had been very successful in several fiercely contested law cases soon after his admission and while he was yet quite a young man. He had a chaste and well-developed imagination, and a peculiar humor.

He was Surrogate of Kings County, a member of the Queens County Bar. He founded the Long Island Historical Society; was a member and one of the projectors of the Hamilton Literary Association, Charter Member of the Brooklyn Library. He interested himself in the incorporation of classical schools at Hempstead and many other institutions of learning, and with Pierrepont Potter he visited the public schools on the south side while the former was superintendent. He was known and respected over all Long Island. In the City of Brooklyn his personal friends were Dr. Chas. A. Storrs, A. A. Low, Seth Low, John J. Howard, Professor Raymond, Joshua M. Van Cott, John Greenwood, J. Carson Brevoort and many others. His humor was unique, adventuresome and daring. Many anecdotes might be related of him more noted for originality than prudence, as the one mentioned in the following rescript.

Mr. Spooner during the early part of his professional life resided at Hempstead and was a prominent factor in the affairs of the town. The latter part of his life, his retirement, was also at Hempstead, and it was here he died and was buried August 2, 1881.

Some day in the latter part of August, 1847, we remember the circumstances with distinctness, although now nearly thirty-five years ago. We were walking on Main Street in the village of Hempstead in company with Alden J. Spooner, journalist, lawyer, etc., whom we regarded with great veneration. We met Doctor Webb, of Hempstead, who extended his hand and saluted my companion as Governor Spooner. No importance was thought to attach to the salutation believing the title Governor merely complimentary with no other significance. We continued our walk to the hotel, when the proprietor, Stephen Hewlett, also addressed Mr. Spooner as governor, and still we did not regard it as having any import above the flexible title of squire, captain, colonel, as marks of respect which are always being more or less used in suburban places regardless of any import.

Twenty-five years after in a discussion before the Philosophical Society, the chairman in ruling declared that Governor Spooner had the floor. We were more strongly impressed on this than any former occasion that there must be some reason for calling Mr. Spooner governor.

We consequently made inquiry of General Peck, chairman of the society meeting. He said that he did not know, but that he had learned to call him Governor at the Brooklyn Library.

The matter of the title of governor again dropped out of recollection and rested until after the death of Mr. Spooner, when the problem of the titled lawyer was promised a solution by the fortuitous discovery of a newspaper clipping in an old scrap book of historical matters concerning Long Island. The

clipping had no date, and nowhere could we find any evidence of the newspaper from which it had been taken. It might have been from the *Hempstead Enquirer* or the *Long Island Farmer*, but more probably the scrap was from some New York or Brooklyn paper of comparatively modern date, although it related to an event which took place earlier than 1842.

With this clue we renewed our investigations, and with the following result. Our sources were the newspaper scrap, above mentioned, and old acquaintances of Governor Spooner.

Alden J. Spooner was one of the many old time Long Islanders who never became reconciled to the rude and uncourtly treatment of the proposition to enroll Long Island on the galaxy of Union Statehood. The claim had been advocated by some of the most estimable citizens of Long Island, and the legislature memorialized away back in the "Twenties" and again in the "Thirties." In fact, from the Colonial days, Long Island had sought to shake off its dependence upon New Amsterdam. By blood, by religion and by political sympathies the strongest ties of the people were all with New England. Even to-day the Philosophical Historian of the Commonwealth writes of Long Island, "which nature confirmed and the Law assigned to Connecticut, though by the greed of the House of Stuart, superior to both Nature and Law, transferred to New York."

The assignment of Long Island was regretted, but not resisted, and the island, which is the natural seawall of Connecticut and the New England Coast, passed by royal decree to a province whose only natural claim to it is that it touched one corner of it.

And Governor Dongan, in 1687, reiterates, "Most of the people of the Island, especially the Eastern part, are of the same stamp as those of Connecticut and New England, refractory and very loath to have any commerce with this place, all to the great injury of our merchants."

On the 23d October, 1662, the General Court of Hartford declared that the Long Island towns be annexed to Connecticut, and the following May the order came from the Crown to incorporate Long Island with Connecticut. The Long Island Colonies were greatly pleased with this order of the Crown.*

Mr. Spooner claimed that the bays and harbors of Long Island were ample for the shipping of the world. Its extent of territory not without precedent, and its population already in excess of many states, and its entire disassociation and dependent situation geographically so long as it remained subject to the State of New York, between whom there were no sympathetic bonds, were good and valid reasons for its independence.

This project with some of its advocates was a hobby and to others was urged as a political measure. Some of the most influential citizens of Long Island were among its advocates, chief of whom in enthusiasm was Alden J. Spooner. The newspaper article says that conventions were held at Vunck's Hotel on Prospect Hill, Kings County, at various times. This hotel was more noted for the excellence of its larder and the princely vintage of its wines than as a conservator of Empire.

Among those quoted as being present on these sundry occasions were Gabriel Furman, Silas Wood, Elisha W. King, John Greenwood, John Dikeman, Peter W. Layton, William Pine, Francis C. Tredwell, Nathan B. Morse, Edwin Webb, Fanning C. Tucker, John Tredwell, Daniel Richards, Tredwell Scudder, John A. King, Thomas Tredwell, John W. Cornell, Francis B. Stryker and others, many of whom are

* At a General Court held at Hartford in May, 1664, it was declared that they claim Long Island as one of the adjoining islands expressed in this Charter, except a precedent right doth appear approved by his Majesty.

And again, November, 1674, the inhabitants of Southold being legally convened in town meeting, they resolved as follows:—

"We do unanimously declare an owne that we are at the present time under the government of his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut and desire so to remain."

now senators, ex-mayors and ex-judges, and who joined in the debate at the various sessions. Benjamin F. Thompson, the historian of Long Island, wrote an able paper showing the right of Long Island to the dignity of statehood, which was placed before the convention.

We also have reasons for believing that these associates held similar meetings at Hewlett's Hotel, Hempstead; at Conklin's at Islip, and at Remsen's, Jamaica. No efforts have been made to ascertain if true or not.

But notwithstanding the brave resolves and the righteousness of their cause, these respectable Long Islanders could not create a *de facto* state, but they had the right and they did resolve it a state as the next best thing, for at one of their sessions, after many hours discussion and the immolation of hicatombs of squab and other connestables, did solemnly vote and declare Long Island to be a free and independent state, and in the same spirit proceeded in the election of officers for the newly created commonwealth, which resulted in the election of Alden J. Spooner, Governor.

All this transpired prior to the year 1841, as will presently more fully appear.

Now it so transpired that just after the election of General Harrison as President of the United States in 1841, his friends throughout the country resolved to honor the occasion of his election by a grand national dinner and jubilee to be celebrated at Niblo's Garden, New York, and to which duly accredited delegates were to be admitted from every State in the Union.

Governor Spooner prorogued the VuncK convention, and jointly with his cabinet resolved that the new state of Long Island was entitled to recognition and to a seat at the great national feast or celebration on an equal footing with the other States, and consequently fully accredited credentials were prepared and issued to the four selected delegates from the most stalwart and imposing members of the Long Island Convention to attend the jubilee.

And on the day and hour Governor Spooner, at the head of his delegation, formed in line at the entrance of the Garden to demand admission. The Massachusetts delegates, headed by Governor Winthrop, were just in advance, and as they entered and were announced the throng inside burst into cheers. As they passed in Governor Spooner advanced with the delegation. Behind him Fanning C. Tucker, full 6 feet 4 inches high, leading, and John Tredwell, nearly as tall but more graceful in carriage, following, and others of impressive stature and manners. They gravely marched up to the usher, who, by the way, was a Louisiana man. Governor Spooner solemnly handed out the credentials, and whispered, "Delegates from the State of Long Island." Forgetting all his history and geography amid the confusion inside in consequence of the entrance of the Massachusetts delegation, the usher roared out, "Delegates from the State of Long Island please enter." They did enter and took their seats amid thunders of applause, which broke out again and again as the ludicrous facts dawned upon the convention.

The joke was soon explained to the managers of the banquet, who enjoyed it as greatly as the Governor and his delegates. The scheme was so cleverly planned and so adroitly executed that no effort was made to expel or to ask the retirement of the Long Island delegates who had so ingeniously gained admission, and they remained through the proceedings. And Alden J. Spooner, then only a little over thirty years old, had the honor of replying to the toast, "The Brand New State of Long Island," which he did in a manner said to have been the most consummate and finished piece of oratory of his life.

And thus through this little unprecedented nervy humor Alden J. Spooner won his spurs as Governor, and the recognition of Long Island as a full-fledged State of the National Union *de jure* if not *de facto*.

The election of General Harrison to the Presidency and the jubilee fixes the epoch of the commencement of Governor Spooner's term of office, which was for life.

Tuesday, April 10, 1883.

Our relations with Charles E. West, LL.D., scholar, Professor of Languages, member of many learned societies, etc., have been most intimate, and we have enjoyed his hospitality at his home in Buffalo.

The well-favored account of Garden City and the Great Hempstead Plains given by us on various previous occasions had aroused an interest in the Professor and we had a long standing engagement with him to treat him to an excursion to that peaceful Mecca at any time suiting his convenience.

Yesterday that obligation was cancelled. We took the eight o'clock train of the Long Island Railroad with tickets for Garden City where we arrived one hour later.

The Hempstead Plains stretching east and west as far as the eye can reach is a glorious sight under the glare of the morning sun. In miniature it is wonderfully like the prairies of the great west and it so impresses all strangers. It so affected Doctor West.

The topography and structure of Long Island the doctor declared to be no perplexing enigma. The evidences of the glacial work of a glacial epoch of vast extent was of itself sufficient to establish the facts of such a period beyond controversy. "The Hempstead Plains," said Doctor West, "is the product of the glacial workshop of Hrymer, the Frost God."

The name Garden City is probably more suggestive of the character of the place than any written account could be made to be. It is essentially a city of gardens, parks and palatial homes.

We made a pretty general tour of the place, visited the Cathedral, a magnificent structure of pure Gothic architecture. Here we met Bishop Littlejohn with whom Doctor West was personally acquainted. The meeting was a mutual surprise and pleasure.

We were much impressed from the conversation, which was freely had in our presence, with the extremely illiberal views of Bishop Littlejohn on theology. We had always supposed him an up-to-date man, but if his conversation was an expression of his views it would be safe to say that the great bulk of his intelligent parishioners are far in advance of him in modern thought. His theology was that of half a century ago, and Doctor West (himself professing orthodoxy) expressed to me the same surprise that the Bishop adhered so tenaciously to a theology now nearly obsolete. "The world," said the Doctor, "will never go back to him, or to me. However, I am not a professor of theology. Were I, I would in justice to my clientage feel it my duty to give them the best and latest in the market, and not the



GARDEN CITY CATHEDRAL

"stale product of past ages. I would sooner lead than be trailed after."

We called on Doctor Drowne, Dean of the Diocese of Long Island, who was also corresponding secretary of the Anthropological Society and a member of many learned societies, including the "Order of the Cincinnati."

He accompanied us to the new college buildings which were highly entertaining to Dr. West. We visited the Garden City Water Works, and dined at the Garden City Hotel.

After exhausting the places of interest we extended our excursion to the village of Hempstead, about two miles distant by train. We roamed about the village, visited the old school, the Hempstead Academy, the office of the *Hempstead Enquirer*, one of the oldest newspapers on Long Island.

We defined to Doctor West the territory occupied by the original settlement when the settlers were surrounded by a treacherous and hostile people. We lined out to him the old stockade which was made to enclose the little cluster of houses (the larger part of the village was without the stockade) within the limits of Main Street on the west, the St. George and Presbyterian Churches on the north side of Front Street, Front and Greenwich streets running through the stockade enclosure. The stream also ran through it. The Indian settlement, probably Canarsies, was about the eighth of a mile farther west and took in a section of present Franklin and Front Streets.

Few villages in the State of New York are more widely known than Hempstead. It became historically known during the Revolutionary War, but is more prominent in its religious or ecclesiastical history. Hempstead was originally settled by English Episcopalians, with some Quakers, which probably accounts for the assertion often heard that it is conservative, moves slowly in matters of importance, and was thoroughly English in politics. The village, however, is slowly, but surely, getting away from its old appellation, and within the past few years has shown signs of undergoing a "boom."

The first white settlers in the village were from Stamford, Conn. They had emigrated from Hemal, England, in the early part of the sixteenth century. The natives (Indians) sold the territory of Hempstead to the Rev. Robert Fordham and John Carman, in 1643. As it was under Dutch juris-

diction, a patent was obtained from Governor Keift in 1644 by a committee of early settlers, and after peace was made with the natives they removed to Long Island, settling within the present limits of the village. The first arrival consisted of between thirty and forty families. Among the early settlers were Richard Gildersleeve, Edward Thurston, William Raynor, the Rev. Richard Denton, Matthew Mitchell, Robert Coe, the Rev. Robert Fordham, John Carman, Andrew Ward, Jonas Wood, John Ogden and Robert Jackson. Nearly all have descendants on the Island at the present time, and they are persons of distinction, as were some of their ancestors.

Although the village was not incorporated until July, 1853, its early history and development is interesting. The history of its churches, the Presbyterian and Episcopalian, dates back to the first settlement of Long Island. As the name of the Presbyterian Church is "Christ's First Church," history states that it is probable that to this church is due the honor of being the first Presbyterian congregation established in America. The Rev. Richard Denton, who came to Long Island with the English emigrants was the instigator of the congregation. The first meeting house was erected in 1648, surrounded by a fort or stockade. Mr. Denton went to England to get a pastor for the congregation, but failed. In 1662 the services of the Rev. Robert Fordham were secured. At a town meeting in 1677, it was decided to build a new structure and in 1678 it was built a few yards west of the present Episcopal church on Front street. The church was 30 feet long and 24 feet wide. In 1734 it was taken down and another erected. The first parsonage was erected in 1682. From 1696 for about thirty years, the Rev. John Thomas, who had been ordained an Episcopal clergyman, but who dispensed with some of its usages, preached acceptably to the people. He died in 1724 and is buried in the church yard of St. George's. After his death came the formation of the Episcopal society and a general receding by many of the older Presbyterians.

The Presbyterian Church, while of ancient origin, has not exclusive distinction among the village houses of worship. St. George's Episcopal Church has also had an existence of over two centuries. It was built in 1733 and opened by Governor Cosby, but the inception of the society dates back to 1702, when representations were made by the Rev. George Keith, Colonel Heathcote and others to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, that a Church of England minister was much desired by the inhabitants of Hempstead. On these representations, the Rev. John Thomas, who had preached to Presbyterians and others, and had assisted the Rev. Evan Evans of Christ Church, Philadelphia, was inducted into the parish by a mandate from Lord Cornbury, Governor of the Province. The congregation had few persons of influence, the Dutch predominating. The church building was poorly adapted for religious purposes and was held by the town for civil purposes week days. The Rev. Mr. Thomas did much to assuage the feelings of the inhabitants who had been reared as Quakers and Presbyterians, which sometimes manifested itself in acts of violence. He continued his ministry here until his death in 1724. His remains are interred in the ancient burying ground adjoining the church.

The Rev. Samuel Seabury, a descendant of John Alden, one of the original settlers at Plymouth, became minister in charge in 1742. He later became the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal ministrations. He died in 1764.

St. George's Parish, by act of the Legislature in 1639, embraced all the territory of Queens County east of Jamaica township. The Rev. Mr. Seabury worked the entire territory, going even into Dutchess County to meet demands for ministrations.

The first Episcopal ordination in the State of New York took place in St. George's in November, 1785. In 1793 the house the town built in 1683 for the minister was taken down and the present rectory, of Colonial design, which stands on Parsonage Hill, overlooking the church, was built. The Rev.

Mr. Moore died in 1799. The Rev. John Hobart succeeded him, and he in turn was succeeded by the Rev. Seth Hart, who served as rector until 1829. During his rectorship the church built in 1734 had become decayed and was torn down and the present church built. The Rev. Richard D. Hall, the Rev. William Carmichael, the Rev. Orlando Harriman, Jr., father of E. H. Harriman, were rectors prior to the installation of the Rev. William H. Moore, D.D., who became rector in 1849. He became greatly beloved, and during his career many churches were built in the original parish bounds, including the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City. The Rev. Mr. Moore died while rector, during the early 80s. His remains are interred in the church burying ground. A suitable monument marks his grave.

Methodism reached Hempstead about 1800. The Rev. John Wilson, a Jamaica preacher, traveled through the village one Sunday morning, and, mounting a wagon in the space fronting Hewlett's Hotel, west of the Episcopal Church, began to sing. He attracted a crowd. Twelve years elapsed. William Thatcher was appointed to the circuit and arranged to preach in Hempstead every four weeks. The first sermon was in an upper room of the house of Stephen Bedell, Main and Jackson Streets.

In 1827 the Hempstead circuit was formed. In 1834 a lot adjoining the church was bought for a parsonage. In 1835 the church was moved back and enlarged, a basement, furnished with classrooms, was added, and also a lecture-room. In 1872 the church was presented with a beautiful organ by the late Philip J. A. Harper. Its semi-centennial was celebrated in 1876.

Some years ago, Hempstead had a tendency, like other island villages, to develop manufacturing interests. Employment was given to numerous hands. One of these was a clothing manufactory, carried on during the Civil War. A tannery, molding factory, straw hat factory and others have existed from time to time. In the building where straw hats



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HEMPSTEAD

were made, has been established a velveteen works which expects to employ a large number of hands.

In addition to this factory, the village has some smaller industries. It is the location for one of the principal offices of the Nassau and Suffolk Lighting Company, which has its distributing plant within the limits; also the central office of the New York and Long Island Traction Company. The Prudential Insurance Company has one of its large branches in the village; the Nassau Cottage and Realty Company has its headquarters here, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a branch, and some others.

As a municipality, Hempstead has been managed on a conservative basis. It has not, however, overlooked the necessity for providing modern improvements, having water, gas and electricity. The water plant is owned by the village, having been purchased some time after its installation from the Hempstead Water Company. It is on a good paying basis. Gas, both for commercial use and street lighting, is supplied by the Nassau and Suffolk Lighting Company. The street lamps are of the boulevard type, and cover the entire village.
—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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